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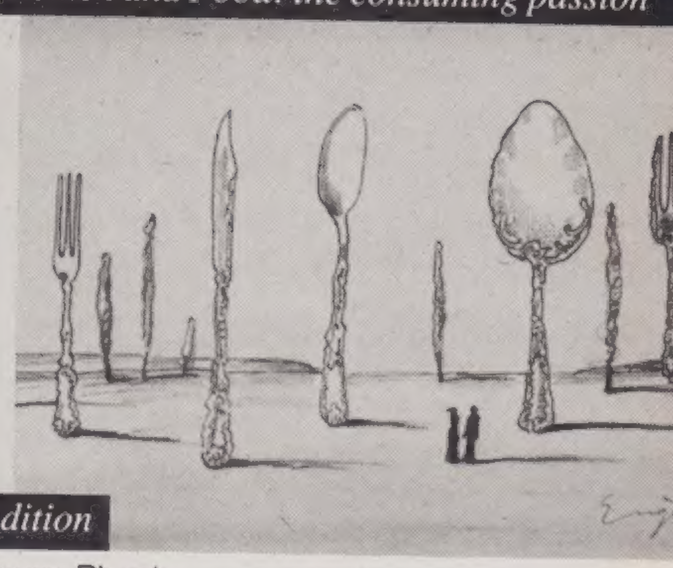

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AGE **20** Even skin in the bloom of youth isn't exempt from the effects of aging.

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AGE **60** Sixty isn't what it used to be. In this new age of alternatives, if you've chosen aging well over just aging, ProCollagen Anti-aging Complex will be important to you.

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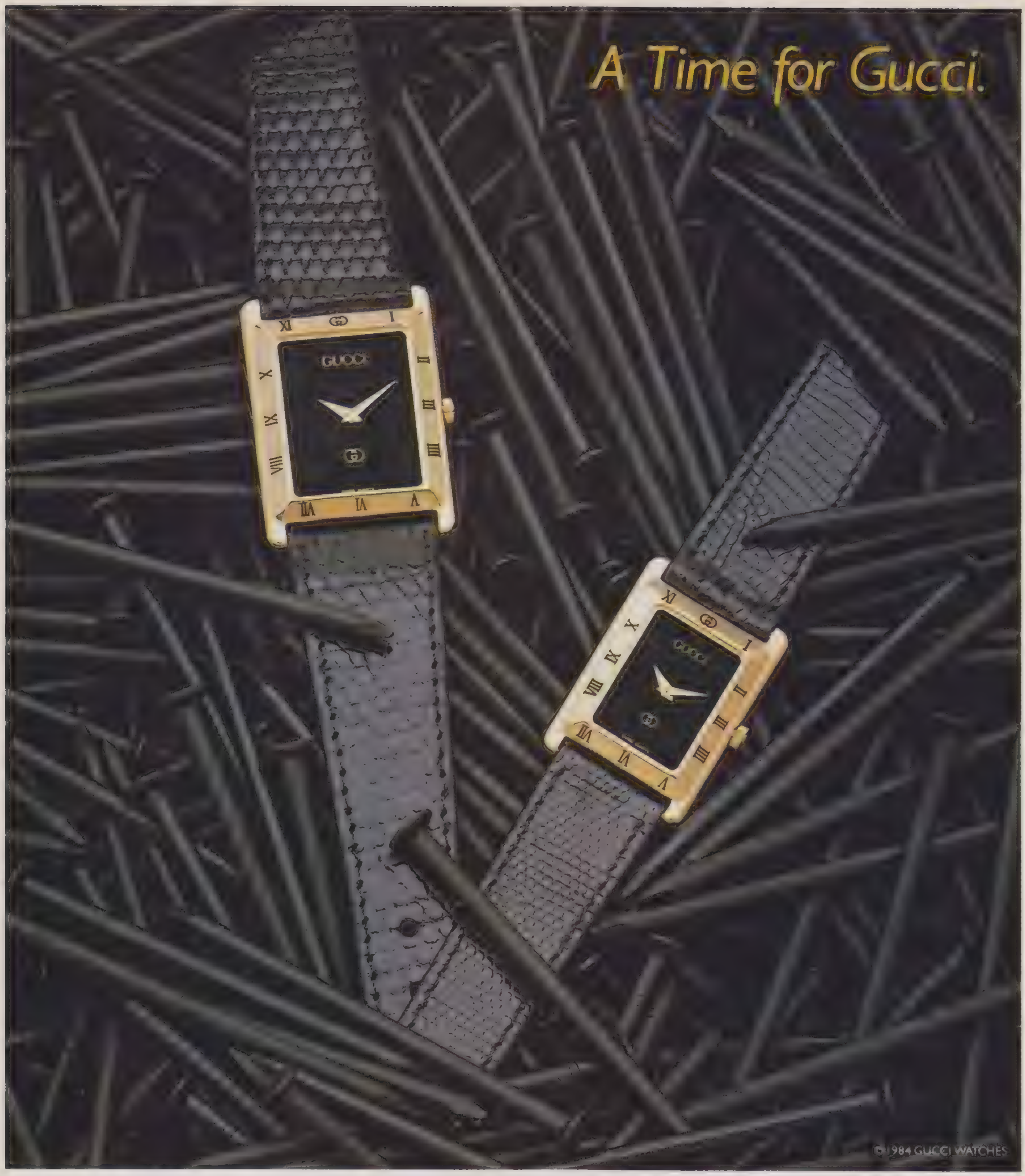

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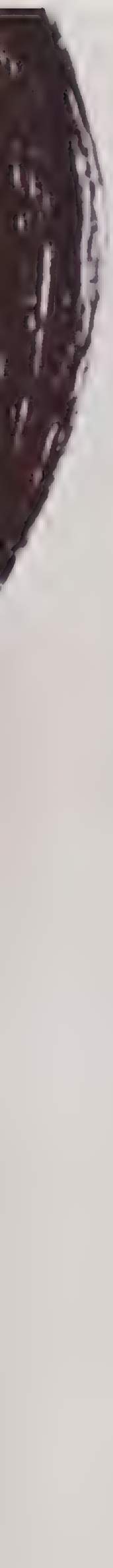

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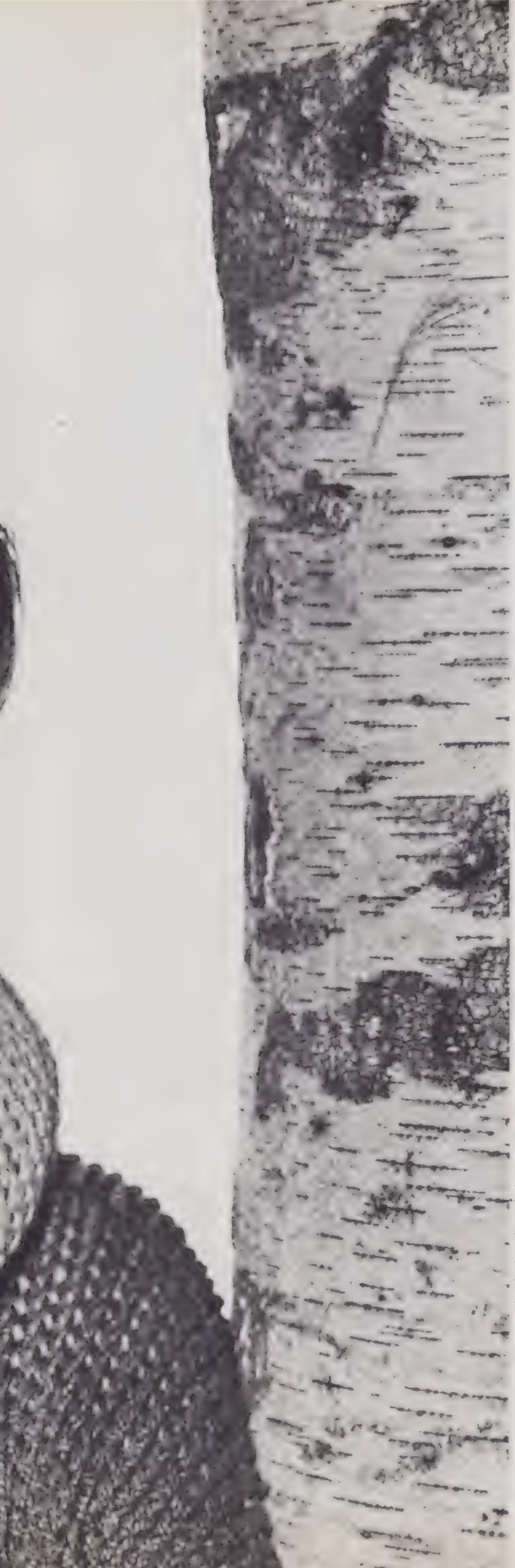

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PARIS

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BEAUTY NOW

"freeing up"

Makeup colors/application with a summer slant...fragrance: subtle...streamlined skin care

Summer makeup...it's as simple as a slick of lipstick, a smudge of eyeliner, a coat of mascara. And, while summer has always meant an easing, a lightening of color and application, this summer's colors give that basic principle real style. The difference: new sheer colors have a metallic cast of silver, gold, or bronze; they pick up and reflect light, make the most of summer-warmed skin. *Left* and on our cover, on actress and model Shari Belafonte Harper, metallic at its most realistic, most wearable: a bronze lip color. The makeup by Elizabeth Arden: Palepetal on lips; Warmblush on cheeks; Tendershadows on eyes lined with Violet—with the unseen lift of KL fragrance. Makeup by Ariella; hair by Suga of Suga Salon, NYC. Leather vest, dress, and hat by Stephen Sprouse. Earrings, KRT Accessories. Details, last pages. Photograph by Avedon.

COVER LOOK

Lip service The most attractive lip colors today—sheer or gold-shot formulas—practically broadcast lip imperfections. The answer: lip repair creams and/or conditioning lipsticks. Redken's Clinical Response Lip Prep prevents chapping, keeps lipstick from bleeding, provides an ideal lip base. Cover Girl's Luminesse Lipsticks are as much moisturizer as shimmery color; Elizabeth Arden's Lip Fitness Gloss combines the seriousness of sunscreen with gleamy color.

SIMPLIFY, SIMPLIFY A single cream that's just about all things to all women is a startling contrast to the single-function products flooding the market. But, if past success is any indication, Giorgio Perfume's co-founder Gale Hayman is on to something. Giorgio Beverly Hills Extraordinary Night Treatment Cream is also an eye and throat cream for women of *every* skin type. How? "A biological complex allows moisturizers to be absorbed where needed, rejected where not," says Hayman. "This pares down a woman's skin care to save time, simplify travel. Care today *has* to be pragmatic."

The preference of some women for several light layers of the same scent for staying power without overpowering has prompted more fragrance "extensions." The bas-relief Molinard de Molinard soap, above, is amazingly "true" to its full-strength perfume; Anne Klein's Perfumed Body Cream is highly concentrated in fragrance, equally effective in moisturizing abilities; Tatiana Actives line carries the floral scent through a body scrub, lotion, dusting powder, even deodorant.

REYNOLDS ROLLES

Demystifying makeup

Whether it's finding a perfect-match foundation or the correct placement of eyeshadow, even the most savvy women have moments of makeup uncertainty. To help, cosmetics companies are simplifying their color choices, offering more guidance, even makeup instructions. The increasing appearance of color wheels for makeup "diagnosis" is evidence of this trend. Once foundation is matched to skin tone (something that can't be done on paper, must be tested on skin), the wheel color-codes blusher and lip shades to skin. (Mary Kay's color wheel defines skin-complementing lip, eye, and blusher shades for either a natural or dramatic effect; Shaklee's wheel options are warm versus cool tones.) "While a color wheel can give good ideas, it shouldn't be treated as a rigid formula," said makeup artist/photographer Michael Maron, author of the best-selling "Michael Maron's Instant Makeover Magic" (Warner). "It's best to try colors."

Maron has just put together a makeup-lesson videotape using Shaklee Classics cosmetics. His advice: "Foundation changes the 'mood' of your makeup. A creamy liquid gives skin a young dewy look; a creamy dual-purpose pressed powder applied with a damp sponge gives a matte, sophisticated effect...Eyeshadow doesn't have to mean 'color.' See it instead as darks and lights. A brown or grey can be used all over the eyelid: dark in the crease, light on lid's center...Evening doesn't require different makeup, just stronger color and the addition of iridescence. Because some iridescent and powder shadows tend to fall off a brush—and skin—try applying with a sponge-tipped applicator."

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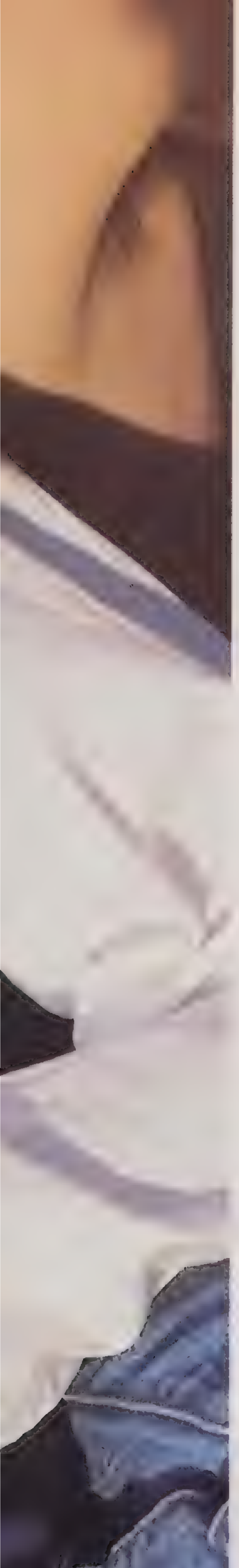
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE



GEORGES MARCIANO
guess jeans

YOUR LETTERS

"Spirit" moves her
I just had to write to you about the excerpt from *The House of the Spirits* by the brilliant Isabel Allende in the March 1985 issue. It is a rare thing for me to get tears in my eyes from a piece of literature, but the poignant charges of my own recollections met the simplistic beauty of this work: the reality of the characters and the true depth of their emotions. My hat is off to Ms. Allende for a gift of such beauty, and my gratitude to Vogue for first exposing me to it.

Kathleen Silva
Hilmar CA

Television—for adults only?
In response to your February 1985 feature on television, Fran Lebowitz's point [in the article "Consenting Adults"] is commendable: "...I think watching television is an adult thing, like smoking. If I had children, they would not be allowed to watch TV. It should be allowed only for those of us who already have formed consciousnesses."

In a time when the education budget has been slashed significantly, it is essential that we, as adults and as parents, make an even greater effort to teach our children the right values. Television has the potential to be a valuable, creative, and effective method of teaching. As children learn partly by imitation, and since the future decisions of our country will rest with them, we should take the subject matter of television programs into consideration.

Thank you, Vogue, for addressing such a relevant issue.

Dee Willow, schoolteacher
Staten Island NY

Beauty through the ages
I am fifty-six years old. I cannot tell you how much I appreciate articles like the "New Age" series in the February 1985 Vogue. I especially enjoyed "Nonstop Attractiveness" by Karen Anderegg with pointers for women over fifty on makeup and hair. I am going to buy the book she mentions—*Ageproofing* by Jane Ogle—as soon as I can.

I realize that Vogue has to be primarily a young woman's magazine and you do that splendidly. But it is so hard for me to find any information that I can use. Just yesterday I realized that I have been admiring haircuts on young women and asking them for the names of their hairdressers. Then I stopped to think when I had admired a haircut on a woman of my own age and I could not think of one time. Correction: last week I attended an awards ceremony where Betty Furness spoke. I admired everything about her. And Rosamond Bernier—another superb lady....

Ann Booth
New York NY

1984, revisited
The review of Orwell's *1984* (both the novel and the latest film version) in your March 1985 issue contained a number of misconceptions which need to be addressed.

The reviewer, Molly Haskell, states that the novel was considered dated even at the time of its publication, "...with critics averring it was more about 1948, and Stalinist Russia, than 1984." In point of fact, that was precisely what Orwell, in large measure, intended the novel to be. Like many of that group of European intellectuals who were attracted to socialism in the 1920s and '30s, Orwell suffered a profound sense of disillusionment as the horrors of life in Stalinist Russia were revealed to the West.

1984, however, was not merely a denunciation of Stalinist barbarism. Orwell was also deeply concerned about many of the developments within Western society as well: the demotion of truth from objective reality to subjective need; the spiritual deterioration of a civilization obsessed with economic and technological progress at the expense of individual dignity; the moral implications of the creation and use of weapons of mass destruction. Much of the novel's bleak imagery was drawn directly from Orwell's own impressions of London during the Second World War. The "Ministry of Truth" was modeled not after the Stalinist propaganda organs, as many have assumed, but after the BBC....

As for the film, Ms. Haskell expresses her dissatisfaction with the choice of John Hurt in the role of Winston Smith, finding it difficult to understand why Julia "...would gravitate to this shriveled creature." In the novel, Julia was attracted to Winston because he shared her spiritual ideals—each struggled to hang on to those elements which had all but vanished from the human condition: love, compassion, and intellectual integrity. Perhaps this kind of attraction is difficult to understand in a society which values physical beauty above all other attributes....

Peter R. Obermark
Cincinnati OH

On fashion "directions"
Your article "Is Fashion Working for Women?" [January 1985], has generated many mental monologues. Must say first that these rumblings are aimed at the industry, not Vogue, but you can apply pressure where I cannot.

Norma Kamali made passing reference to my biggest and angriest complaint: washability. To see natural fabrics and natural/synthetic blends labeled "Dry Clean Only" is disappointing. The use of acetate to line jackets means they live at the cleaners. When clothing of fabric I know to be washable says "dry clean," I can only assume the workmanship is so poor that it will fall apart in water. I just spent fifty-three dollars at the cleaners. Realizing that special clothes need special care, I still contend that a few bills like that add up to a very nice outfit....

The other big beef is more personal. I wear a size 7⅜ hat. I look great in hats. I don't wear many. "One Size Fits All" doesn't. Women's hat costs are quite comparable to men's. (I know, I have to *buy* men's hats.) So, why can't the industry give us maybe two sizes. Perhaps, "One Size," and "Swelled Heads." There's a lot of money I could spend on the industry if they'd let me....

Kathy Hackwith Groth
Aurora CO

Cancún kudos
I returned from a fabulous vacation in Cancún, Mexico, and relaxing in my room, I picked up my December Vogue and found your story on Cancún. I couldn't believe it. What I couldn't express to my friends and family, this article did: the beaches, the ruins, the "town" (where I stayed), the snorkeling, everything was described perfectly....This article is definitely going in my scrapbook.

Kimberly Peddicord
White Hall MD

Best way to fight back?
Re: "Resist or Submit? New Expert Views" by Shari Miller... I was pleased to see attention given to women and self-defense in the March 1985 issue of Vogue, but was surprised/disappointed by Shari Miller's declaration: "What experts do agree on, however: women should *not* carry weapons." Which experts? Is the idea that women should not carry weapons while men should?

Our local police departments encourage men *and* women to protect themselves and exhibit this attitude by regularly offering instruction in handgun use and safety with emphasis on self-defense tactics.

If either of us is unfortunate enough to have to put our views to the test, while Ms. Miller is deciding whether to resist or submit, I will have my hand on something a bit more comforting than a pair of sunglasses!

Barbara Bornstein
Birmingham AL

Editor's note: *Joseph Laval, M.D., David J. Harris, Jr., M.D., and James V. Ward, M.D., have written to us to correct Ellen Switzer's statement, in her February article about lasers, that "CO_2 lasers remove cataracts," which exaggerates their role. A more accurate expression would be: "lasers are used as tools in cataract operations," as Ms. Switzer herself made clear later in the article when she described how a laser can be used to open the front capsule of a cataract and thus facilitate the rest of the surgery.*

Correction: *Regrettably, a last-minute switch caused incorrect identifications on pages 538-539 of March Vogue. The proper information: brassiere and panties on page 538 are from Olga's Christina; pieces on page 539 are by Gloria Falla for Lily of France.*

OBSESSION

Calvin Klein

PERFUME

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summer solutions

Makeup that lasts…expert advice on head-to-toe skin care

MAKING A SKIN CARE SWITCH

While there is never a good time for a woman's skin to act up, summer's lighter or no-makeup look makes it even harder to "hide" skin trouble. What's needed: the protective measure of thorough and frequent cleansing. "Warm weather stimulates the skin's sebaceous glands to work overtime, which means even skin that is a bit dry at other times of year may become oily, especially in the 'T-zone' of the nose and forehead. Perspiration can also be a problem, as it compounds the pore-blocking effects of excess skin oiliness and acts as an irritant to dry or sensitive skin," noted Diana Bihova, M.D., clinical instructor of dermatology, New York University School of Medicine. "This is the season in which every skin type can use the added oil-removing benefits of astringent, although women with dry complexions should stick to low- or no-alcohol formulas. While we tend to think of cleansing twice daily, in summer many women need to remove surface oil and makeup more often. Making it practical to cleanse fast: new portable versions of such cleansing choices as Buf-Puf Singles (mini throw-away sponges with a built-in, fragrance-free cleanser "activated" by water) or Georgette Klinger's individually wrapped In-Between Cleansing Packets—soft cotton pads saturated with skin-typed cleansing lotion. Skin that develops late-day shine can benefit from the application of an oil-controlling lotion *under* water-based makeup (Charles of the Ritz T-Zone Controller is one option), while women who suffer occasional breakouts will like the plus of blemish-clearing ingredients in a "natural" cover cream—Clinique's Anti Acne Control Formula.

In summer, many women opt for the comfort, the ease of makeup that's as minimal as a "base" of tinted moisturizer and a slick of lipgloss. But there are times when all of us want the finish, the polish of a bit more. What's key: choosing cosmetics that can stand up to heat and humidity yet still feel light on the skin.

"Go for more intense color applied with a light hand," suggests makeup artist Rick Gillette. "Colors that look intense in the package have a higher concentration of pigment and will 'hold' to the skin longer than paler colors. But you don't want opaque color on your skin. Blend out eye shadows, blusher until they're sheer; blot lipstick down to a stain.

"If you want to wear foundation, make it water-based—and don't apply a heavy layer of moisturizer underneath. Too much moisture, either from humidity in the atmosphere or trapped in the skin by heavy creams, is the reason color seems to 'slide' off a woman's face in summer."

On the eyes: While it once was the rule that powders outlasted creams, new technology means a woman can find longer-lasting versions of both types of formulas. Lancôme's Les Aquatiques waterproof cream shadows, for example, resist creasing, can be worn on their own or—for maximum staying power—as a base under powder shadow; new Cover Girl Moisturized Eye Shadows combine the matte finish of powder with built-in moisture beads for less "drag" on the skin. To tote along for fast evening changes: Il-Makiage iridescent highlighter in easy-to-use applicator wands.

On the lips: In every season, what makes lip color last is layering—lipstick over lip pencil, matte color brushed on over a base of foundation or cover stick (the Christian Dior lip brush has an angled tip for precise application, retractable bristles that maintain their shape). Lip pencil used to line *and* fill in color, accented with a touch of gloss in the center of lips is one particularly good summer option; Coty's new Stay Put Lipcolor, with the translucence, the shine of gloss/the staying power of lipstick, is another.

A finish of translucent powder helps hold makeup, maintain a matte look. To prevent its "pooling" in fine facial lines, don't apply loose powder straight from the case with a puff. Instead, put a little in the palm of your hand, pat—*don't* rub—onto skin with an oversize brush. *—Adapted from "Adrien Arpel's 851 Fast Beauty Fixes and Facts" (with Ronnie Sue Ebenstein; G.P. Putnam's Sons)*

body polish

In summer, especially, skin exfoliation can be extended to the body as well as the face. What's changed: exfoliating has become less irritating, is targeted not only at buffing away dry patches but at moisturizing the "new" skin that's revealed. To that end, once-abrasive scrubs have given way to rich exfoliating creams (La Prairie's Essential Exfoliator; Clarins Exfoliating Body Scrub) that incorporate skin-caring ingredients. "Mechanical" exfoliators—body brushes, sponges—also are newly gentle to the skin. Action Puff's Bath 'n Shower Sponge "reverses" from a skin-invigorating sponge to a softer cleansing surface; their mini Sponge 'n Brush targets callused hands or feet, helps "prep" skin for a manicure or pedicure. The ultimate in gentle exfoliation: the overnight effect of sleeping on soft cotton towel-like sheets and pillowcases that "massage" away rough skin spots (write: Weil der Stadt AG, POB 1460, D-7252 Weil der Stadt, West Germany). . . . An innovative approach to a perennial warm-weather concern: Marilyn Miglin's new stick antiperspirant. Formulated with natural silk powder, it goes on dry, won't stain clothes *or* sting skin, contains a whiff of Miglin's signature Pheromone scent.

PATRICK DEMARCHELIER Makeup, Mariella Smith-Masters. Towels, Cannon Mills. Glasses, Peepers Int. Details, last pages

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

MOVIES...

NOT THE HOLLYWOOD WIVES

A whiter shade of Paley?: From *left*, Maria Tucci, Kevin Bacon, and Ellen Barkin in John Sayles and Grace Paley's *Enormous Changes at the Last Minute*

Given the sins of Hollywood, almost any independent film acquires moral leverage—look at the critical success of *Blood Simple*. *Enormous Changes at the Last Minute*, adapted from three Grace Paley short stories, is the kind of small, personal film about women that defies you to find fault with it. And the filmmakers—Mirra Bank, Ellen Hovde, and Muffie Meyer—have made all the correct choices. There is a remarkably faithful screenplay by John Sayles, himself a short-story writer who shares Paley's ironic political savvy. And the casting is meticulously on the side of "character."

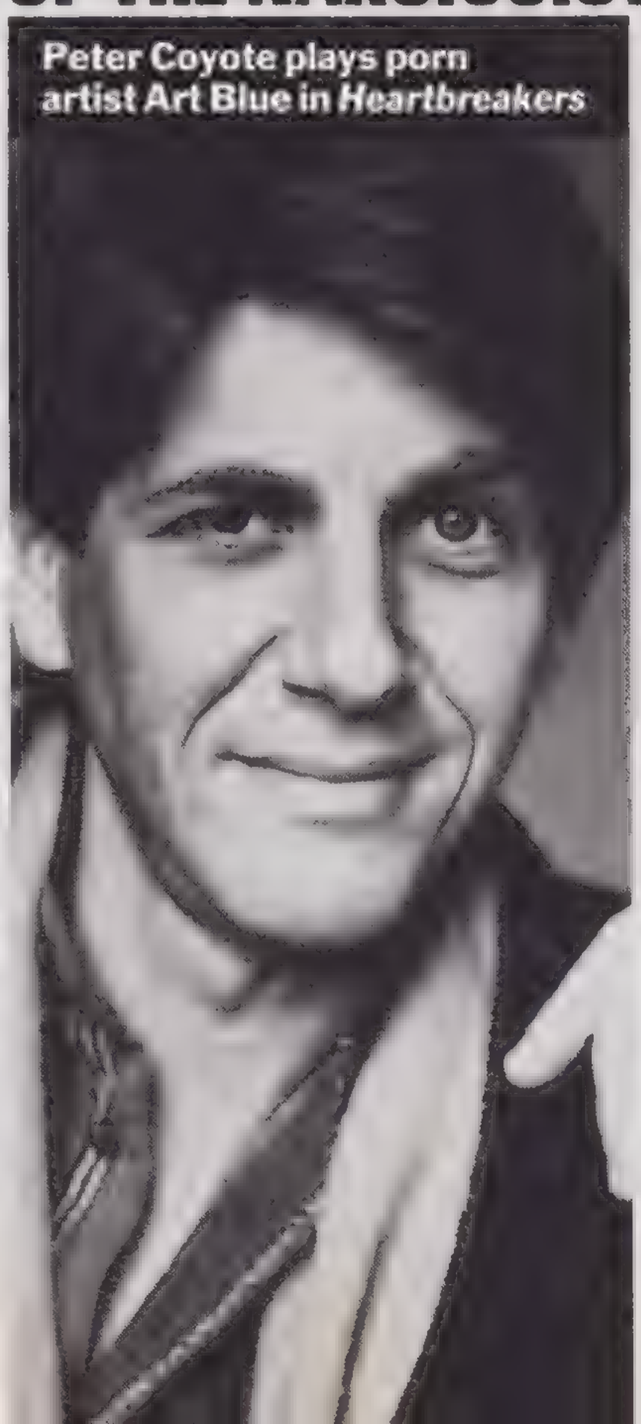
Ellen Barkin, as an overheated young welfare mother deserted by her stud husband and befriended by a good Catholic family man, does what she does best—the slattern with a heart of gold. And Lynn Milgrim, as the divorced woman trying to come to terms with her aging, eccentric parents, transforms her segment of this trilogy in a scene where she allows herself to be nurtured by her children. As a Paley narrator might say, "So, what's not to like?"

Grace Paley's fiction is all voice and, with few exceptions, the directors here have failed to come up with a cinematic equivalent of our ears. What works on paper becomes too literal. Teeming with self-conscious life, the film is lifeless. At times, even the actors seem uncomfortable. (Maria Tucci and Kevin Bacon, whom we're asked to accept as May/December lovers, play from the outside in, and display, instead of passion, negative charisma.)

It takes a kind of odd sincerity to make the less-is-more esthetic exciting. Jim Jarmusch pulled it off with *Stranger Than Paradise*. Otherwise, the small, personal film risks being just that; at its worst, it's patronizing. The makers of *Enormous Changes* could learn something about intimacy from any episode of *Cagney & Lacey*.

—TRACY YOUNG

THE WRECK OF THE NARCISSISTS



Peter Coyote plays porn artist Art Blue in *Heartbreakers*

In *Heartbreakers*, there's a woman who refuses to come to orgasm with one of the heroes because she will lose her "energy"—presumably what she needs to get through her aerobics class next day. No sex-crazed force of nature she. This anti-Reichian fitness goddess is one of the quirky but believable characters in a movie that is charmingly, inanely, narcissistically true to the California we all know and love/hate.

The personal work of writer-director Bobby Roth, *Heartbreakers* emerges as a sort of middle-aged *Choose Me*. Or rather, it further defines the territory: a generation of endlessly socializing and emotionalizing singles who will no doubt be dating and getting laid into their sixties!

Arthur Blue (Peter Coyote), an artist who does fetishist porn paintings and Eli (Nick Mancuso), a businessman, are best friends. Their fumbling conversations are obviously meant to convey the Difficulty men have Expressing Emotions especially to Each Other, but if ever two men were not reticent about their mutual fondness it is Blue and Eli. They constantly exchange adoring looks as they towel off after racquetball, eat lunch at Fatburger, and even call on and make love to the same woman. At the end of the film, they fall consolingly into one another's arms—and all this without the least acknowledgement, on their part or the script's, of a homoerotic attraction.

Along with its vividly observed view of the L.A. "scene," what saves the film from terminal silliness is the genuine naïveté of its fantasy of male friendship and the lascivious awe it lavishes on the women. And Kathryn Harrold, Carole Laure, and Peter Coyote are deadly attractive reasons for seeing, and believing, *Heartbreakers*.

When a character is billed as a ladies' man we're likely to resist him on principle, but Coyote really is! He has the creased and melancholy face, the shambling body of someone who actually does something besides work out at the gym between photo sessions. We believe, too, that his passion for his work is what attracts women to him and eventually drives them away.

Cool, controlled, and perpetually sexy, Carole Laure dances through the film in her tights. You may think she's a bit disingenuous when she complains about the sexism of Blue's paintings, but she's nobody's object. She's all electrical charge, and she decides when and where to plug in.

—MOLLY HASKELL

Bottom photo, BARBARA WALZ

RALPH LAUREN

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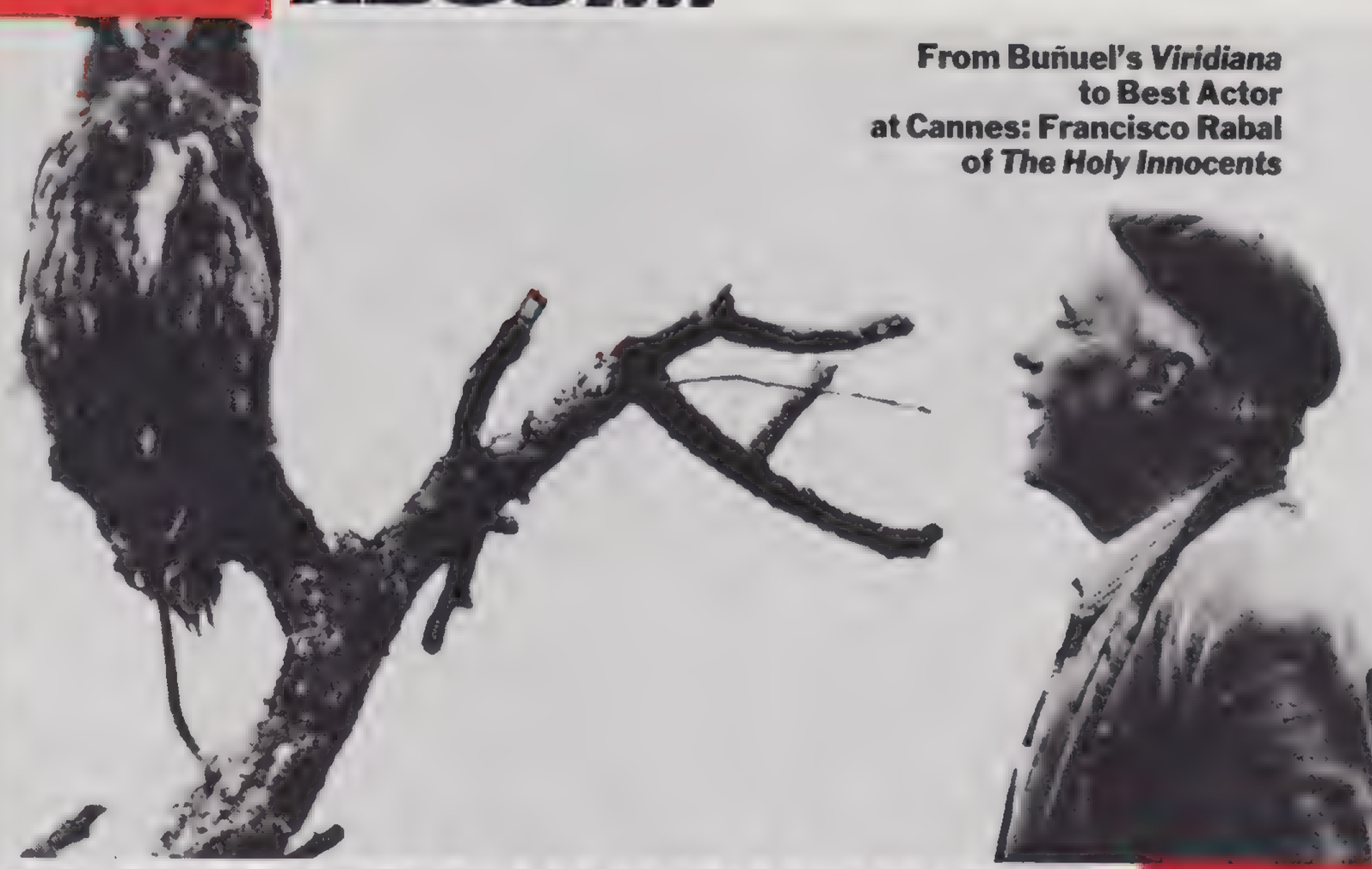

From Buñuel's *Viridiana* to Best Actor at Cannes: Francisco Rabal of *The Holy Innocents*

PEASANTS UNDER GLASS

The inequities of an old-fashioned feudal system, propped up by church and state, and the casual cruelty of the men who own the land to the peasants who farm it and feel it in their bones—this is a theme that has attracted some of the great directors from the southern Catholic countries. If Spanish director Mario Camus is not in a class with Luis Buñuel or Ermanno Olmi, his *The Holy Innocents* is nevertheless a major, swelling achievement that should put him on the international map.

Credit must go at least as much to the actors, particularly Francisco Rabal, so memorable in Buñuel's *Viridiana*, as a grizzled old peasant with one foot in the mud and the other in heaven. He and Alfredo Landa, as his downtrodden brother-in-law, shared Cannes' Best Actor prize last year, and deservedly so. The rich performances on both sides of the class divide are what turn a politically predictable upstairs/downstairs fable—the nasty aristos versus the noble peasants—into a rousing drama of oppression and revenge.

Set in the mid-1960s on an estate in northern Spain, the story focuses on a family of peasants who have not only the whims of their masters to contend with but those of the Lord as well. Paco, played with slow-moving stoicism by Landa, and his wife (Terele Pávez) have, along with two grown children, a child who is bedridden and speechless from birth, her only act an occasional bloodcurdling scream.

Although the comings and goings at the manor house and the hierarchy within are given vivid comic due, Rabal's Azarías is the centerpiece of the film. With his bag of eccentricities—his wordless bond with the afflicted child and his pet goshawk, his unseemly toilet habits—he travels his own path from the sublime to the grotesque and back again, God's holy fool.

The latter part of the film is taken up with a hunt, that ritual that is almost a cliché in Spanish films as a metaphor for class ruthlessness. To some extent, polemic takes over. The selfish but charming Master Ivan (Juan Diego) turns implausibly malignant, just as the act of revenge he provokes seems out of keeping with the force of nature Azarías has been. Yet Rabal has us cheering nonetheless. This is a performance that sweeps away all doubts in a tide of emotion and must be seen! —M.H.

DEAD END KIDS

If he had scoured the streets of London, Charles Dickens couldn't have found any more hair-raising or moving specimens of humanity's underbelly than the Seattle urchins and orphans who populate *Streetwise*. (They were originally the subject of a *Life* article by photographer Mary Ellen Mark and writer Cheryl McCall.) Nominated for an Oscar for Best Documentary, the film brings its subjects to life with an empathy and psychological depth that few fiction films manage. A fourteen-year-old prostitute had her first John before her first period. Her get-togethers with her mother, an alcoholic who thinks her daughter is going through "a phase," are unbearably eloquent in the love and hopelessness which underlie the relationship.

The filmmakers make it as impossible to romanticize as to resist these kids. As they flirt and kiss and smoke grass and steal, dye their hair, and get busted, we watch, exhilarated by the spirit with which they choose their roles and run with them, but appalled at the future that awaits them. . . or the hole where a future should be. —M.H.

Tiny, *Streetwise*'s fourteen-year-old prostitute

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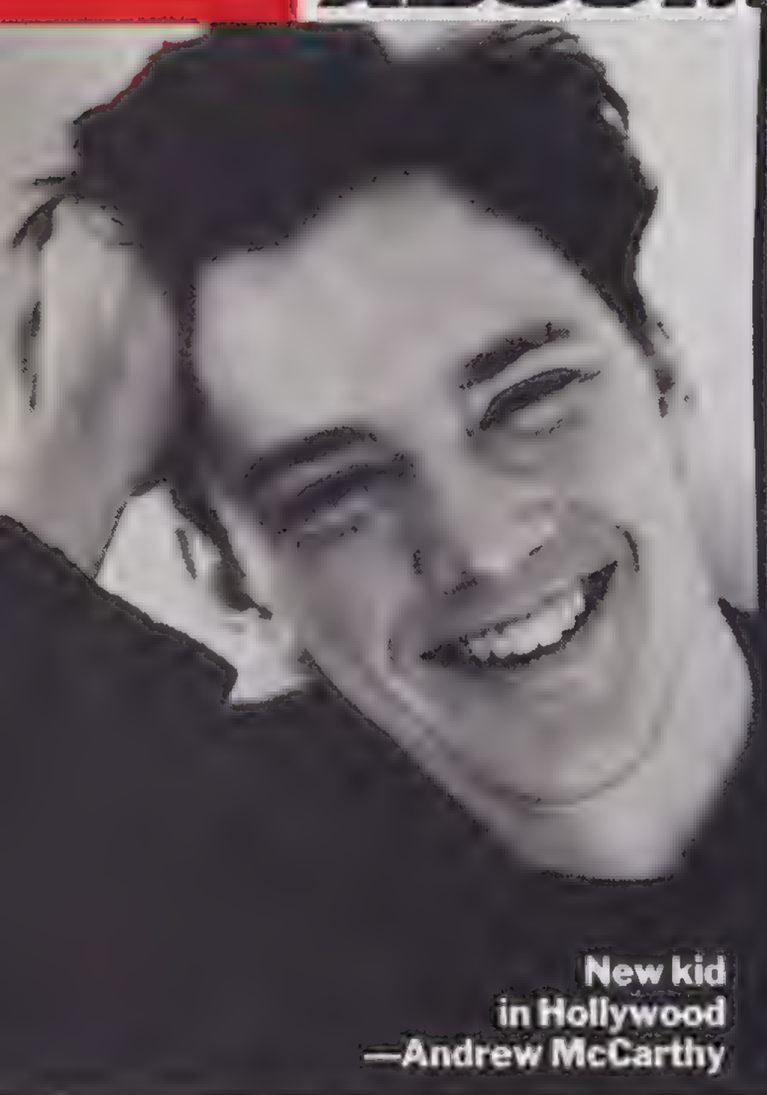
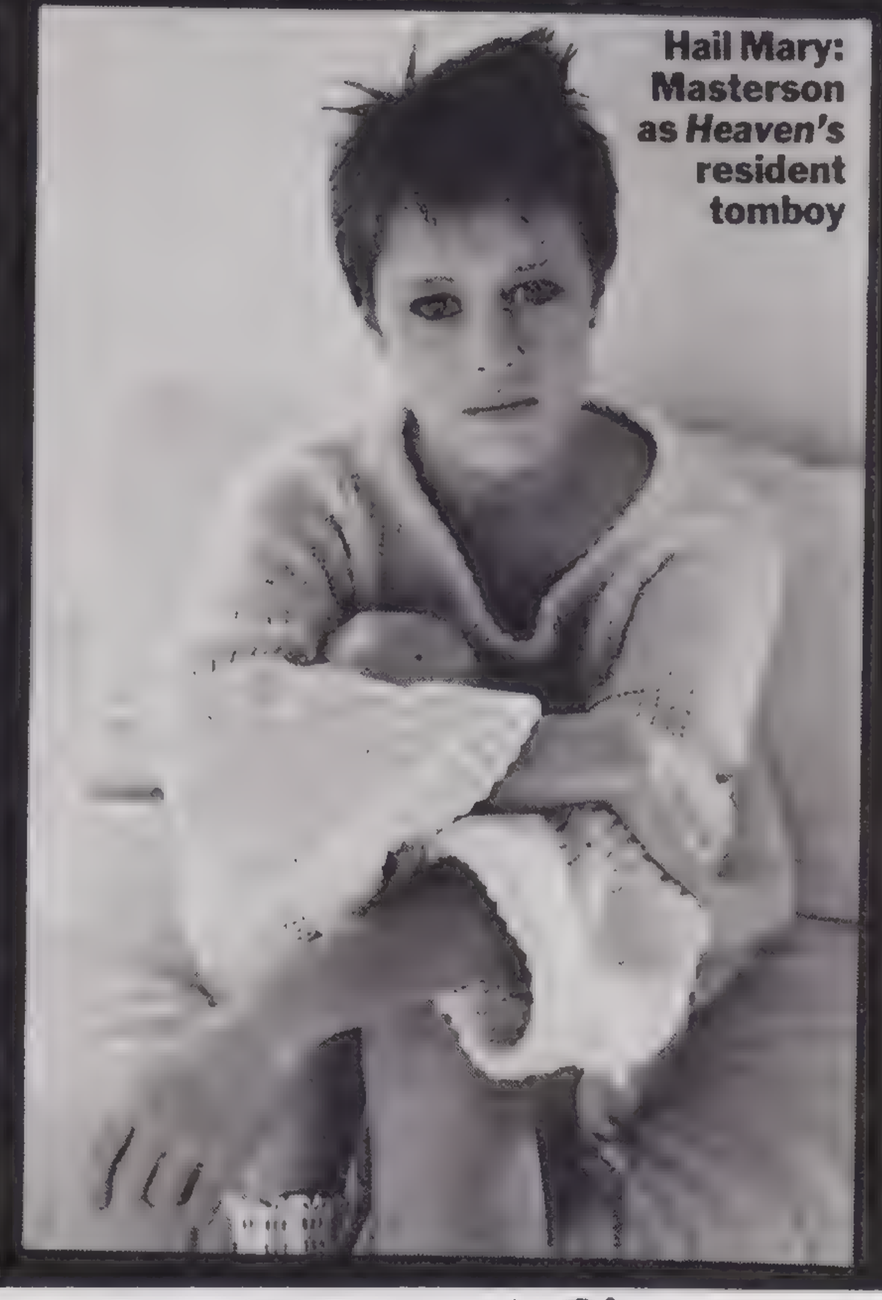


New kid in Hollywood —Andrew McCarthy



Hail Mary: Masterson as *Heaven's* resident tomboy

HEAVEN SENT

Each year there comes a film that disgorges yet another batch of remarkable underage thespians. This year it's Heaven Help Us, a story, told with humor and insight, of mildly bad boys at a totalitarian Catholic school.

The hot young actors are Andrew McCarthy, playing the sensitive new kid in town—"town" being Brooklyn, 1965—and Mary Stuart Masterson as the alienated tomboy who is drawn, inevitably, to the new kid.

ON SCREEN, McCarthy appears to be going along with whatever flow the action around him takes. He's not a mover. But, at the same time, his eyes dart every which way, taking it all in with the fear and voraciousness of a Punjabi wolf boy on a Trump Tower shopping spree. In person, he has just a touch of the wise guy about him, which isn't all that suprising coming from a twenty-two-year-old who's in pictures at an age when most of his contemporaries have just graduated into underemployment. His first film was 1983's *Class*, in which he not only starred, but got to make love to Jacqueline Bisset. "It seemed bizarre that they'd hire some kid who had never done anything," muses McCarthy, not questioning his seductive powers but meaning that he felt unprepared to be the centerpiece of a major motion picture. "In hindsight," he says, "I'm just glad I survived it."

Next up for McCarthy is *St. Elmo's Fire*, due in August, which stars such youthful hot tickets as Rob Lowe, who was McCarthy's co-star in *Class*, and Ally Sheedy, Emilio Estevez, and Judd Nelson, all of whom were just in *The Breakfast Club*. Could this be the beginning of a Rat Pack without Vegas and toupees? "Well, I have a good time with those guys when I'm in L.A.," says New Jersey-born McCarthy. "But back in New York, I pretty much hang out with the people I always have." So success won't spoil Andrew McCarthy? He thinks for a second and then rolls his eyes. "Heaven help us."

A GIRL WHO TALKS as if she's been around and yet can still tear enthusiastically into a stick of bubble gum, eighteen-year-old New Yorker Mary Stuart Masterson seems the quintessential city kid: self-confident and sophisticated. She's got the right gene pool for her profession. Her father, Peter Masterson, acts and also wrote *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*; her mother, Carlin Glynn, appeared most recently as Molly Ringwald's mom in *Sixteen Candles*.

Heaven Help Us is Masterson's first film since *The Stepford Wives* when she was eight, and though she plays a tight-lipped loner, she can't hide the fact that she looks like a high school yearbook version of Jessica Lange. When asked if it's hard for an attractive teenager to get unembarrassing parts, she mentions that she recently turned down a movie about "this girl's virginity." And that's not all: "I've gone on screen tests where unmentionables would send me bottles of 'D.P.'—that's Dom Perignon," she says with raised eyebrows. "*Ugh!* Is that what this is all about? Do I have to be a nymphette and run around in my underwear to get work and be an artist? That's stupid. And unimaginative." —BRUCE HANDY

BRIGITTE LACOMBE Hair and makeup by Arthur Scott, Benjamin Salon, NYC; outfit by Zoran

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POP THAT WON'T GO FLAT

James Rosenquist's mural-size "F-111" (detail), 1965: "an onslaught of raucous images"

The enigmatic ex-sign painter James Rosenquist: turning mass culture inside out

Of all the top Pop artists, James Rosenquist has always been the most cryptic image-maker and the most evocative. His fragmented, larger-than-life imagery, while drawn mainly from contemporary magazine advertisements, is never as simplistic as Andy Warhol's regimented icons. Unlike Roy Lichtenstein's pictures, which seem witty treatises on the often bizarre conventions of pictorial representation, Rosenquist's art seems entirely devoid of irony—one of the key ingredients of Pop art.

Enigmatic, difficult to pin down—perhaps it is precisely those qualities that make Rosenquist a survivor. As suggested by a current and major retrospective at the Denver Art Museum, Rosenquist's paintings remain as paradoxical and challenging today as when they were newly created. The exhibition, organized by Dianne Perry Vanderlip, the museum's curator of contemporary art, runs from May 15 through July 14 and contains approximately thirty paintings, including pivotal early works, like "I Love You with My Ford" (1961), and such epic endeavors as the panoramic "F-111" (1965) and the forty-six-foot-wide "Star Thief" (1981).

Like all classic Pop art, Rosenquist's style is cool and impersonal, partly because the imagery is derived from graphic sources. But from the very beginning, his painting technique was noticeably more painterly, fluid, and three-dimensional than that of either Lichtenstein or Warhol, both of whom cleverly imitated mechanical forms of reproduction.

Rosenquist not only fragments his images, but also juxtaposes them in unlikely combinations that seem to root them in a surrealistic context. "I choose images," he once explained, "common enough to pass without notice, old enough to have been forgotten, but not old enough to trigger nostalgia."

The Denver exhibition coincides with the publication of Judith Goldman's extraordinary, long-awaited monograph on the painter. A noted art writer and former Vogue columnist, Goldman has been researching her subject for years, and the payload is this book, to be published by Viking.

Goldmar accompanied Rosenquist on many travels, including a nostalgic visit to his hayseed roots in Grand Forks, North Dakota, where he was born in 1933. She chronicles his move in 1955 to New York City, where he had a one-year scholarship to the Art Students League—and met expenses by painting billboards. Because he had worked as a sign painter in Iowa, Wisconsin, North Dakota, and Minneapolis, he talked his way into Local 230 of the International Sign & Pictorial Painters' Union. His first job was a sign for Hebrew National Salami on the Brooklyn side of the Manhattan Bridge. Before long, he was on scaffolding high above Times Square. His work on billboards encouraged him to think in terms of large scale, enabling him to paint extreme closeups of faces, figures, and commercial products.

Here is Goldman's account of Rosenquist's famous "F-111," the huge, eighty-six-foot-wide painting that she calls "the apotheosis of Pop." "F-111" depicts "a fighter jet's fuselage and a mélange of unrelated images, among them a field of spaghetti, colored the artificial orange of canned foods and turning a slime gray at its edges; a garish beach umbrella surrounded by the bubbling red residue from an atomic blast; and, the painting's most disturbing image, the cloying cute face of a young girl with a saccharine red-lipped smile beneath a metal hair dryer that looked like the head of a bullet or the nose of a jet.... 'F-111' was obviously a protest against the Vietnam War and defense spending....One was assaulted wherever one looked by an onslaught of raucous images, each carrying a message about the dark side of technology....Innocence has been lost to the demonic child who pilots the jet bomber."

The show travels to Houston, Des Moines, Buffalo, New York City, and Washington, DC.

—DAVID BOURDON

Rosenquist at home in Tampa, mid-'seventies, surrounded by inspiration

Top, private collection, courtesy Denver Art Museum; bottom, GIANFRANCO GORGONI

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

ART...

McDermott and McGough; "Jesus Temptation," left

Top photo, OBERTO GILI; left, Courtesy of Massimo Audiello Gallery

THEY'VE SEEN THE PAST, AND IT WORKS

Aboard the time machine of Messrs. McDermott and McGough, "Painters of Pictures," who live and work in the past on Avenue C in Manhattan's East Village, the dial is set, as of now, at the nineteenth century. Their anachronistic existence is stripped of jarring twentieth-century props such as electricity, telephones, and synthetics; and like perfect Victorian gentlemen, they wear starched collars, live among slouch-proof American Empire furniture, and abide by a nineteenth-century Christian Scientist philosophy of wishful thinking called "Divine Mind" whose diminutive bible is titled *The Game of Life and How to Play It*.

"The deeper into the past you want to live, the richer you have to be," says David McDermott, in the voice of a 1930s radio newscaster. "But we look forward one day to taking a little villa outside Pompeii and riding around in a chariot." Like their British counterparts, Gilbert and George, McDermott and McGough are themselves the art; but their paintings (at New York's Massimo Audiello Gallery), like their way of life, are a reinvention of the past. For their first show in Manhattan, they presented "Genuine Meiji Oil Paintings" of Japanese ladies in bustle dresses, which they dated 1884. Their latest "divine, inspired project" is a series of 1840 Hudson River landscape pictures (one, left) narrating "the primeval visitation of the thirteen disciples of Jesus Christ," who was not at all, in their view, a "thirty-three-year-old weirdo" but a beardless and circumcised fifteen-year-old.

"We want to convince the millionaires to rebuild ancient Babylon, and Egypt and Rome," says McDermott, "then surround them all with technology to keep the modern world out."

Like Walter Benjamin's angel of history who "would like to stay, awaken the dead, make whole what has been smashed," McDermott and McGough say they have seen into the future and don't want to go there. The alternative to the void at the end of modernism might well be century-hopping: the avant-garde is dead, long live the retro-garde! —GINI ALHADEFF

MUSIC...

HE WORKS HARD FOR THE MONEY

Cultural icons sometimes work harder on mythmaking than on whatever they're supposed to be good at. Not Mick Jagger: *She's the Boss*, his first solo album, works hard for its lucre. Raw and danceable, it is as sweaty, fun, and agitated as a nightclub on an August Saturday night.

Jagger's posturing has changed from the good old days. Perhaps atoning for "Under My Thumb," or the woman-in-bondage *Black and Blue* Rolling Stones album cover, he's now rasping lyrics about the hollowness of success (All those evil women preying on lonely stars. Shame.), the hollowness of adultery, and a woman who wears the pants in his relationship (Jerry? Bianca?).

The songwriting isn't exactly gifted, but it doesn't make a whit of difference. *She's the Boss* is a marvel of production, constantly changing timbres, rhythms, and tempos: it's always exciting. Everywhere is our Mick, who with all his tactile personality and black-face vocal crassness, saturates the record with life.—P.W.

Mick Jagger: satisfaction at forty-one?

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... MUSIC...

CARLA BLEY'S LOONEY TUNES

Just a few centuries ago, maverick composer Carla Bley might have been burnt at the stake for her wildly irreverent inventions. Such a willful perversion of musical norms would have sent her up the river on a diabolical possession rap; instead, she's taken an important place in American music. Now she can pen songs like "I'm a Mineralist" about licking rust off of old cars, or write a piece imitating a scratched, repeating record, or lead a punk band called Penny Cillin and the Burning Sensation.

I Hate To Sing, Bley's newest record, revels in carefully composed chaos. The first side features her all-male, essentially brass, band bounced around on a cushion of organ, piano, bass, and drums—and three extravagantly droll songs: one narrated by Bley as an impending murderee; one called "Very, Very Simple," composed for her pianist who, she maintains, needs it simple because he can't sing; a third that tweaks dour European cabaret harmonies by shoving them next to sunny California-supermarket music. "The Piano Lesson" starts the vocal-less second side with the simplest of musical elements, the major scale, misplayed; Bley then turns it into the main motive of the composition, balancing it over a huffing R&B background. It's typical Bley—wickedly intelligent, virtuosic, and beautifully daft. —PETER WATROUS

Carla

SCOTT HEISER Hair and makeup by Arthur Scott, Benjamin Salon NYC

WHAT'S FUNNY...

THIS JOKER'S WILD

Laugh warrior: John Kassir

What's funny is that John Kassir is too distracted to pick up a check for $100,000. Funny, but understandable. In the past few weeks he's been commuting between New York and LA on the red-eye special, competing on *Star Search*, TV's raucous battleground for up-and-coming talent. Jet lag has become a chronic condition. Between flights, he's been doing eight grueling shows a week in an off-Broadway musical called *3 Guys Naked from the Waist Down* about the manic-depressive life cycles of a kamikaze comedy career. And now he's running off to the dentist to have a crown replaced. First things first. Then again, a kind of demonic absent-mindedness is what John Kassir is all about.

"Laugh Warrior!" he snarls, grabbing an ax from the photographer's tool shelf. The allusion to John Belushi's comic samurai is pointed. (In *3 Guys*, Kassir plays Kenny, who sees comedy as a route to sainthood via suicide, and invokes a host of celebrated stand-up martyrs.) But unlike Belushi, Kassir is totally in control. Even the wild physical side of his humor has more to do with the discipline of mime than the inspiration of cutting-edge drugs. In fact, for a long time Kassir supported himself by doing mime in front of NYC's Metropolitan Museum, which bespeaks a kind of new-wave purity, and makes that $100,000 check—he won grand prize in *Star Search*'s comedy category—seem, well, ominous.

Although Kassir's agent is already fielding dozens of sexy offers—it seems that Kassir, despite the moral of *3 Guys*, is unlikely to be coopted by success or madness. Any man who can forego $100,000 for a trip to the dentist is not hanging on by his teeth. —TRACY YOUNG

CHRIS CALLIS

VOGUE, May, 1985

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

RETRO ROCKETS

"Spaceflight" – from scuttles to shuttles...

"How do you think you'd feel if you knew you were on top of that thing built by the lowest bidder on the government contract?" says John Glenn with his big, clean grin. *Spaceflight* is a wonderful four-part series on PBS that ranges from the very first rocket to the "star wars" technology of the future. It's funny and plain, a documentary whose creators allow the charm of dreamers, the excitement and beauty of old NASA footage to speak pretty much for themselves.

There's something thrilling about the early films of small, skinny rockets sputtering rather desperately a few hundred feet up—because *we know* what's going to happen. German boys in the 'twenties pose with bottles of beer in their rocket clubs, and we know they're not really just kids with a hobby but pioneers. Wernher von Braun grins proudly in front of a rocket at an exhibition, like a farm boy with a prize cow. But just a few years later, we see him in charge of the German army's development of the deadly V2 missile; and a few years after that, he's been invited by the Americans, along with other German engineers (a "prisoner of peace," one of them calls it), to help America enter the space race, ultimately to build the rocket that flies the first Americans to the moon.

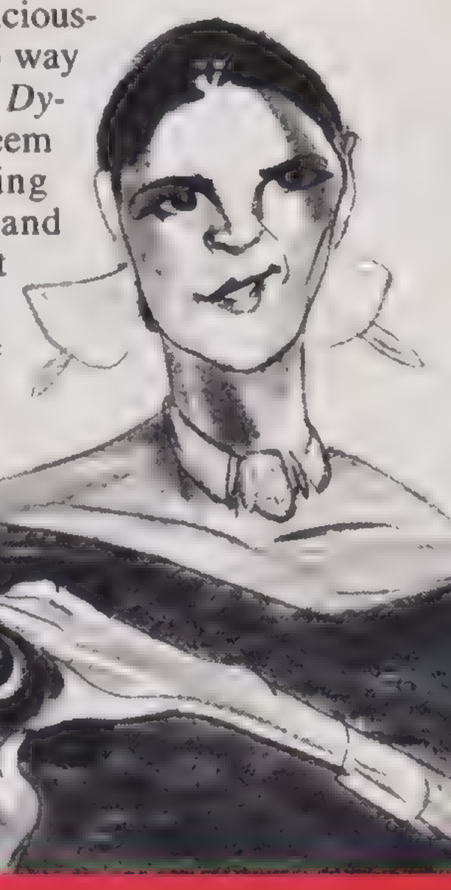
Spaceflight is also about the politics of the space age, particularly that powerful engine, international public relations. It is the dawning of an age on film, with so many of the pioneers still alive. Astronaut Mike Collins tells of the Air Force's charm school: "They told you that you're supposed to wear socks like this," he says, lifting his leg onto the desk, "that go on forever and no one wants to see hairy legs and you would flunk the NASA test if you didn't have on these kinds of socks." And then there's the sublime Chuck Yeager, his voice a casual drawl, telling us about the plane he flew to break the sound barrier: "Well, I didn't figure it would fly apart. . . . It was *reeeal* slick to fly." Straightforward and clear, *Spaceflight* is beautiful in a way only a dream come true can be. —C.S.

Above UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos; inset, copyright © 1969 New York Times Company

TV ... TV ...

ALI BLAHBLAH

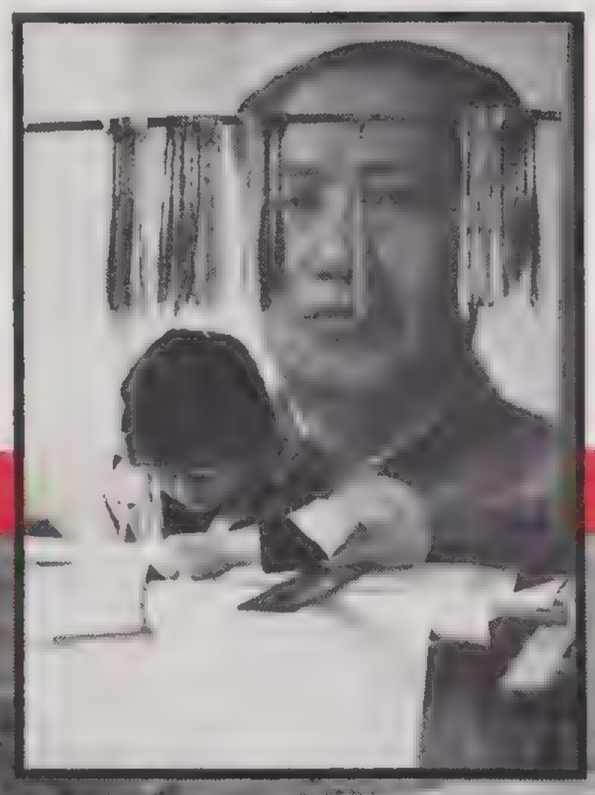
Now I know she's always been an awkward, artificial actress, but when Ali MacGraw appears on *Dynasty*, time seems to stop. Prime time seems to stop. When MacGraw's Lady Ashley spits fire at Alexis, Joan Collins with her amusing mannerisms takes on the power and beauty, of, oh, say, Dame Peggy Ashcroft. Hitched up to her low-cut *Dynasty* dresses, Ali MacGraw plods dutifully through her scenes, now and then pawing the ground, nostrils flaring, jerking her head suspiciously to one side. She in no way detracts from the fun of *Dynasty*, but she doesn't seem to understand that saying your lines really loud and really sarcastically is not sufficient to convey wealth and power. I have been told that in real life Ali MacGraw is a wonderful woman, kind and intelligent. And a person has to make a living. But even Marilyn Monroe took acting lessons. —C.S.



PHILLIP BURKE

"I SAY, IS THAT A BAMBOO CURTAIN?"

The Heart of the Dragon, PBS's twelve-part documentary on life in China, is fascinating, British, very beautiful, tendentious, patronizing, and poorly written. We see wonderful and unusual footage, often rather personal, of the Chinese in bamboo forests, at school, in a mental hospital, working, living their lives. A woman in a peasant village (now known as a Production Brigade) smiles, a little self-conscious as she shows us the large house where she and her husband and thirty of his relatives live. "This is the rice chest," she says modestly, lifting a wooden lid, giggling, baffled that anyone would care to know. A prison director blames Mao's cultural revolution for the many criminals in their twenties. On Chinese New Year's Eve, one of the prisoners performs for his fellow inmates, singing "Santa Lucia" with twanging Oriental instruments accompanying him. The mother of another prisoner visits her son and gently urges, "Work hard at thought reform, okay?"



But *Dragon* also has such sentences as: "Mao had dreamed of creating utopia; instead he created . . . hell." Now, the cultural revolution is not my idea of Sunday tea either, but let's maintain our dignity. Some of this documentary is a little like those patriotic documentaries of World War II. It's, how shall I put this, a wee bit on the unsophisticated side. The writers seem never to have imagined that somewhere there might be someone (get this!) who does things differently than the English do. When a woman undergoes throat surgery with only acupuncture as an anesthetic, the filmmakers gawk at the woman's "confidence in group judgment"!

Anything that happens in China, however sensible, however ordinary, seems to be the result of something very bizarre: a mind-boggling new political principle that the makers of *Heart of the Dragon* have just this moment discovered. Nope, it's not that all men are created equal. You'll never get it, not in a million years. It's amazing, must be seen to be believed: *The group is more important than the individual!* Why, why, these people are—ye Gad man, they're Communists! —CATHLEEN SCHINE

Above, left, GEORG GERSTER/Photo Researchers, Inc; inset, PAOLO KOCH/Photo Researchers, Inc

VOGUE, May, 1985

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

NIGHTLIFE...

RUBELL WITH A CAUSE

Downtown at Area, New York City's clever reigning night spot, rumors about the new contender flew like this: "They can make all the walls disappear...move the dance floor...It's going to be so fabulous, they're not going to let *anybody* in." Close but no cigar.

The truth is that inside the former Academy of Music, where Caruso once drove them crazy, Steve Rubell and Ian Schrager, the Pied Pipers of disco's "golden era," have molded 280 tons of steel into six floors of theatrical dazzle they've named The Palladium.

Leaning against an incandescent mesh column that rises forty-eight feet above the *stationary* dance floor, the impish Rubell surveyed his new dance palace, even larger and more luxe than their "glamour mater," Studio 54, and giggled at the hype. "I guess you could call this a comeback. Then again, after jail, *anything* is a comeback!"

"Anything" has rarely looked like this. Rubell and Co. chose Japanese designer Arata Isozaki, who is hotter now than a Springsteen concert, to create a "new atmosphere." Suspended staircases crave grand entrances. Muted colored walls gracefully curve from room to hallway and blend with the restored 1854 moldings and frescoes to give The Palladium a look that is more palatial and less high tech than the days of disco.

On the dance floor, Broadway lighting wizards Jules Fisher and Paul Marantz have bathed the celebrants in Varilites (the spectacularly versatile computerized system that Bowie and Prince use on tour), and bombarded them with specially designed banks of fifty video monitors that can display one unified image, split it, or shatter it like colored glass on a kaleidoscope.

Rubell is not out to repeat the past. "The '70s were great fun, but things are more serious now." Accordingly, The Palladium has more "quiet spaces" and lounges, as well as a level that once housed Mike Todd's private screening room, set aside for conversation and softer music.

With the success of Morgans, their handsome new Madison Avenue hotel with interiors by Andrée Putman, Rubell is enjoying the excitement of his new club. "I want the downtown crowd. I want the uptown crowd. That's why we chose Fourteenth Street" (For nightclubbers, Fourteenth Street is the DMZ zone. Crossing it risks reclassification.) "I still feel great when I see people have fun. Believe me, I learned a lot while I was away, and now I know there is a lot more money in real estate than in discos. We're doing The Palladium because it makes us happy." *The Palladium, 126 East 14th Street, NYC.*

THE RIGHT STIFFS

The Surf Club packs more Yuppies in one room than a Prudential-Bache investment seminar. Here are young men who have no trouble "getting down" in pinstriped suits. And while Varilites may make sequins shimmer, they do nothing for pearls. The Protestant Work Ethic has become trendy. (Need you be reminded, this is the year that the Barbie Doll traded in her Dream House for a computer, calculator, and American Express Gold Card.)

The Surf Club is smack in the middle of the Upper East Side, Land of the Coffee Achievers. Business is their life. The name E.F. Hutton (overheard seven times in one evening) evokes the same sighs of pleasure as Rick Springfield.

The place lives up to its name. Painted white with some perfunctory umbrellas and lattice work, the Surf Club looks like a summer school frat house in the Hamptons. All expense has been spared. The Palladium probably spent more money on bulbs for their bathrooms than the Surf Club has for spots on the dance floor.

But the crowd could care less. The striking thing about these future Suzy's column notables is that though they "slow dance" to Prince, call each other by their last names (even the women), they're having a wonderful time. At 2 A.M., they're still pouring in from charity functions inherited from their parents.

This is a different breed of "party animal" with a new approach to social graces. One young man, flush with delight at the prospect of meeting a potential joint checking account, exclaimed, "Gosh, you're the first woman I've met who wasn't a financial analyst!" Coffee Achievers sure know what to say to a girl. *Surf Club, 41 East 91st Street, NYC* —HAL RUBENSTEIN

Kool and the gang: *directly below*, Andrée Putman; next to her, *right*, Steve Rubell

TIM SHEAFFER

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ANNE KLEIN

THE GHOST IN THE MACHINE

Joan Moss's photographs are filled with a ghostly light, the sort of light we witness in summer before a rain storm, or in autumn just after sunset. The sky darkens, but a yellow tinge hovers in the air, making the trees and the sides of houses suddenly shine with transcendental purity, as if they were half in this world and half out of it, half alive and half dead.

The more we look at Moss's photographs, the stranger they seem. This is due, at least in part, to her preference for infrared film. Used for reconnaissance missions in World War II because it could take pictures through cloud cover, it is responsive to heat and often will register things invisible to the naked eye. In other words, infrared film, in reacting to what is hidden, has the power to expose. It is the perfect film for Moss's probing instincts.

Many of her photographs are set around swimming pools as far from her home in Chicago as Jamaica and Phoenix. In these resorts, the sky is always black, and the leaves of the palm trees—because of infrared film's response to chlorophyll—are always blond and luminous. The photos have the look of near-negatives, suggesting that resorts aren't all they're cracked up to be. In fact, the privileged vacationland in Moss's photographs makes one think that hell is surely a place with swimming pools and palm trees.

The subject of some of her photos is women who see themselves as attractive. Wearing false eyelashes, lots of makeup, and sporting long painted nails, they have a seedy luster about them. From each distracted face shimmers a soiled middle-class vision of glamour. And the vision is relentless. Even a picture of four plump girls, all in a row, marching in step over a beach to water, the wind blowing their hair, their swim suits gripping their buttocks, has a wasted air about it.

In other photographs the "ghostly light" becomes a fatal glow, as in one of a young woman, again in a bathing suit, opening a dark door. Because her back is turned, she seems oblivious to the dazzling electrical whiteness of her flesh. In another, *(left)*, a bikini-clad middle-aged woman whose eyes have the vacant, fixed opacity of the blind displays a torso marbled with veins so pronounced that they seem more like black vines climbing a barren wall. Moss claims that when she took the picture she didn't know that veins, hidden under layers of skin, could make such a disturbing appearance. It was a case of infrared rays, intensified by what must have been a very hot sun, doing much more than what was expected.

The uncertainties of working with infrared film notwithstanding, there is, in Moss's photographs, a shrewd and subtle sense of order that responds to the arrangement of dark and light and to elements that unify the often elaborate disposition of shapes. There is also a compensating softness, a slight graininess that sweetens this world of unappealing people and places, saving them from the harsher fate of crisp, irredeemable ugliness.

—MARK STRAND

Joan Moss's infrared film can see through the camouflage of skin

H.F. Mones Gallery, NYC

Courtesy Sidney Janis Gallery NYC

DUANE MICHALS, the stream-of-consciousness photo-poet who recently had a show of new works at New York City's Sidney Janis Gallery, has a retrospective traveling around England (at Watershed, Bristol, through May 31). The exhibition gives us an idea of Michals' inquisitive and tampering mind: the message of a photograph is expanded and manipulated by paint, collage, and sequence. There are pictures he took in 1958 in Russia (it was the first time he'd really used a camera); portraits, like the comic one of "Duane Duck" *(above)*, or the serious one of Jeanne Moreau crouched and possessed in a stairwell; and also his most memorable photos—intimate prints with scrawled stories, thinly disguised self-portraits, guiltless revelations.

A collection that shows the singlemindedness of a brilliant collector—the late LEE WITKIN—will be auctioned at Sotheby's in NYC on May 8. Witkin was one of the first people to consider photographs a legitimate collectible. The one thousand or so pictures included in the auction span the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, though they reveal this taste maker's preference for the very literal, hard-edged photography of the past fifty years. . . .

"Reclining nude" 1853 *(below)* by renowned photographer Julien Vallou de Villeneuve and a snapshot of Bonnie and Clyde by Clyde Barrow (his uncle) are equally at home in SAM WAGSTAFF's phenomenal collection of nineteenth- and twentieth-century photos. Wagstaff, known for his collecting acumen (he's now picking up antique silver), didn't buy familiar images; instead, he invested in surprising prints. The collection, much of which was recently purchased by the J. Paul Getty Museum in Malibu, CA, will show in NYC, London, and Paris before it moves to the West Coast. A group of about 140 pieces, plucked by Wagstaff from the 6500 total, will be shown at the International Center of Photography, NYC, through May 12. —DANA COWIN

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eyes only

Attractive eyes depend on health and habits—and some clever camouflage

By Shellie B. Karabell

"The eyes are the first thing you look at when you're talking to someone," said New York makeup expert Pablo Manzoni. "And they're the first thing to lose the battle of aging." What can you do to postpone or repair the marks of this battle?

"Choose parents with young-looking eyes," suggested Hillard H. Pearlstein, M.D., assistant clinical professor of dermatology at Mount Sinai School of Medicine in New York City. "The texture, moisture, and elasticity of your skin are inherited."

In addition, "your eyes show the effects of aging or late hours before the rest of your body because the eye skin is the body's thinnest and most sensitive," said David B. Soll, M.D., professor and chairman of the department of ophthalmology at Hahnemann University School of Medicine, Rolling Hill, and Frankford Hospitals in Philadelphia. "Wrinkles result from loss of moisture and elasticity. With age, the subcutaneous tissue that connects skin to muscle around the eye weakens and allows skin to pull away, sometimes causing bags.

"Your eyeballs are cushioned in fat for protection. As muscles and other supporting tissues weaken, fat protrudes, causing bulging around the eyes and—again—bags. Chances are if your mother or father had bags under the eyes, you will, too." Important: not rubbing eyes—"rubbing stretches the thin eye skin, which encourages the orbital fat pads to herniate and become bags," warns Dr. Soll.

DON'T RUB EYES: RUBBING STRETCHES THIN EYE SKIN...ENCOURAGES BAGS

Morning puffiness usually occurs because fluid accumulates in the loose skin around your eyes. "Older eyes hold water longer," according to Dr. Pearlstein, "because older tissue is looser, becomes a little sack for holding water. Ice packs won't necessarily bring the swelling down, but sleeping propped by an extra pillow at night may help. Eyes lose that accumulated water during the day."

Dr. Soll cautioned that continued puffiness may be a symptom of "sinus or kidney problems. And perhaps 2 percent of the people who come to me for a cosmetic blepharoplasty [cosmetic eye surgery] have subclinical thyroid problems that are causing the baggy effect. Treated medically, the swelling goes away, and surgery isn't necessary."

Older people often develop hooded or drooping upper eyelids, which in extreme cases can interfere with vision. "There's really nothing that can be done, short of eye plastic surgery," said Dr. Soll. "The procedure can be done on an out-patient basis, and crow's feet reduced at the same time."

A non-surgical method of lessening crow's feet is injections of silicone or collagen, usually in a series of five or six, a month apart. Chemical peels also work on eye lines.

As for eye creams...short-range effects are beneficial; reapply them for maximum effect. Cautioned Dr. Pearlstein, "If an eye cream says that it will *retain* moisture, it could make your eyes puffy. If it contains estrogen, it almost certainly will." Cold eye masks do tighten skin—temporarily.

Dark circles are actually little blue veins showing through the skin, and "skin's transparency is another hereditary trait," said Dr. Pearlstein. "There is only one way to get rid of dark circles: makeup."

Pablo says, "The first step is not camouflage, but attitude. Dark circles and puffiness appear less pronounced if you hold your chin a trifle higher. It gives you beautiful posture."

The second step is concealer close in color to your own skin tone. Pablo puts it on top of makeup base and from the inner corner to about midway under your eye. "If you continue it to the outer corner it will crack when you smile. Moisturize the outer corner instead.

"Using darker eyeshadow color on the top lid detracts from the darkness underneath," says Pablo. "Stay away from bright colors."

Pablo feels that highlighters on the brow-bone make dark circles more pronounced. Instead, he uses a reddish-brown eye shadow or brownish blusher and suggests "blusher as high on the cheekbone as possible, close to the eyes, so that the emphasis is *up*, away from the under-eye area."

As for plastic surgery, Pablo points out that "Jeanne Moreau and Simone Signoret haven't had surgery and look wonderful. Keep your bags until the compliments disappear and your confidence goes down." ▽

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HEALTH

Cancer patients' free air transport…Accutane alert …new hope in treating Alzheimer's…singing as therapy

BY MELVA WEBER

Lift for Cancer Patients

Cancer patients who need transportation between treatment centers and their homes are receiving free lifts on corporate airplanes, thanks to the organizing talents of two recovered cancer patients. Priscilla Blum, a pilot, and Jay Weinberg, owner of a car-rental agency, knew that many corporate jets have empty seats on many flights, and that ambulatory cancer patients often have to take airline flights to treatment centers. Her idea: Enlist corporate officials to make available their empty seats on routine corporate flights. The patients must have medical authorization for the flight, must be able to walk and not require special equipment or services en route, must arrange for ground transportation. The Corporate Angel Network (CAN) now has over 325 corporate members, received the 1984 President's Volunteer Action Award, hopes to find more "angels" among the nation's fifteen thousand-plus corporate aircraft. For more information write to: Mrs. Priscilla H. Blum, Corporate Angel Network, Inc., Westchester County Airport, Hangar F, White Plains, New York 10604.

Medical Help for a Song

An elderly woman patient in The New York Hospital with serious lung disease couldn't cough or take a deep breath for the medical team, but she could "sing along" when nurse and doctor sang to her. Singing, she took deep breaths and later was able to cough and clear air passages. Her condition improved greatly—both medically and emotionally—under the song-session treatment. Nurse Eileen Bolger and Marc Judson, M.D., writing in The New England Journal of Medicine, believe that potential benefits from singing may include stimulating the cough reflex when necessary to clear air passages, as well as psychological improvements and sometimes long-term improvement in lung function in other patients. They believe the singing therapy is worth further investigation.

Headaches Caused by Liver

"Liver-lover's headache," a newly discovered ailment, is beginning to appear among a special group of food enthusiasts—people who regularly eat too much liver. Doctors and dietitians at the Medical College of Virginia in Richmond and University of Iowa in Iowa City looked into eating habits of several patients with pseudo-tumor cerebri (phantom brain-tumor symptoms), found some were eating liver several times a day, getting from eight to sixty-eight times as much vitamin A as is recommended. Nutrition experts have long praised liver as a source of vitamin A and other important nutrients, but they didn't expect people to overdose on the none-too-popular meat.

Automotive Allergies

To people with severe respiratory allergy, air-conditioning to remove pollen, dust, and fungal spores can be a blessing. But when air-conditioning or humidifying systems become contaminated, they can be sources of infections or allergic attack. Medical sleuths have traced outbreaks of diseases such as Legionella to institutional air-conditioning and ventilation ducts. Now, automobile air-conditioners may also be culpable. In New Orleans, a research team from the Louisiana State University Medical Center treated patients with bronchial asthma and allergic rhinitis and found more than 18 percent suffered aggravation of allergic symptoms when using contaminated car air-conditioning. The doctors believe the actual incidence may be higher. These researchers—Prem Kumar, M.D., Robert Marier, M.D. and Stephen H. Leech, M.D., Ph.D., —say more research is needed to find whether decontaminating car air-conditioners or other control measures will help asthma and allergy sufferers.

Acne Drugs and Pregnancy

Accutane, or isotretinoin, a popular drug for treating severe cystic acne, is linked to a high rate of birth deformities and retardation in babies whose mothers take the drug during pregnancy. At the University of California at Irvine, Ira T. Lott, M.D., conducted an investigation of the drug's effects on the fetus, in collaboration with medical epidemiologist Edward J. Lammer, M.D., of the government's Centers for Disease Control. Physicians at medical centers throughout the nation contributed case information.

In a period somewhat less than two years, the doctors found 152 women who had taken the drug during the first three months of pregnancy. Of these pregnancies, twenty-one children were born with severe defects such as heart problems, misshapen skulls and faces, and blindness. Twelve births were miscarriages, and twenty-four were considered normal. The remaining ninety-five women chose abortion after learning of the potential risks of deformities to their babies.

From the time Accutane was introduced, the manufacturers, Hoffmann-La Roche, Inc., have included package warnings that the drug is not to be used in pregnancy. They have also printed guidelines for physicians in medical journals. A major problem, says Dr. Lott, is that the drug is often prescribed for teenage girls who have acne problems and may not know or admit they're pregnant.

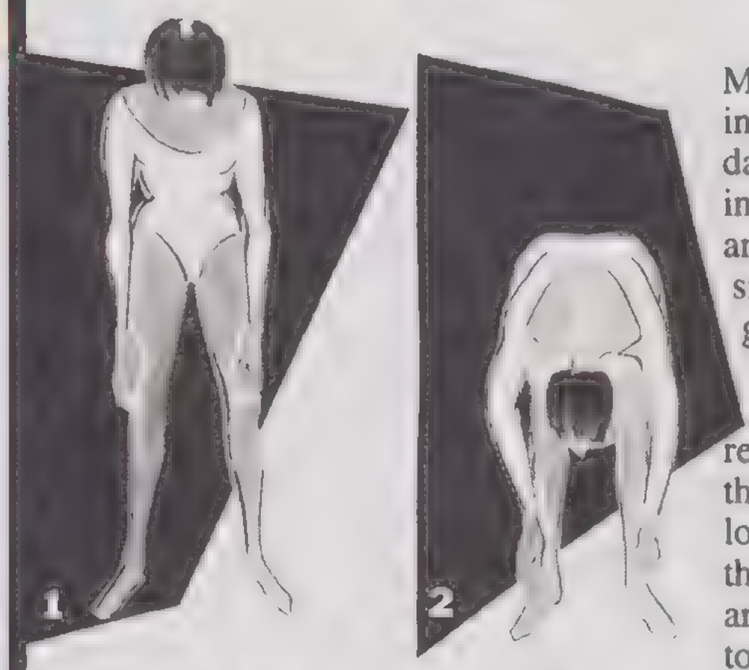
Treatment To Turn Back Alzheimer's

The dreaded mental breakdown of Alzheimer's disease, once thought a result of senility or aging, affects as many as two million Americans. Recent research shows the condition associated with an abnormality of at least one natural brain chemical. In Alzheimer's disease, the brain substance acetylcholine is present in lowered amounts.

Dartmouth-Hitchcock Medical Center in Hanover, New Hampshire, has reported what may become a treatment for Alzheimer's disease—injection of bethanechol chloride into the fluid surrounding the brain. According to the authors of the report in the professional journal *Neurosurgery*, the drug mimics the action of acetylcholine. In a feasibility study, four patients with severe or moderately severe Alzheimer's received medication through a pump unit slightly larger than a pacemaker, implanted in the abdominal wall. A catheter, or tube, delivered the drug from pump to brain. After side effects, which resolved, three patients said they felt improvement, with less confusion, increased initiative, and better function in daily living. The fourth patient remained the same, which represents some gain, doctors think, because the disease is known to be progressive. Even though results are preliminary—a point emphasized by Robert E. Harbaugh, M.D., the principal investigator—they warrant continuing study. The ongoing investigation is expected to take at least two years.

flexibility

It enables a woman to move with ease at every age—and can be maintained in only ten minutes a day! **By Shari Miller Sims**



Hamstring Stretch: **Stand with feet apart, chin tucked to chest (1). Keeping knees straight, roll down till arms dangle comfortably (2) and you feel a slight "pull" in the thighs. Hold 15 seconds. (Do 5 times)**

Shoulder Stretch: **Sit with back straight, feet flat on floor. Lift arms overhead; bend elbows, holding right elbow in left hand (3). Slowly pull to left until you feel stretch (4). Hold 5 seconds; return. (Do 5 times each arm)**

Low-Back Stretch: **Sit with back straight, feet flat on floor, knees apart, chin tucked to chest. Exhaling, roll down till arms dangle (5). Hold 10 seconds. Inhale, tighten abdomen, squeeze buttocks, slowly roll up. (Do 5 times)**

Many of us grew up with the idea that being fit was being able to stretch, to bend over and touch your toes. Today, when women's fitness goals include aims such as increased lung capacity, reaching your target heart rate, and running "through the wall," experts are reemphasizing the importance of flexibility. The reason: our neglect of stretching in favor of more vigorous activities seems to be a major culprit in the increasing numbers of injuries plaguing exercisers at every level. Also, research has revealed that the loss of mobility once thought to be inevitable with aging is to a large degree a loss of flexibility—and one that can be compensated for through continued movement. Muscles and joints that are kept limber, it turns out, are not only more resilient to the demands of vigorous exercise but to the battle against the passage of time.

While experts acknowledge that some women are more naturally flexible than others—and that women are more flexible than men owing to our wider pelvic bones, leg angulation, and smaller vertebral size—they emphasize that, as far as staying flexible beyond childhood is concerned, it's a matter of use it . . . or lose it.

Aside from heredity, what contributes to having a body that can bend and stretch with ease? The answer is both muscle elasticity (the ability of muscles to stretch and contract, *not* the tendency of underused muscles to remain flaccid) and ease of motion within joints.

"While we think of someone as having flexible joints, the ability of a joint to move through an arc of motion depends to a great deal on the elasticity and resiliency of muscles that control that joint. As little can be done to change the structure of bone, what a woman has to work with in improving flexibility is primarily helping her muscles to better support and move her joints," said Irene von Estorff, M.D., assistant attending physiatrist, department of rehabilitation medicine, The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center.

Flexibility makes the difference in a woman's comfort, stamina, energy...

THE AGE FACTOR For a long time, it was thought that movement inevitably became more difficult with age. Now experts are not so sure. "It is true that we reach a peak of natural flexibility in early childhood, the reason gymnasts often do moves when young that they can never do later, no matter how hard they train. But it is also true that flexibility can be maintained or regained through proper exercise," noted Dr. von Estorff.

Experts note that while it does seem to be a fact of life that all body tissues—muscles, joint-supporting tendons and ligaments, skin—lose a certain degree of elasticity over time, our life styles may also be at fault. "Sitting at a desk eight or more hours a day can cause muscle tightness in the neck and shoulder area, the back, and the thighs—the same areas in which flexibility is often lost first," noted *(Continued on page 108)*

RODGER DUNCAN

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FLORA KUNG

THE DRIVE: **RENAULT FUEGO**
THE STYLE: **FLORA KUNG**

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and driving a Fuego.

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THE DRIVE: RENAULT ENCORE
THE STYLE: FLORA KUNG

I have a thirst for life . . .
Exploring new horizons one day
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Encore, Encore . . . the next.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK BEVERLY HILLS BAL HARBOUR DALLAS TROY

THE DRIVE: **RENAULT ALLIANCE**
THE STYLE: **FLORA KUNG**

Samantha and I have this pact,
an "Alliance" of sorts.
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and then I take her for a long drive.
By the way, this is Samantha's
favorite Flora Kung outfit.

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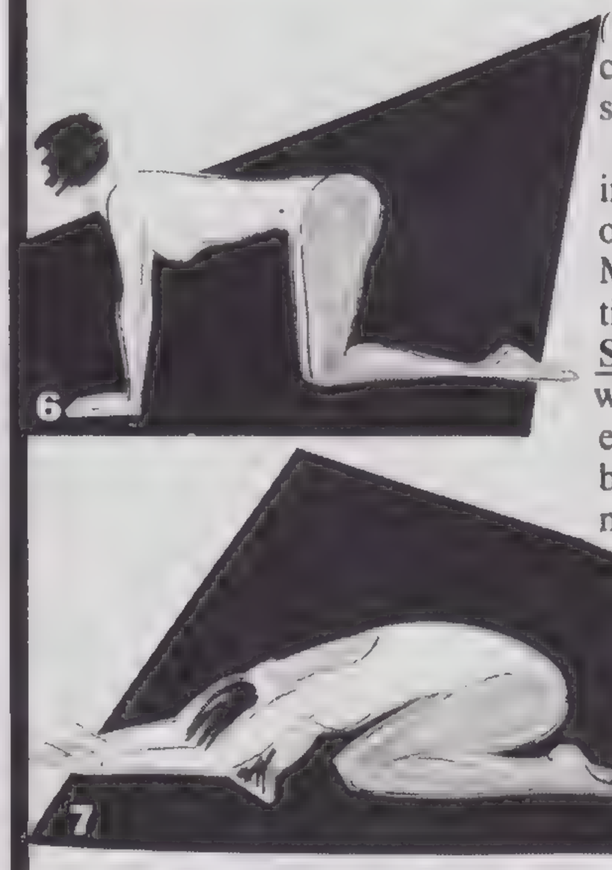
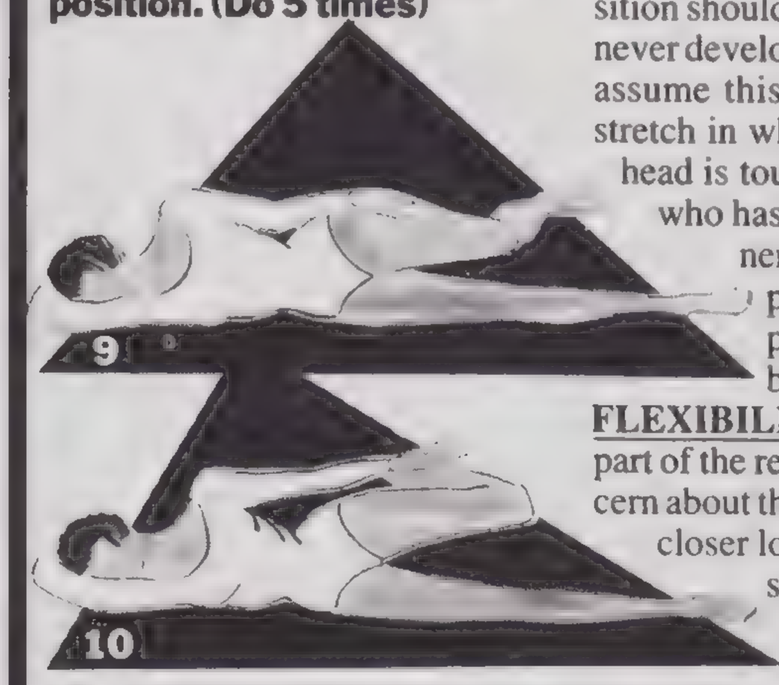


Upper-Back Stretch: **Begin on your hands and knees, arms and knees shoulder-width apart (6). Arms straight, move upper body backwards, turning palms up. Reach forward with arms as far as possible without pain (7)—you'll feel the stretch in your sides. Hold 5 seconds; relax, return to start. (Do 5 times)**

Back Extensor Stretch: **Begin as in (6). Arms straight, drop head, pull in stomach; aim for a high, round back (8). Exhale, hold for 5 seconds. Inhaling, return to starting position. (Do 5 times)**



Hip Flexor Stretch: **Lie on right side, both legs bent slightly, left heel lifted toward buttocks (9). Grasp your left ankle and, bending at waist, pull knee back (10) *don't* arch spine. Hold for 15 seconds. (Do 5 times each side)**

RODGER DUNCAN

(Continued from page 102) Valery F. Lanyi, M.D., associate clinical professor of rehabilitation medicine, New York University School of Medicine.

Simply taking up exercise isn't always the answer. "Increasing numbers of injuries," noted Dr. Lanyi, "are the result of overzealous strength-training that is not balanced by stretching. Muscular fitness is not limited to strength but entails muscle elasticity, the ability to bounce back from the demands of exercise."

STAYING LIMBER: ACTIVE STRETCHING Since most women want to be both strong *and* flexible, most experts today encourage *active stretching*—exercises that require that you bend, straighten, and move your body to take your joints and muscles through their full, dynamic range of motion.

The best stretches work the major muscle groups of the body and put little or no stress on the lower back. You don't need to be able to touch your toes to do the ten-to-fifteen minute daily stretching program starting on page 102 and continued at *left*—designed for Vogue by Dr. von Estorff and Willibald Nagler, M.D., of The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center. Don't do these exercises without checking with your doctor first, especially if you have a history of back or knee pain. If a movement causes pain, stop immediately and have the cause checked by a physician.

Avoid ballistic—or bouncing—stretches; these use a great deal of energy and do little or nothing to enhance flexibility. Even worse, notes movement therapist Marianne Battistone, ballistic stretches can promote an increased risk of injury and encourage muscles to go into tight—and painful—spasms.

Unlike cardiovascular or strength-training programs, flexibility exercises provide the best results if done every day. They needn't be time consuming; ten to fifteen minutes a day is all that's needed. "If you find that you tend to be stiffest in the morning, do get into the habit of doing several minutes of flexibility work then," advised Dr. Lanyi. "But don't make the mistake of simply getting out of bed and starting to stretch. Stretching is *not* warming up, although many women confuse the two. You need to warm up muscles before challenging them to stretch. Do a few minutes of slow jogging in place first, being sure to shake out your arms and legs and to get your heart pumping just a little bit faster. Or take a warm shower or bath first, then slowly work into a stretching routine—often ideal if you do your stretches first thing in the morning or just before going to bed at night."

While yoga and ballet can help increase flexibility, certain moves specific to such types of classes have been criticized lately as being especially dangerous for women with a history of back problems. Experts caution against yoga postures such as neckstands or the "plow," as such moves put a great deal of stress on the joints of the back and the neck. (Such moves should also be avoided by women with a history of heart disease.) The lotus position should also be approached with caution; some women will never develop the "stretch" in the feet, knees, and hips needed to assume this position. Similarly, ballet stretches such as the stretch in which one leg is extended on the ballet barre and the head is touched to the knee should be avoided by any woman who has experienced low back pain. "A woman with a vulnerable back should be very cautious about how far she pushes a stretch," noted Dr. Lanyi. "Proper stretching, plus abdominal strengthening, can help protect the back; improper stretching can precipitate back pain."

FLEXIBILITY TESTING: WHAT'S AHEAD Since a large part of the renewed interest in flexibility has been a result of concern about the increasing exercise injury rate, experts are taking a closer look, too, at tests given to beginning exercisers to assess what types of exercise are best for them.

What's been found: that the typical fitness test at health clubs—including those performed by physicians—concentrates on measuring heart and lung fitness and muscular strength. Rarely is any physical palpation of individual muscles performed, although this is the best way to check for muscle tension or spasms.

"While heart and lung conditioning are most important to a woman's health, flexibility makes the difference in her *comfort*, her energy level, her stamina, both while she's working out and during everyday life," said Dr. von Estorff. "In the long run, flexibility is what makes a woman feel—and seem—young." ▽

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Floriana Iacino
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Age: 24

I'm still young, but I think I'm getting wiser and more experienced. I seriously believe in Astrology; I'm a Leo with Virgo rising which makes me a cautious leader. I can't believe that I'm Italian and don't cook. I'd like to go back to Italy, have a family, and live in the sun. If a boyfriend makes me angry, I'm quiet, but if something goes wrong with my clothes, I'll scream.

Photo: Toscani

Q&A

Perm/sun alert... hypoallergenic: hype?...keeping skin young

Q Help! I recently returned from a week's vacation in the sun, and my hair looks "brassy." Could my perm have caused this? What should I do?

A A perm certainly can speed up sun-induced bleaching and brassiness, said colorist Louis Licari of NYC's La Coupe salon and Clairol's color consultant. The reason: "Perm neutralizers—the solutions applied to hair to stop the perming process and lock in a certain degree of curl—contain peroxide, the same ingredient that causes hair that has been colored to overreact to sun exposure. Once a woman's hair has been treated with peroxide, it no longer has its former structural integrity and will be much more vulnerable to the effects of the environment.

"It's a good idea to have the least amount of chemical processing possible done to your hair in summer, but if you can't avoid having your hair permed or colored at this time of year, there are steps you can take to tone down sun-induced brassiness. Apply a nonperoxide toner to your hair for five minutes after shampooing, then rinse it out and follow with a deep-conditioning treatment. The toner will counteract the sun's bleaching effect, the conditioner improve hair's overall condition.

"*Don't* try to cover up brassiness by using a darker-toned haircolor product," Licari cautioned. "While this may work initially, dark haircoloring products—especially those with peroxide toners—will make your hair more damaged and brassier after a week or two."

Q I'm confused about products that claim to be "hypoallergenic." What does that mean?

A "Literally, *hypoallergenic* means 'less-sensitizing,' but it is not a medical term," says Albert M. Kligman, M.D., professor of dermatology at the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine. "On a label, it's supposed to say to you that this product has been tested for irritations, contact sensitizations, photosensitivity, and other problems. However, almost any product from a well-known manufacturer will have undergone these tests and will be hypoallergenic. But since there are no federal regulations for testing cosmetics, each manufacturer creates his own tests and follows individual guidelines for safety."

While it may be reassuring, " 'hypoallergenic' does not mean 'non-allergenic,' " emphasizes Dr. Kligman. "There is no substance, other than water, to which some people don't become allergic."

There's also a new term on the market, *non-comedogenic*, which means that the product will not block pores and cause comedones, the medical term for blackheads. (Most products from Almay, for example, are non-comedogenic as well as "hypoallergenic" in the best sense of the word: allergy-tested *and* fragrance-free, since fragrance is a well-known potential irritant in cosmetics.)

Q Today's real option of a face-lift is reassuring, but how can I keep my skin looking younger longer, without resorting to surgery?

A Susan Craig, M.D., assistant in clinical surgery at Roosevelt Hospital, affiliated with Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center, offers these basic guidelines for maintaining youthful skin: "First, avoid overexposure to sun," says Dr. Craig. "After age thirty-five, wear sunscreen every day. If you're allergic to PABA, zinc oxide rubbed into skin very well won't look white and gives excellent protection; and I've yet to find anyone allergic to it.

"Don't smoke. Smoking cigarettes not only 'ages' skin, it contributes to slower healing should you someday decide to have a face-lift. In our studies, the skin of hamsters exposed to the smoke of two packs of cigarettes a day prior to surgery took significantly longer to heal than control animals, and their overall health was poorer, too. Most plastic surgeons insist that patients stop smoking before having a face-lift.

"Finally, moisturize, especially around eyes and cheeks, and use a humidifier in your home to keep the air moist. Since most soaps are very drying, using a cream cleanser is helpful, too." ▽

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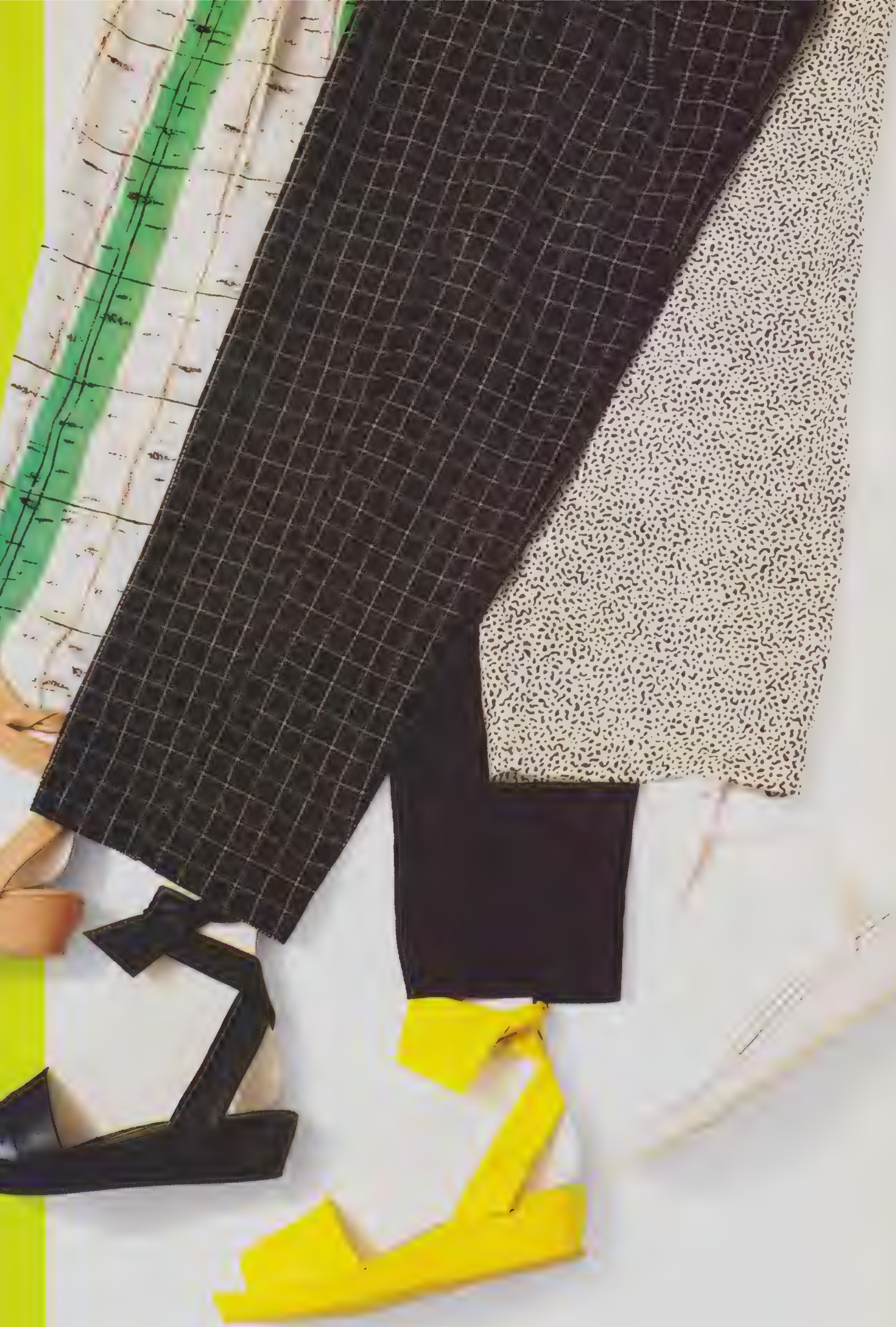

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CARS & WOMEN

Auto "motives": how women are influencing the look and performance of cars today

Though she'll be interested in her car's appearance, a woman buying an automobile today investigates more than just its color. As more and more women enter the workforce and achieve financial and social independence, they want automobiles that are suited to their new life styles and needs and are likely to ask about the "track records," comfort and safety features of any model before they buy.

The growing involvement of women with cars can be seen in statistics: In 1972, women bought 21 percent of all new vehicles sold in the United States. By 1983, that figure had risen to over 40 percent of all new cars amounting to some forty billion dollars' worth of new-car sales that year. That figure may be an underestimate of female buying because it doesn't take into account used-car sales or automobiles purchased by men but *chosen* by and for women.

While certainly women want in a car the same basic features men want—quality, reliability, fuel economy—some further specifics particularly apply to women, generally in the categories of comfort and safety. Some options to look for in today's cars:

● **More comfortable seat belts.** In the past, belts have been designed to fit the "average" figure; but that "average" figure is typically a man with large, square shoulders. For most women, with smaller frames, shoulder or chest straps can be uncomfortable. Some manufacturers are trying to redesign seat belts/shoulder straps for automobiles to come. An adult version of the shoulder harness used in infant car seats might be a more comfortable possibility for women.

● **A keyless entry system**—a coded device that operates via a set of five buttons on the door that is part of the car's computer system. If you push in one code, you'll open the driver's door; push in another, and the trunk will pop open. The system foils potential lock pickers and is helpful for those distressing moments when you accidentally lock the keys inside the car.

● **An interior light that goes on** when you touch the door handle, so that you can see all is well inside your car before you get in.

● **Power door locks and windows** are especially important as a means of self-protection. If you're stopped at an intersection, and a thief runs up to your car in an attempt to grab your purse or to demand money from you directly, one push of each button can quickly secure you inside until you're able to drive off.

● **A rear-view mirror with an automatic dimmer** can be a lifesaver. When the car behind you has bright, blinding headlights, the mirror's light sensor switch will immediately dim the mirror, so you don't have to take your hands off the steering wheel to move the mirror and risk losing control of the car.

● **Headlights with an automatic "delay" switch** remain on for thirty seconds after you've turned them "off," to illuminate a dark garage until you get to the door.

● **More cars with cruise control,** which permits you to drive at highway speed without pressing the accelerator pedal. Since most accelerator pedals are designed to be used by men—wearing flat-heeled shoes—on long drives, wearing high heels may cause cramps and soreness in your right thigh muscles.

● **Low lift-over for trunks.** Most women drivers know the basics of changing a flat tire; but not all women have the strength to lift the spare wheel out of the trunk. Hatchback cars and station wagons from which you can slide the tire out are one solution. Another is the lower trunk heights available in some new cars today. Also, some manufacturers provide vinyl straps that wrap around spare tires so that you can get a better grip.

Design details tailored for women may be more frequent in future cars, as women climb into higher positions in the automobile industry. *The Automotive News Market Data Book* recently listed one thousand influential people in the American automotive industry, and only nine of them were women—three vice presidents of major manufacturers and six in other management-level jobs. This percentage is too small; but automotive companies are searching for capable women for upper and middle management. The opportunities for women in the industry are boundless.

—CONTRIBUTED BY MARILYN KING

Safety/comfort features to fit your needs . . . behind the scenes: women in the auto business

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HAIR NOW

answers

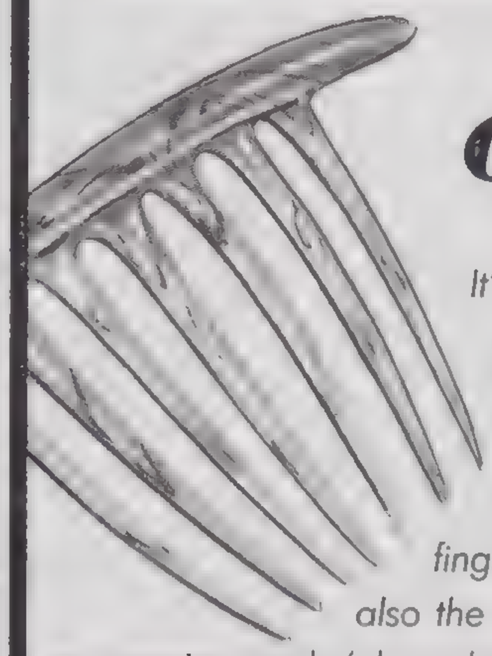
...to protecting hair from summer damage... getting volume, fullness that lasts

Does sunlight damage a woman's hair? While it doesn't pose the health danger to hair that it does to the skin, "studies show that over time ultraviolet light does have an effect on hair's *appearance*, breaking down the disulfide bonds that hold hair fibers together, and making individual strands much more vulnerable to splitting and dryness," said Sergio Nacht, Ph.D., director of biomedical research, Pantene products. While it might seem simple to apply the same sunscreen to face and hair, "not all sunscreen ingredients that bond to skin are substantive to hair," noted Dr. Nacht. "Too, cream formulas make hair greasy, while alcohol-containing lotions are very drying to hair." Newly attractive hair protection-plus-style solutions: Pantene Sunbrella mousse and hairspray (SPF 8 or 15), Sebastian Shaper hairspray with sunscreen.

UP AND AWAY!

It's the direction in shorter hair now—up off the forehead, with volume, definite shape (left, runway model Amalia at Yves Saint Laurent). In NYC, at the Benjamin salon, barbershop-short hair has given way to cuts trimmed close to the head at sides and back, with more length, a bit of wave, of fullness, on top. At Pierre Michel Salon, Thierry Brunet brushes layered hair straight up, anchors with mousse plus a headband. The results, after thirty minutes: lift that lasts!

Now, at every length, day *and* night, hair looks groomed yet free, unfussed-over...



change

It's the added dimension of a good cut...the result of well-thought-out scissoring that enables a woman to brush her hair forward or back, "work" her hair with her fingers, a dab of styling mousse. It's also the plus of a hair accessory such as an oversize comb (above left) that, in seconds, anchors even long or thick hair up off the neck (right)—Le Rake by Riviera.

Top photo, ELIZABETH NOVICK Hair, Alex Hilliard; makeup, Linda Mason
Center, CLAUS OHM. Sketches, RODGER DUNCAN

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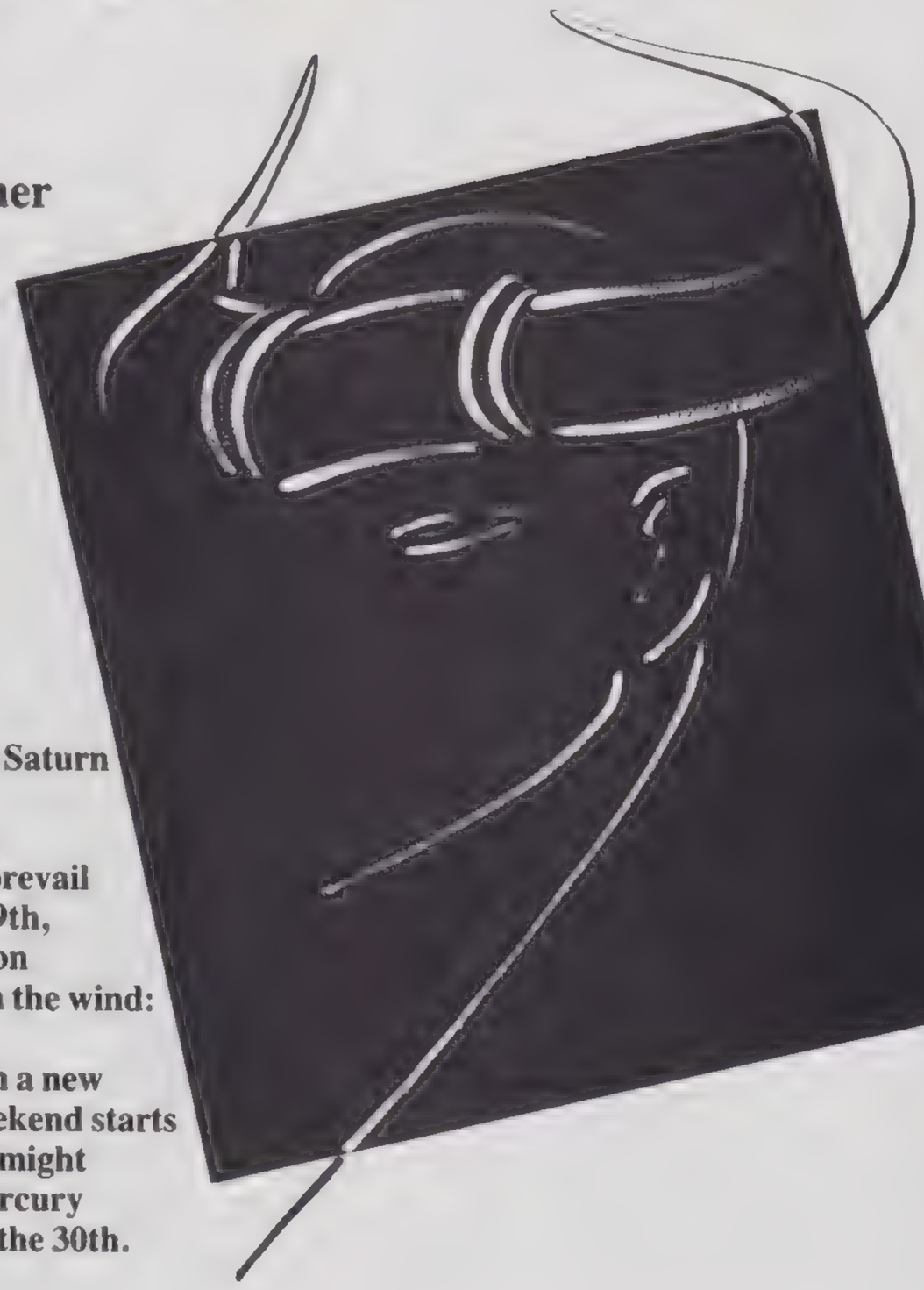
horoscope

By Rockie Gardiner



May: Astrological Weather

A touch of lunacy on the Scorpio full moon the weekend of the 4th may find you Taureans flying down to Rio to watch the lunar eclipse—anything outrageous, extravagant, and sensual will appeal. Appreciation of life's pleasures fades once Mercury crosses into Taurus on the 15th. Disappointments are likely then because oppositions to stern Saturn and power-mad Pluto tend to frustrate, depress or infuriate. Still, psychological calm should prevail at the Taurus new moon on the 19th, and when the sun enters Gemini on the 20th, you'll notice a change in the wind: strong support from Jupiter, Venus, and Mars can point you in a new direction. The Memorial Day weekend starts off happily, but on Monday, you might be out-of-sorts—at least until Mercury gets to its home sign, Gemini, on the 30th.

Taurus APRIL 20—MAY 20 A harmonious relationship between Venus, your ruling planet, and Mars this month sends so many financial and social opportunities your way that you'll have a hard time separating business from pleasure; both are good for your career. Mother's Day and Memorial Day will be quite special, but the 20th can be truly memorable for the recognition—or the commission—you'll receive. A vow of silence on the 15th may prevent an attack on or from an equally stubborn Capricorn. Otherwise, May is one of your best birthday presents.

Gemini MAY 21—JUNE 21 Your Mercury ruler speeds along this month, changing social situations and personal relationships. Spend "quality time" with a Sagittarian and an Aquarian the weekend of the 4th; turn down a Scorpio love interest on the 15th in favor of a Pisces who won't fight; and check back to see what the first two have concocted the week of the 20th, when you're most receptive to their intelligence and enthusiasm. Life has become happily hectic at last—but pass on the Memorial Day picnic, since a Capricorn co-worker could spoil your fun.

Cancer JUNE 22—JULY 22 Even if you can't see the total eclipse of the moon on our continent, you'll undoubtedly feel that something strange—or someone exotic, like an old Aquarian love—is coming into your life. You could also find your way into a new circle of foreign-born friends because, during May, your work brings unusual social possibilities. Money may be tight for the first two weeks, but after the 20th you won't care. Happy-go-lucky Librans and Sagittarians will ensure that you'll be entertained over the holiday weekend.

Leo JULY 23—AUGUST 22 Warm-hearted Leos can't repress their urge to go a little farther, but your laudable efforts may be blocked for the first three weeks by an extravagant partner or an aloof parent. Even your employer may withhold compliments or compensation until the restrictive effects of the Sun-Saturn opposition have passed. Once Gemini begins on the 20th, Venus and Mars breathe new life into your closest relationships, and you'll be back in top form, eager to experiment with new ways to express your creativity—and your undying affection.

Virgo AUGUST 23—SEPTEMBER 22 Your ruling planet, Mercury, gives you enough energy through the first week—when it trines Uranus—to accomplish all you planned at home and at work, and then sends more ideas on the 3rd for an even better version of what you've just done. Money matters will demand your attention as Mercury opposes Pluto and trines Neptune on the 15th, but so will a romantic Pisces. The opposition to Saturn on Memorial Day could find you stuck—either in a serious frame of mind or in a horrendous traffic jam.

Libra SEPTEMBER 23—OCTOBER 22 Finding the bank officer or friend who will help you meet your financial responsibilities may be this month's main objective, especially around the 15th, when you might have to assume another obligation. Happily, an opportunity on the 20th—when your Venus ruler contacts generous Jupiter—could relieve any anxiety. In fact, you might find yourself with enough money left over for an impromptu excursion with an adventurous Aries or curious Gemini whose tastes match your own.

(Continued on page 130)

RODGER DUNCAN

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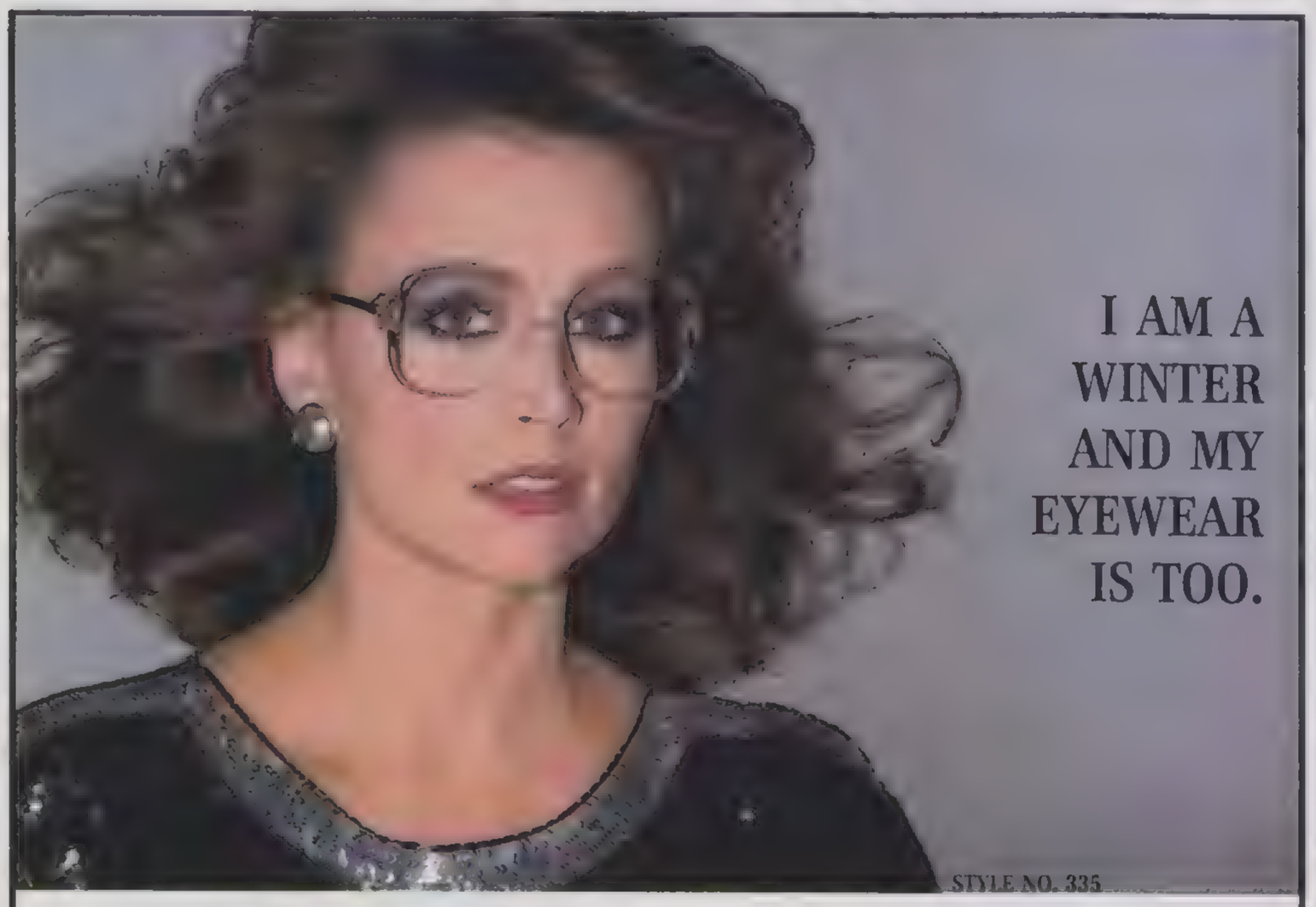

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horoscope

(Continued from page 128)

Scorpio OCTOBER 23—NOVEMBER 21 Since the Scorpio full moon has the added attraction of a total eclipse, you can anticipate an exciting weekend with your closest companion. And while Mother's Day brings attendant satisfactions on the 14th, oppositions to the not-so-friendly planets, Saturn and Pluto, in your sign on the 15th, can make you acutely aware of the obstacles created by Leos or Virgos. A sudden change of fortune on the 20th may put the family at ease, but you'll need to be convinced it isn't some fly-by-night deal.

Sagittarius NOVEMBER 22—DECEMBER 21 Don't let the moon fool you: It's really Jupiter's fault that you'll be feeling so ready for a change—however much it may cost—on the full moon weekend of the 4th. A similar planetary situation prevails at the new moon on the 19th, so you may be searching for a new, enthusiastic partner to support your latest, greatest idea when Gemini begins on the 20th. Stimulating work, pleasurable travel, or a casual romance may come via the Taureans and Geminis who will gravitate towards you this month.

Capricorn DECEMBER 22—JANUARY 19 Your friendship with an older man or a seasoned pro in your field may lead to a more responsible position around mid-month, when the sun and your Saturn ruler emphasize your innate authority. Don't be overwhelmed by the prospect; after the 20th, you'll find the physical and psychological resources to meet the challenge. While your personal interest in a Leo or Cancer may be on hold for the next ten days, you'll still need to talk seriously with someone close on Memorial Day.

Aquarius JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 18 All the wonderful aspects of Uranus, your planetary ruler, will astound you this month: you'll receive cooperation you never expected from the first week on. A supportive trine from Mercury makes conversations fascinating and a sibling amenable. The middle of the month may have its tense moment—the sun-Saturn opposition affects everybody—but the 20th should be spectacular because when Venus, Mars, and Jupiter focus all their attention on you, a good Gemini friend can turn into a fantastic lover.

Pisces FEBRUARY 19—MARCH 20 Try to maintain as high a profile as possible until Mercury trines your Neptune ruler on the 15th and sends another round of recognition your way. Whatever expenses your activities incur will be graciously met because a harmonious aspect of Venus and Mars guarantees a steady flow of financial and emotional support all month long. You could become an immediate sensation around the 20th if you're willing to act a bit outlandish, but don't let an over-enthusiastic Sagittarian push you beyond your own good taste.

Aries MARCH 21—APRIL 19 You'll be in a comfortable emotional and financial equilibrium until Mars, your ruling planet, aspects both expansive Jupiter and exciting Uranus on the 20th and presents two equally attractive choices. While an unusual—and potentially brilliant—experiment will instantly appeal to your Arian sense of adventure, a business offer made by friends, step-children, or professional peers will prove more monetarily and mentally rewarding. You *can* eat your cake and have it too, if it's delivered by an Aquarian or Sagittarian, or both.

VOGUE, May, 1985

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ROBINSON'S

fitness to the test

What are the options when the challenge of the gym workout is no longer enough?

By Deborah Gimelson

Taking their newly conditioned bodies out of gyms and aerobics classes, women are seeking new challenges. Having attained Jane Fonda's "burn", we want now to feel the thrill of victory, the pain of defeat, or simply the pleasure of muscle under control, demonstrating a new body confidence that manifests itself in a whole array of interesting, and sometimes unusual, sports and activities.

What are the implications of this athletic boom among women? It has, some experts say, a lot to do with our need for excitement. The sensation triggered by the arousal of the nervous system in a situation strong enough to pose a challenge or a threat, excitement is an important form of human satisfaction. And now that we don't have to worry about whether the well will run dry or the Indians attack, we need to seek excitement outside our daily routine. Sports offer excitement in a variety of ways—testing physical endurance and strength as well as different kinds of skills and reflexes, providing competition's adrenaline rush—and, for most women, creating a new arena in which to try themselves. It may also signal another place where the gap between the sexes is closing.

"There's less of a distinction now between male and female attitudes towards athletics than there was ten years ago," says Michael O'Shea, founder of The Sports Training Institute in New York. "Women may be training more for strength, but I have football players training for flexibility. It isn't a big deal anymore for a woman to want to do really well at something athletic—I've trained female secretaries, lawyers, and executives who wanted to rock climb or row, and they simply had to be stronger to do it."

Are there overall trends to watch? "Lots of people, not only women," says O'Shea, "are finding that, even if they aren't born professional athletes, they can develop skills over time." Jack Wilmore, Ph.D., professor of physical education at the University of Arizona, Tucson, agrees. "But," he cautions, "it's important to understand that not everyone will become a world-class athlete. You have to learn to make the most of what your genes gave you—and that's what women are doing."

WHY THIS ATHLETIC BOOM AMONG WOMEN?

EXPERTS SUGGEST THAT IT'S A NEED FOR EXCITEMENT...

Niki Patton, a Manhattan multimedia specialist and avid windsurfer, talking about windsurfing, sums it up. "After a certain point, it's like flying," she says. "I windsurf because I've never felt anything so exhilarating."

Challenge "sampler"

Windsurfing, fencing, climbing are just a few of the ways women are challenging their newfound agility and strength. . . .

Windsurfing, called the sport of the '80s, is gaining popularity nationwide with its most avid enthusiasts enjoying it—protected by wet suits and dry suits—in winter as well as summer. Standing sideways on a modified surfboard, you control a sail against the prevailing winds. Sound difficult? "Many women stay away from windsurfing because they think you have to be strong," says Niki Patton. "In reality, windsurfing is a lot like riding a bike; you have to learn the basic moves, but suddenly something clicks and you find your balance. Accomplishing this adds to your sense of self-worth." Windsurfing, at the beginning, challenges and builds upper-body strength; at an advanced stage, legs and buttocks are toned by the control they exert on the board. "I know of fifty-year-old windsurfers," says Patton. "You can start at any age." Experts advise that you take a lesson or two when you do.

"Of all sports," says James Melcher, president of Manhattan's Fencers Club, Inc., where 30 percent of the members are women, "fencing represents the best synthesis of mind and body." Michelle Verhave, a twenty-six-year-old nationally *(Continued on page 138)*

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IT'S AN ATTITUDE

(Continued from page 136)

ranked fencer, says, "It's a sport women can enter in their twenties and become competitive." Fencing utilizes the lower part of the body, owing to the basic *en garde* position and constant lunging, and isn't a sport for someone with bad knees. It does require thought coupled with physical exertion. "You're always planning strategies against an opponent," says Verhave, "and thinking about how to vary distance and timing." Fencers, in order to improve endurance, often run several miles a week and train with weights for tone and strength.

For those drawn to the outdoors, climbing

WHAT COMES

AFTER THE "BURN"?

THE THRILL OF VICTORY!

is possible in many parts of the country. Cathey Finlon, a Denver-based advertising executive, turned to climbing six years ago. "You don't have to be in incredibly good shape to climb, and it helps build overall strength and endurance," says Finlon. Adds Suzanne Gabbett, former leader of climbing groups for Outward Bound, "At first, you may find your upper body weak, and you have to be prepared to practice—preferably with an expert." A large part of climbing is the thrill of making it to the top, although aficionados stress the importance of the process. "Rock climbing is just like ballet," says Gabbett. "You just dance up that rock." For preparation, a moderate amount of running, working out at a club, and dance to develop your sense of balance are recommended.

Possibilities for female athletic endeavor appear endless. Some women are going for team sports such as rugby, a tough blend of soccer and football that demands running ability and topnotch reflexes. Paddling a canoe or kayak develops upper-body strength—specifically in the laterals and triceps. Driving a race car requires constant work on the flexibility of neck and shoulder muscles—and an overall strength and endurance that can be attained by working out. Others opt for the thrill of parachute jumping or hang-gliding (one jump instructor says: "There's no feeling of power so great as when you hit the ground after a jump").

Tracie Ruiz, first gold medalist in synchronized swimming at the 1984 Olympics, says of her fledgling sport: "To begin, you need solid swimming ability. Utilizing thirty-six basic moves and strength, balance, and flexibility, synchronized swimming is the decathlon of swimming. And it's great to be involved in a sport you can watch grow." ▽

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Lair du

AS ROMANTIC AS THE DREAMS A WOMAN DREAMS.

L'Air du Temps

Calique Crystal Flacon

NINA RICCI

Paris

Photograph by David Hamilton

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BETWEEN US

Women in high places (offices and mountaintops)...where to go for facts and fun...do nonsmokers have more appeal?

BY LORRAINE DAVIS

In her own words...

"The creator of Wonder Woman, William Marston, thought women had more internal resources to get through hard times than men did. His uniquely feminine superheroine has a world view that without equality we can't have peace. Without peace, we can't have the utopian society of which we all dream. She was really the first feminist in popular fiction. We started the Foundation when she turned forty."—*Jenette Kahn, president, publisher of DC Comics; founder, president of Wonder Woman Foundation, which gives financial awards to women over forty*

"As we look out over the next twenty and thirty years, we're going to see industries develop that we've never thought about...a greater demand for the types of services traditionally performed by homemakers, new industries forming in child care, housecleaning, etc."—*Nancy Teeters, director of economics, International Business Machines Corp., speaking at Women's Economic Round Table in NYC*

"'When I heard a woman was coming in as the boss, I spit on the floor'—that came from a man I work closely with now, and for whom I have a great deal of respect and vice versa; another called me 'Miss Boss,' but with a big warm smile when he said it.... It's important to give people an opportunity to see how you operate. I said, 'I'm here to support a very competent organization that does its job well.'"—*Patricia M. Carrigan, Ph.D., clinical psychologist, first woman to manage an assembly plant for General Motors Corp.*

The Future Looks Bright

The first woman to be elected governor of the state of Vermont, Madeleine May Kunin has an upbeat view of the future for American Women in politics: "I don't think we should let losses in the past election discourage us. Losing an election is a very painful process, but the skilled politician can recover. A career in politics intellectually stimulates; you are constantly dealing with new situations, new people, new problems to solve....

"The stereotyped male politician is not the only person equipped to serve in public life. The challenge for women is to break down these stereotypes. If you don't see your style or your values reflected on the political scene, don't assume there's not any room there for you. You can enter it and make your own place.

"I think the most important things are a sense of optimism and the belief that working through the system has its rewards...Balancing a political career with commitment to your family will always be a juggling act. My high-school-age children have grown up with the process of my political development. And my husband is extremely...well, supportive is not an adequate word; he's downright enthusiastic.

"My election is not an aberration; I hope other women in office—members of state legislatures, mayors—will follow suit. I think they have a wealth of experience and firm credentials that will enable them to win major positions in government in the next ten years."

Getting Around...

Some times and places: "Women Today—Risks and Opportunities," Junior Leagues of America Annual Conference, May 2-5, **Detroit**....May 9-10, Birmingham-Southern College Gala 7 honors twelve "Women of Distinction"—including Grace Mirabella, Vogue's editor-in-chief (800 Eighth Ave. West, **Birmingham** AL 35254; 205/328-5250, X368)...Women's Funding Coalition, Inc., in **New York City**, will give Muriel Siebert and three others first "Innovator for Women$hare Awards," on May 16 (817 Broadway, New York 10003; 212/677-1001)....From International Women's Studies Institute: on **Greece**'s island of Mytilini, May 30 to June 24, courses and workshops plus **Turkish** visit to Istanbul, Izmir, Anatolia; July 22 to August 15, Institute program at the Hebrew University in **Jerusalem**; **Kenya** trip, June 26 to July 29, will coincide with the World Conference of U.N. Decade for Women with forum in Nairobi, visits to game reserves, study and recreation near Mombasa (One Sutter St., San Francisco CA 94104; 415/398-1441)....Even **Yellowstone Park** has added women's studies: August 3-4, "Women and Wilderness: An Introduction;" August 31-September 1, "Wilderness: The Women's Perspective" (Yellowstone Institute, Box 117, Yellowstone National Park, WY 82190; 307/344-7381, X2384)...And for truly adventurous souls, Womantrek's Travel Adventures for Women has: June 27-July 14, **Peru**; July 14-25, rafting on the Tatshenshini in **Alaska**; July 20-August 20 trek from **Kashmir** to Ladakh in India; August 15-September 7, bicycling **Inner Mongolia**; September 9-22, rafting in the **Grand Canyon**; October 26-November 22 trekking in **Nepal**. (P.O. Box 1765, Olympia WA 98507; 206/357-4477)...And Mariah Wilderness Expeditions' schedules mother-daughter **California** white-water raft trip, July 15-16; **Yosemite National Park**, for backpacking, August 23-25; **Alaska** river trip, August 27-September 10; **California** white-water rafting for women over thirty-five, September 4-7; sea kayaking in Baja California, **Mexico**, December 27-January 5 (Mariah, P.O. Box 1384, El Cerrito CA 94530; 415/527-5544)....Another packager of all-female travel, Bon Voyage (P.O. Box 80, Marblehead MA 01945; 617/631-5775), offers **Israel**, May 8-22; **London** "theater party," July 22-30; and tour in **Spain**, October 2-16....College women can learn about "Women as Leaders: Preparing Early for Jobs at the Top," May 19-June 1; info: The **Washington** (DC) Center (1101 Fourteenth St. NW; 202/289-8680

Women Against Smoke

Just when women's unfortunate "liberation" into cigarette smoking in past decades is showing up as a bulge in female deaths from lung cancer, at least some researchers are discovering that teenage women are turning against the habit. The following summary comes from *I Wish My Parents Understood*, by Lesley Jane Nonkin (Freundlich Books), which is based on questionaires and interviews of eleven hundred high school girls.

"Over half the girls in the *TeenAge* Relationships Survey say heavy cigarette smokers are a downer, often because kissing a boy who smokes is like 'licking a dirty ashtray.' Foul-smelling hair, clothes, and breath, and nicotine-stained hands are romantically uninspiring as well ...[On] our perception of male smokers...Lloyd Johnston, Ph.D. [director of a study by the University of Michigan Institute for Social Research], says girls say boys who smoke are less cool, tough, mature, sophisticated, independent, and secure than nonsmokers. For that reason, 65 percent say they'd rather not date a smoker."

Women on Top of the World

The International Women's Expedition to Cho Oyu took that 26,906-foot peak. Two women, one American and one Czechoslovakian, reached the summit—a first for both countries. This and other Himalayan ventures raise money by selling T-shirts that say "It's better on top"—and other appropriate cracks. Information: IWEC, P.O. Box 1857, Boulder CO 80306. (Also offered: poster, sleeping bag, an ice screw of Soviet-made titanium.)

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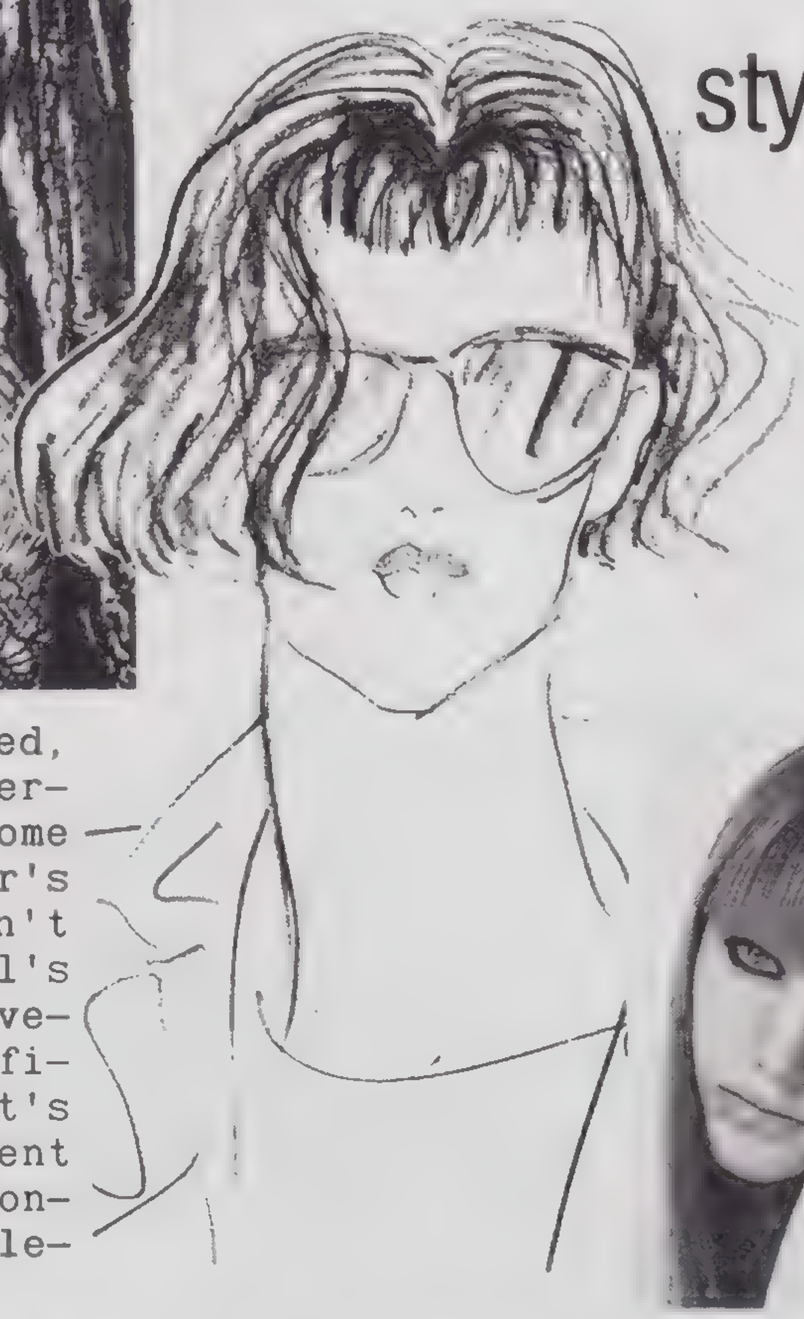
HAIR NOW.

excitement

Style—the appeal of bangs… at the couture: ornamentation… bold strokes of haircolor

style focus: bangs



First thing you notice about hair at every length now: more often than not, you'll see bangs. Whether clipped into a short, hairline-edging fringe the way Paris's Jean-Marc Maniatis likes them (sketched *left*)… cut into long, fine wisps (top *left*, styled by Valentin for Jean Louis David)…or—an attractive bit of modern geometry—brushed straight down, balancing the length of below-shoulder hair *(near left)* styled by Julien… What makes bangs so wearable now, says LA stylist Allen Edwards: they're feathered into a cut, can blend into hair when combed back or fall rakishly over the brows.

shine

It's often the most-wanted, hardest-to-keep characteristic of great-looking hair. While some women rely on haircolor to boost hair's light-reflecting power, others don't want to be tied to touch-ups. L'Oréal's new innovative solution: an under-five-minute salon treatment designed specifically to boost the shine of hair that's never been colored. In six translucent color-matched formulas, MajiGloss contains Ionene G—a hair conditioning molecule that works up to six weeks.

The word for what's ahead: grooming. What it means: hair that's more structured, more precisely placed than we've seen for a while

At the Paris couture shows, a new romanticism in hair…the impact of a single oversize flower woven into hair at night (as at YSL, below *left*, in a newly modern, off-center chignon) or pinned onto a hat for a charming daytime look (top *left*, on a beret at Chanel).

color: bolder!

There's a new mood in haircolor, a move away from subtle, scattered highlights to shades chosen for obvious contrast, applied in thicker, bolder strokes—a technique NYC's Louis Licari, La Coupe colorist and Clairol consultant, calls "chunks" of color…"As hair becomes a bit longer, color is being used for movement, to make hair look more lively, avoid the 'drag' that can weigh down hair when it hits the shoulders," says London-based Vidal Sassoon color directrice Annie Humphreys. Her application guide: she has client stand under a spotlight, concentrates color—three to four shades of warm blond, chestnut brown—where highlights would naturally fall…Color illusion: There's a new awareness of color's effect on hair texture. "The play of light against dark created by haircolor can make fine hair look thicker; the chemical process 'roughs up' the cuticle slightly, increases the diameter of each hair strand," notes Intercoiffure's John Jay…Still key: that color be low-maintenance, work from one haircut to the next. To that end: "color folding," created by Roger Scalzo of NYC's Raymond & Nasser salon, blends color into hair, eliminates obvious grow-out; Irene at Studio Chin gives clients fast touch-ups at the time of a cut for fewer salon color visits.

Top photo, TOSCANI. Makeup, Linda Cantello Coat, Jackie Rogers. Earrings, Ted Muehling *Center inset,* STEVEN MEISEL. Makeup, George Newell *Bottom left,* both photos, CLAUS OHM

letter from paris:

Writers, artists, divas, directors, gym instructors, and student chefs—Americans are *hip*. And the French love us for it

By Edmund White

americans in paris

"Yune, duh, traw," the American gym teacher bawled out. "Levy those jams." The French members of the exercise class had to grope for a moment before they realized they were being told in their own language to lift their legs.

Americans are *in* once again in Paris, more so than at any time since the War. Half of the movies in Paris and most of the pop songs on the radio are American. None of the Parisians at the sleek new gym Espace Vit' Halles next to the Beaubourg museum seems to mind that a quarter of the other clients, male and female, and most of the instructors are Americans who often enough mangle the language of Molière. In fact, the American presence is thought to be breezy, youthful, *décontracté* (relaxed), not to mention *branché* (plugged in), and thoroughly Gallic—men and women here proudly wear sweatshirts from American colleges or last year's Los Angeles Olympics. Sometimes the meanings become a bit fuzzy and a man will sport a Girl Scout T-shirt while pumping iron, but no matter.

Although the American accent in French (including my own) sounds terrible to our ears, the French find it *adorable* and *sympatique*. Recently, a Paris taxi driver gave me unsolicited advice on how to pick up French women: "Make them laugh and you'll get them *sixty-five* percent of the time." Then he paused and added, "But with that American accent of yours, you can't miss."

Maybe one reason we're so popular is political. The French are becoming more and more conservative. French fears of the Soviet Union and disillusionment with their own socialist regime make Reagan as well liked here as he is in the States. In fact, France is the most pro-American of all European countries.

Or maybe we're liked because there are so few of us living here. There are only about twenty-three thousand officially registered American residents in France—far below the forty thousand of the 1920s. But as one expatriate American who's lived here for most of his seventy years told me, the 1920s crowd was escaping Main Street and Prohibition and didn't give a damn about the French or their language, whereas today's expatriates usually study the language and the culture with seriousness, even reverence.

I've even met Americans in Paris who go to extremes to avoid their compatriots and pretend to speak English with a heavy French accent. Some Americans have been living here so many decades they honestly don't know who Victoria Principal is. They calculate their own weight in kilos, automatically say their phone numbers in the complicated French way ("six hundred thirty-three, fifty-nine, twenty-three"), and commit peculiar Gallicisms in English ("assist" for "attend," "process" for "trial," and "arrest" for "stop"). Still worse are those people who speak "cocktail," a mélange (whoops!) of the two languages. "He's very BCBG," they'll say, meaning "preppie" in the latest French slang (*bon chic bon genre*).

One of the long-time American Parisians I know is a lady who's lived here since the 1930s, when she married a French aristocrat. She speaks to her son in French, presides over a house full of Matisses, Giacomettis, Libermans, Bonnards, and Calders, and subscribes to a charming etiquette worthy of Henry James. "Now, Ed," she said to me at a recent luncheon, "you sit on my right. No, wait. When my children are here I count as French, but when they're away, as they are now, I'm American, so the honors of the table go to a Frenchman. *Cher* André, would you sit next to me?"

More typically, most of the Americans in Paris stay for four or five years before returning to the States. Some of them are students, others businessmen and -women, others artists and writers. One of the students I know has been working as a *stagiaire* (trainee) at La Varenne cooking school, where he gets free instruction as a chef in exchange for interpreting for the three French master *cuisiniers* and their American students and doing lots of cutting, chopping, and dishwashing. Although the school offers a six-week summer course, its *grand diplôme* is offered only upon completion of its nine month, fifteen thousand dollar program. The fifty students each year attend school five or six days a week. All morning, they cook while guided by the chefs, then eat what they've prepared. In the afternoon, they observe a demonstration class conducted by the chefs working on stoves and counters under ceiling mirrors. The prevailing style is a *(Continued on page 154)*

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G O L D
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chain reaction. Give her
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tiny deposits
form on your contacts...
building up,
blink after blink,
until your
nice soft lenses
feel dry, irritating,
hard on your eyes.

letter from paris

(Continued from page 152)

combination of classical and Nouvelle Cuisine that the school likes to call "contemporary cooking."

Ernest Hemingway, Gertrude Stein, and F. Scott Fitzgerald, of course, were the mythic Americans-in-Paris, and one survivor of that era is a smiling, wry "American" poet and art critic named Edouard Roditi. I put American in quotation marks because his mother was English and he was born in Paris in 1915 and never visited the States until 1932. But his father was an American citizen (though born a Sephardic Jew in Constantinople), and Edouard spent the war years in the States, where he worked for Voice of America. He has an American passport. More importantly, he writes in English as well as in French. In the 1920s, he discovered Surrealism and the expatriate periodical *transition*, to which Stein and Joyce contributed. At Sylvia Beach's Shakespeare & Company bookstore he became close friends with two other American writers, Paul Bowles and Charles Henri Ford. "They're still friends of mine fifty years later," he says.

As though to forge a link with that golden age, Edouard is a prominent contributor to the latest expatriate literary reviews in Paris, *Frank* and *Exiles*, and not long ago he had a story and interview in *Passion*, an English-language monthly that combines the format of Andy Warhol's *Interview* with the liveliness of the *Village Voice*.

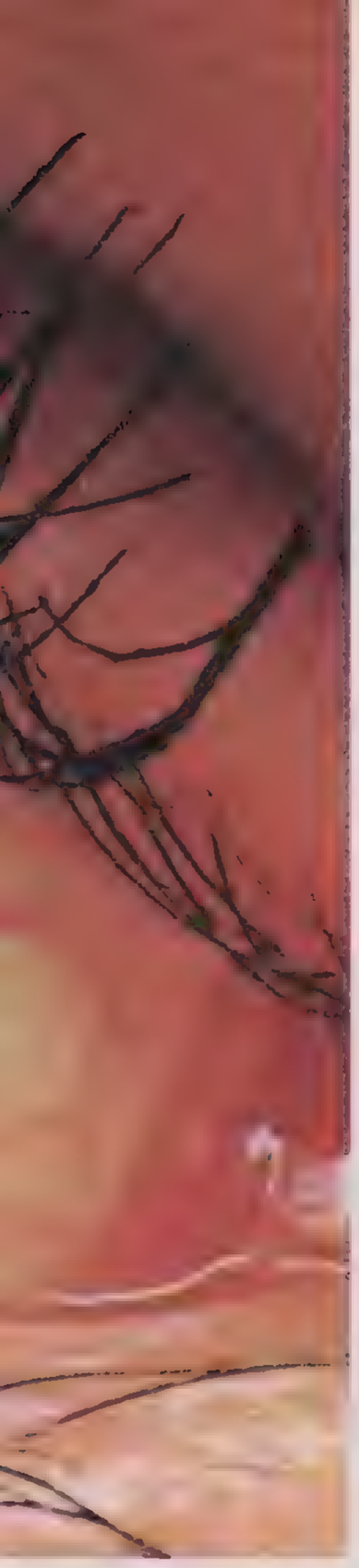
The best-known American writer in Paris is surely Mary McCarthy, who spends only three months a year here and the rest in Maine. Jim West, her husband, the nicest man in Paris, worked for years for the American foreign service and was stationed here. Their cozy apartment on the Rue de Rennes is intensely English, filled with chintz and lace and comfy armchairs. In this downy nest, Miss McCarthy is hard at work on what she describes as her "intellectual autobiography."

If Mary McCarthy is the best-known American writer in town, the richest is undoubtedly Judith Krantz. She lives near McCarthy in a luxurious apartment that looks like a Vuillard interior. Immaculately coiffed and gowned at all times, she sometimes gives the impression of being all dressed up with nowhere to go. If she stays here, however, she'll certainly be taken up by the French in a big way, since she has taken the trouble to learn their language with exquisite perfectionism.

For the French, the most important "American" novelist living here is Julien Green, who was born in Paris in 1900 of American parents from the South. He was educated at the University of Virginia, but he has spent most of his life in France. He writes in French, although his subject is occasionally the States, as in his Civil War play *Sud* and a journal about his American education, titled *Apud Barbaros*, which is Latin, kids, for "among the barbarians." He is the only "American" ever to have been elected to the French Academy, which has reigned over French letters since Richelieu.

Paris is the home base of the *International Herald Tribune*, surely one of the most succinct and well-written English-language newspapers in the world. Among the many celebrated American journalists in Paris are Pierre Salinger, Jane Kramer, Flora Lewis, William Pfaff, and Hebe Dorsey. But there are American stars in every field. The leading painters are Joan Mitchell, Jennifer Bartlett (who's married to the European movie actor Mathieu Carrière), and Jim Dine. Neither Jennifer nor Jim lives here all year-round. As Jennifer says, "Paris is a great place to work, but I'm still afraid of running out of that special New York energy." Two of America's top opera stars, as though eager to lend credence to the French film *Diva*, are black women who call Paris home: Shirley Verrett and Barbara Hendricks.

But there's something misguided about taking such a head count; it scarcely reveals how crucial Paris is as a channel for dispersing American art. As Henry Pillsbury, the head of the American Center in Paris—which presents American writers and artists to the French public—explained to me: "Paris is a much hotter spot than anyone thinks. The French government has decided to make Paris a contact point for international culture. The U.S. government and the arts councils seem to give public funds only to American citizens, whereas the French government,



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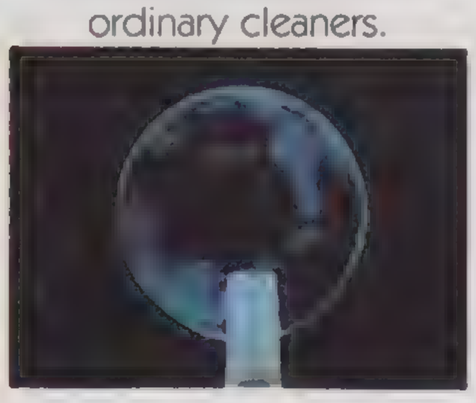

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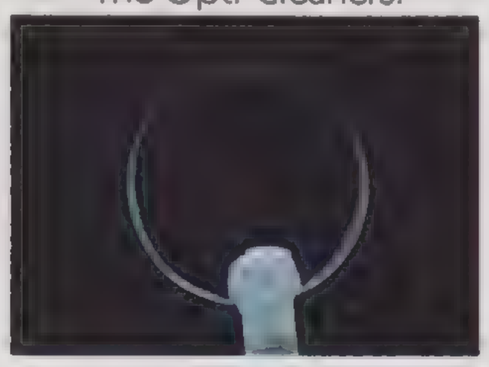

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through festivals in various French cities and such institutions as the Beaubourg museum, funds artists from all over the world."

In the performing arts, especially those that don't depend on language, rapid exchanges of influence are occurring between various cultures—and many of those exchanges take place in Paris. Choreographers from Germany, Japan, and the United States may meet under French auspices in Paris (or Bordeaux, Lyon, or Angers) and, as Pillsbury puts it, "cheerfully steal from each other."

"Or take the recent Paris percussion festival," he adds. "It went on for some seven weeks, mainly at the Beaubourg. Percussionists and composers came from everywhere. Steve Reich gave workshops at the American Center. His points were illustrated by an ensemble called Nexus from Toronto. The workshops consisted of some sixty people, almost all composers. They were extraordinarily attentive—I think even Steve was taken aback by the response."

To be sure, Paris is one of the most active performance centers in Europe—some two hundred live shows are put on almost any given night during the season. Such American avant-garde theater innovators as Robert Wilson and Richard Foreman have received far more praise (and financial support) in France than in the States. Currently France is the home of a crop of new young choreographers, who recognize the preeminence of America in modern dance. "The performance arts of the 'eighties," concludes Pillsbury (who himself has staged modern operas), "are definitely international and collaborational. Paris is *the* world clearinghouse for contemporary music, dance, theater, and video."

One of the latest American converts to Paris is Robert Altman, now directing "The Laundromat"

One of the latest American converts to Paris is Robert Altman, the director of *M*A*S*H* and *Nashville*. Recently, I drove to a Paris suburb, Épinay-sur-Seine, to watch him direct Carol Burnett and Amy Madigan in *The Laundromat*, a powerful one-hour film for Home Box Office written by Marsha Norman, who won the Pulitzer Prize for *'night, Mother*.

At the movie studio Éclair, a French technician in blue overalls conducted me to the set. He pushed back a heavy curtain—and suddenly I was in the States, at the hauntingly tacky intersection of two streets in a Midwestern town. The laundromat itself had been lovingly constructed in Paris from genuine American artifacts according to careful ethnographic research and on-site photos taken in Louisville, Kentucky, Marsha Norman's hometown. The neon signs along the street were also executed in Paris, with only one amusing booboo: "Tavern" had picked up a final *e*.

Altman loves working in Paris—the city, the crews, and the prevailing calm and politeness. "When they call for silence," he tells me, "if they're really mad, they'll say, *'Silence complet.'* That's as rough as it gets." He'd like to transfer all his activities to Europe. His next film will be *Biarritz*, to be shot in that seaside resort in the Hôtel du Palais (Empress Eugénie's former residence) with a cast drawn from at least five countries.

The mood on the *Laundromat* set was intense. One shot lasted a full seven minutes—an almost unbearably long take (the average is a minute). To avoid being reflected in the laundromat windows, the cameraman and soundman were shrouded like beekeepers in hot black hats, veils, and suits. Altman himself had to sit outside the laundromat and keep track of things through earphones and a TV monitor. Carol Burnett and Amy Madigan were frighteningly believable—Amy all crazy, prowling energy and Carol steely primness.

The next night, however, I ran into Carol in a crowded brasserie just off the Bastille and she looked relaxed and happy. It occurred to me she must be enjoying her anonymity—which must be a blessed relief for America's best-loved comedienne. Perhaps she'll become a Parisian, too. Stranger things have happened. After all, Olivia de Havilland moved here years ago, and Jodie Foster would, too, at the drop of a contract. ▽

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YOUR DIET

the food-groups myth

Sticking with the old food rules can cheat women of vital nutrients. Here, how to write your own healthful-diet ticket

By Judith S. Stern, Sc.D.

Old myths die hard. Take: *If you eat a variety of foods daily from the Four Food Groups, you'll be sure to get enough of the vitamins and minerals you need for good health.* Millions of us grew up with this advice, but—when examined in light of recent scientific advances—the "Basic Four" really should go on a diet and take a vitamin/mineral supplement! By criticizing the Four Food Groups, will I be run out of the Department of Nutrition on a giant slice of white bread? Lets look at the history of the "Basic Four." . . .

Although the United States Department of Agriculture published its first dietary guidance plan in 1916, the "Basic Four" (milk, meat, vegetables and fruit, cereal and bread) were designed in the mid 1950s to provide at least 80 percent of the 1953 Recommended Dietary Allowances (RDAs). The aim of the Four Food Groups, according to USDA: to "translate dietary standards and recommendations into simple and reliable aids for consumers to use in selecting nutritious diets."

Since 1953, the RDAs have been revised five times, changing allowances for all nutrients except calcium, whose RDA is likely to be increased in the sixth revision to be issued later this year. Also, since 1953, RDAs have been added for eight more nutrients: vitamins E, B_6, B_{12}, folacin, phosphorus, iodine, magnesium, zinc. One reason is that we have developed better methods to measure trace nutrients and, as a result, have more information about the composition of foods.

According to Janet C. King, Ph.D., professor of nutrition at the University of California at Berkeley, in the *Journal of Nutrition Education,* the "Basic Four" no longer meet the promise of providing 80 percent of our RDAs. Twenty menus cited in nutrition publications as examples of good diets did not meet the RDA for *half* of the sixteen nutrients evaluated, including vitamins E, B_1, niacin, B_6, folacin, and minerals magnesium, zinc, and iron.

Of these nutrients, it is insufficient folacin, B_6, and iron that poses particular problems for women. American women eat on the average only about 1800 calories a day, an amount that makes it difficult to cover all the nutrients we need. Take iron, for example. The RDA for iron is 18 mg., and our average American diet has only 10.5 mg of iron for every 1800 calories. Also, while the Basic Four provide for the current RDA for calcium, in an effort to control caloric intake many women cut back on dairy products (our major dietary source of calcium), knowing they can be high-calorie.

To increase iron, include in your meals dark-green leafy vegetables, nuts, beans, and liver. If you eat an orange or other fruit high in vitamin C along with breakfast, you will increase the absorption of iron from your cereal or toast. To maintain or increase calcium *and* limit calories, switch to nonfat dairy products, and eat other foods rich in calcium such as canned salmon or sardines (with bones), broccoli, or dark-green leafy vegetables.

The Nationwide Food Consumption Survey of tens of thousands of Americans revealed that women were consuming only 60 percent of the RDA for B_6. The best sources of B_6 are meats (especially liver), some vegetables (including potatoes), wheat germ, wheat bran, and whole-grain cereals. Processed or refined foods are usually much lower in B_6 than the originals. White flour, for example, has less than 25 percent of the B_6 content of the original wheat because B_6 is lost when the wheat germ is removed in milling, and it is not replaced when white flour is enriched. To limit calorie intake and get enough B_6, switch from French and sourdough bread to whole wheat, and shift to more whole-wheat pasta entrées with meat as the "accompaniments."

Many women have trouble getting the RDA for folacin, and those who are pregnant or taking oral contraceptives require even more. The richest sources are liver and dark-green leafy vegetables (kale, spinach). Other good sources are dried legumes, green vegetables (broccoli, asparagus, lettuce), nuts, fresh oranges, whole-wheat products. (Once again, highly milled flour provides a poor source, as folacin is not part of "enrichment.") Even normal cooking temperatures (i.e., boiling) can destroy up to *(Continued on page 158)*

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(Continued from page 157)

65 percent of folacin in only ten minutes, so vegetables are better microwaved, stir-fried, or briefly steamed. Storing leafy vegetables for three days at room temperature may destroy up to 70 percent of their folacin, so freshness counts, too. Women who eat on the run may have to make a special effort to get enough of this B vitamin, making it important to try to eat at least one serving a day of green leafy vegetables.

Why not just take supplements? Because eating nutrients is still better than "taking" them in most instances. For some women, folacin, iron, or calcium supplements may be appropriate, but supplements should be discussed with your doctor.

In 1979, the USDA modified the Basic Four: whole-grain products were emphasized and—recognizing the reality of American diets—a fifth group (fats, sweets, alcohol) was added. Depending on the number of calories you require, you were advised to limit these foods and concentrate first on foods from the other groups. While this represents a step in the right direction, since the amounts are not specified, the consumer is not really guided.

Despite problems with the Basic Four, some nutritionists are reluctant to abandon them because they are simple to use, and, at present, we don't have a better system. I'm not advocating abandoning but rebalancing the four, helping you to make better choices until we come up with a guide more suitable for women. Perhaps the revised U.S. Dietary guidelines—to be issued later this year—will encourage nutritionists to develop a better system. Meanwhile, it's up to you to be knowledgeable and to design your own basic food guide.

Follow these rules: 1. Select foods low in fat, sugar, calories, salt, cholesterol; high in fiber. 2. Eat vegetables raw, blanched, steamed, baked, poached; avoid anything fried in oil, sauteed in butter. 3. Drink 6-8 glasses of water daily. Examine the chart...

Judith S. Stern, Sc.D., is professor of nutrition at the University of California at Davis.

THE FOUR GROUPS, UPDATED

Group / FOOD	Suggested daily servings: ADULTS	Suggested daily servings: (PREGNANCY/ LACTATION)	A modern woman's adjustments
Milk/Cheese 8 oz. milk 1½ oz. cheese 8 oz. yogurt 2 cups cottage cheese	2	(4)	Because dairy products can be high in calories, fat, saturated fat, cholesterol, and sodium, choose low-fat options as calcium sources and consider supplementation.
Meat 2 oz. cooked meat, fish, poultry 2 eggs 1 cup dried beans, peas 4 Tbs. peanut butter ½ cup nuts, seeds	2	(3)	Because red meat can be high in calories, fat, saturated fat, and cholesterol, choose lean meat, more fish and poultry, and more non-animal protein sources. (Without any meat, you may have problems getting enough iron because iron in meat is easily absorbed.) Limit eggs to twice a week.
Fruit/Vegetable ½ cup cooked fruit or vegetables ½ cup juice 1 cup raw whole fruit	4	(4)	You should always include one serving of citrus (for vitamin C), two of dark-green leafy or deep-yellow vegetables (for folacin, A). Unlike juices, fruit can be high in fiber; eat fresh fruit, fruit frozen without sugar, or canned in its own juice.
Bread/Cereal whole grain (enriched) 1 slice bread 1 cup cold cereal ½ cup cooked cereal, rice, pasta	4	(4)	Contrary to popular belief, not necessarily fattening, when the butter and cream and rich sauces are omitted in favor of low-fat accompaniments. Choose whole-grain products; they're richer sources of vitamins E, B_6, folacin, magnesium, zinc, fiber.
Fats/Oils/Sweets/Alcohol sugar salad dressings butter or margarine vegetable oils maple syrup alcoholic beverages cola and other soft drinks			No daily servings from this recently added fifth group are necessarily suggested.

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MIND HEALTH

Managing anxiety—how to be your own best therapist… why women are underpaid…the rewards of not working

BY CAROL TAVRIS

From anxiety to awareness

Fear is an emotion that people are pre-programmed to experience; yet the same mechanism that was designed to ensure human survival is also responsible for anxiety, unrealistic fears, and the chronic stresses of modern life. Now cognitive therapists Aaron T. Beck, M.D., and Gary Emery, Ph.D., of the University of Pennsylvania, along with Ruth L. Greenberg, have written a definitive analysis of "Anxiety Disorders and Phobias" (Basic) that details principles of treatment. Their guidelines for handling anxiety give sufferers a way to reinterpret stressful situations and to learn to live with them—following a five-step strategy they call "AWARE"—that is useful for managing any unpleasant, recurring emotion.

● ***Accept*** *the anxiety, don't fight it. "Replace your rejection, anger, and hatred of anxiety with acceptance," Emery says. "By resisting, you're prolonging the unpleasantness."* ● ***Watch*** *the anxiety: look at it impartially, distance yourself from it, and observe it as if you were a friendly bystander. Rate the intensity of your feelings on a zero-to-ten scale and watch its changes.* ● ***Act*** *with the anxiety; don't let it stop you. Breathe slowly and calmly; slow your actions down if necessary, but keep going.* ● ***Repeat*** *the first three steps until the anxiety diminishes.* ● ***Expect*** *future anxiety. "As long as you are alive," Emery says, "you will have some anxiety. Get rid of the magical belief that you have licked anxiety for good." Don't be surprised when anxiety returns—surprise yourself with how well you handle it.*

Overachievers—when toil gets them in trouble

For many people, work comes first, overriding the demands and pleasures of home and love. Whatever the motive—ambition, love of career, insecurity—the price can be high: stress, loss of intimacy, and no time for fun. Barbara Mackoff, Ph.D., author of *Leaving the Office Behind* (Putnam) skillfully skewers three myths that blind overworkers to the effects of their behavior:

"My family and friends will understand" is the first myth of the overworked. It causes workers to ignore their loved ones, or to torment them with "creative" moodiness. But even the most loving companion cannot endure such behavior forever. "Relationships starve on a diet of self-absorption," Barbara Mackoff observes.

The second myth—"at home, I can really be myself"—allows the person who's "too busy" to become sloppy, or even rude. Not so, Mackoff says. It is as necessary to impress the people you love—with courtesy, self-control, attentiveness—as the people you "must" impress at work.

The biggest myth of all is "this is only temporary." After *this* big effort, workers promise everyone, they will take time to relax, have a vacation…but another project always gets in the way. By the time overworkers are available, Mackoff says, "they may have set up a pattern of hurt and distance that will accompany them long after the 'temporary' hard times have ended."

Mackoff argues that home is the place to express the empathic and playful parts of oneself, to reduce the tension of unfinished business, and to add "grace and delight" to the end of the day. Work is challenging, and so is leaving it behind. You can, says Mackoff, go home again.

Psychology: mental or medical?

What has happened to psychology? Name a problem—anxiety, depression, sexual disorders, addiction, headaches—and someone is discussing its biochemical origins and treatments. All this can be very confusing for consumers, caught in the crossfire of "medical" and "mental" explanations for their difficulties.

The reasons for the biological trend are both political and scientific: in the Reagan era, grant money (much of which comes from the government) has been directed toward genetic and biological explanations for mental states, away from psychological or sociological research. At the same time, scientists are realizing more than ever that body and mind influence each other. The excitement over new "body" findings tends to overshadow the role of the mind.

The consequences of this biological emphasis affect the way we think about treating emotional problems. In general, people assume that an organic "flaw" must be treated medically, and a psychological difficulty treated with psychology. But this is not necessarily true, says Judy Eidelson, Ph.D., of the Institute for Cognitive and Behavioral Therapies in Philadelphia. "Effective treatment need not be directly related to the cause of a problem," she says. "In fact, most emotional problems, like most illnesses, eventually go away by themselves, so the therapy may have nothing to do with improvement."

All kinds of clinicians are vulnerable to this error in logic, Eidelson says—because they want their patients to improve, and want to attribute the improvement to their efforts. An analyst sees depression abate after the patient explores unconscious conflicts; ergo, the problem was within the personality. A physician sees depression abate after the patient takes drugs; ergo, the problem was organic, a biogenic amine deficiency. A cognitive therapist sees depression abate after the patient modifies her thoughts; ergo, the problem was unrealistic thinking. The type of treatment a patient chooses—whether it emphasizes mind or body—may be less important than the fact that she is attending to her needs.

The true value of women's work

Research has consistently found that women undervalue their abilities. The result is often that they work harder than men—for less. To investigate women's beliefs about entitlement, Brenda Major, Ph.D., and Dean B. McFarlin, Ph.D., at the State University of New York at Buffalo, and Diana Gagnon, Ph.D., of Harvard, conducted two studies. In the first, men and women were instructed to pay themselves what they thought was a fair fee for a fixed amount of work. In the absence of external standards, women allotted themselves only about half of what men did. But this wage gap was a result of the women's naïveté, not of self-deprecation. When the women were aware of the going rate, they paid themselves just as much as the men paid themselves.

In the second study, men and women were asked to do as much work as they thought was fair for a fixed, prepaid sum. The women worked significantly longer, accomplished more, did more accurate work, and worked more efficiently than the men. Although the women's performance surpassed the men's by every objective yardstick, the two sexes believed that they did equally well. Women do undervalue their work—or perhaps, say the researchers, men overvalue theirs.

Design for well-being, Japanese style

The Americans and the Japanese, we keep hearing, have entirely different views of the world—in business, in philosophy, in the family. Their approach to therapy is different, too—and it is an approach that has a message for Americans.

Psychologists John R. Weisz, Ph.D., Fred M. Rothbaum, Ph.D., and Thomas C. Blackburn have observed in *American Psychologist* that Americans tend to value *primary control*, in which one fights reality, tries to change the conditions that cause a problem, and aims to influence others. The Japanese, in contrast, value *secondary control*, in which one accommodates to existing reality, learns to live with a problem, and accepts others for who they are. (The ranking of "primary" and "secondary" is surely American!)

The researchers believe that both values are necessary. American psychotherapy, they suggest, concentrates too heavily on changing or eliminating symptoms. The field could benefit, they say, from an injection of the Japanese objective—not to alter symptoms, but to rethink worries and anxieties, perhaps to see them, as one patient did, as an expression of "the desire to grow and develop" instead of as incapacitating problems. Virtually every client in therapy, say the researchers, comes in with a mix of problems; some can be corrected, some cannot. Perhaps the goal for East and West is to change what we can and to learn to live with the rest.

Lisa Charles

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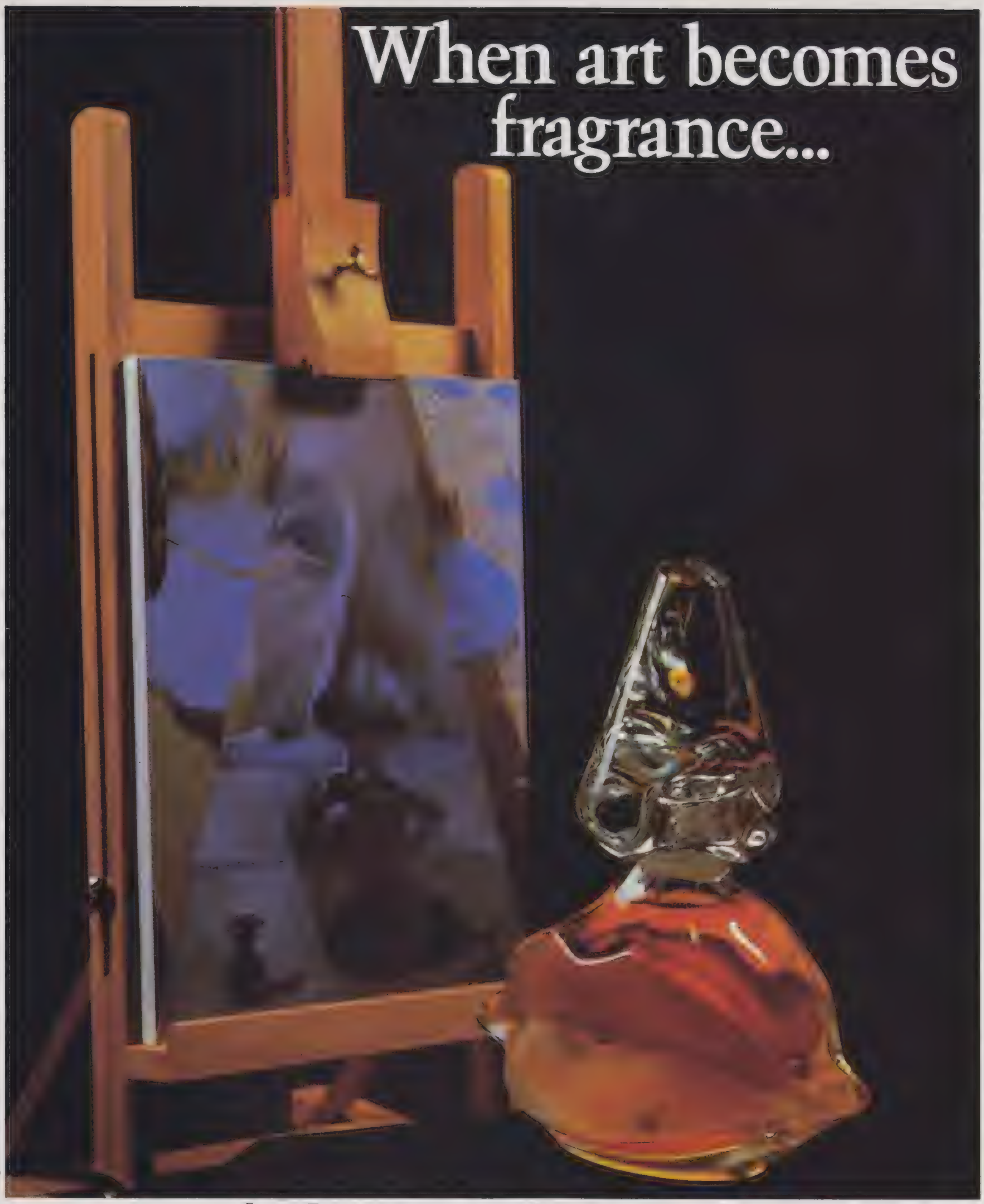

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ULTRASUEDE

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a fifties drama

From one of America's finest novelists, musings on the emotions —from trivial to turbulent— that come with age

By Maureen Howard

A gentleman of the theater once told me that Marlene Dietrich lied about her age—upwards, so to speak—that she added five or seven years in order to seem the more amazing in her well-preserved beauty. There must be many such apocryphal tales about Dietrich. I didn't believe this one, though it was an amusing idea, precisely because it didn't matter whether the fabulous legs and the cool seductive smile belonged to a woman of fifty-five or of sixty, if they belonged to Marlene. It's an interesting turn on our anxious concern with aging—for the fact is that many a woman, given the body or given the skill, would love to pass for forty-three in the dusk with the light behind her. It takes nerve to fool the public, but we cannot fool ourselves. The birthday arrives.

Happy Birthday, dear old girl, dear matron, dear Madam, dear M'am, dear lady of a certain age: oh, the euphemisms and venerable titles by which we know we're getting on cut like a knife into the cake we dare not eat. Short of breath, we blow out the candles—a preposterous number of them—and wish. May as well wish for a sable coat, a young lover, a remarkable adventure, because we cannot wish the years away. As with many serious matters, it helps to make light of our aging, but over-the-hill banter doesn't remove the irreversible problem. And that's just it—in our culture, aging is treated as a problem. We may look with some envy at Eastern societies in which the middle-aged and elderly are considered with respect, valued for the accumulation of a life's experience. But we are Americans and we are troubled by our aging.

It can start early on—the first time you walk past the construction site unmolested. The workmen don't gladden your heart with that scatter shot of rude remarks. Or late—you stand alone in an empty house with only the contrived duty of a housewife to meet the day—children grown, perhaps a wife no more. The feeling—whether it's trivial or terrifying—is one of loss. Loss of youth, beauty, sexuality, function, mind. Loss of the vulgar reassurance that you can strut your stuff. Middle age: it is strangely invisible: those guys in hard hats don't see you anymore, and there's no one around to see you as you tidy the tidy refrigerator, overwater the plants. It's a terrible joke, a conjurer's trick: a receding. Like the small print in the telephone book, we are not quite there.

And then again you are—more of you there, ballooning thighs, a toe or finger enlarged ever so slightly at the joint, while your cells and genes flake off in their catastrophic little histories. On it goes, this aging business, and yet so many of us are astonished, catching ourselves in the mirror we ask—how did this happen to me? To *me*? It has, and along with the disappearing act that is visited on middle-aged women, I do believe that we enter into a conspiracy of silence, as though we were in another century whispering over teacups. Now isn't that odd in an age that is set on dragging everything out of the closet to display the once unspeakable as this year's television special? But let us go into the back parlor and shut the door to speak in hushed voices of menopause. Let's exchange small confessions and medical misinformation. No, I refuse to lend myself to this scene. It is plain ridiculous, and furthermore demeaning, yet menopause has remained just such a mystery. It might as well be a primitive rite of passage into oblivion that anthropologists haven't got to yet, or the abhorrent practice of an early Christian cult.

I am speaking of menopause as it is still *(Continued on page 172)*

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MYSTERE

ROCHAS

PARIS

MARSHALL FIELD'S

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a fifties drama

(Continued from page 170)

perceived in middle-class America, not of the perfectly natural stage of the reproductive system as it has been dealt with carefully and intelligently by the medical profession. And there are a growing number of sociologists, psychiatrists, psychologists, geneticists—who are studying our middle lives as part of the field of gerontology. I should have made it my business to know that there is an Older Women's League (OWL makes a clever acronym), which addresses itself to the political and economic concerns of women who would like to be treated as adults about our aging. And I am absolutely crazy about the health newsletter for women in mid-life, *Hot Flash*. Really, isn't that a better way to go, with a witty title? Though I do get weary of our needing support groups for every aspect of life that is not easy as apple pie, the upfront attitude of *Hot Flash* is a good corrective to genteel gossip about our bodies.

Are women more conscious of aging than men? Probably, or at least much earlier on, according to Ruth Bennett, a professor at Columbia University and deputy director of its Center for Geriatrics and Gerontology, who is one of the pioneers in the field of aging. Listening to Professor Bennett is like taking a large dose of the maturity she prescribes. Her news about growing old in our society is not encouraging, but her delivery of the unhappy facts is so humane and so well informed that I cannot but feel convinced that it's best to look truthfully at these difficult matters of loss, abandonment, ill health, and their resulting depression.

As we know, women outlive men, so many can look forward to long years of isolation, segregated by their age and sex. Most women who are middle-aged and have raised families, keeping themselves intact through the usual crises, feel surprisingly good about themselves and their abilities. But when they go out into the world, the world turns them down. It is old news that they are passed over for younger women and less competent men, but it is infuriating. The business world, with its image of youthful bounce and corporate freshness (mostly cosmetic), does not feel at ease with a mature woman who accepts her age and role.

The youth cult of the 'sixties may have vanished with its miniskirts and dress-up costumes that looked so appalling on older women, but we are historically a youthful nation founded not that long ago by young people. Colonial graveyards tell the story of how few survived into old age. America has been the country of new starts, virgin land; and though it's not true in 1985, we still perpetuate that myth, from the recycled political rhetoric of the New Frontier to the futuristic sets (already overexploited) of video. There's no escaping the youth market—all those teenage movies, pitched more or less to the dull four-teen-year-old, that exclude us old folks, thank God; and the proliferation of Euro-style haircuts to top off Dad's worn overcoat with the big shoulder pads sewn in—those of us over forty have mercifully avoided that look.

I do not want to come off as a curmudgeon: I believe the playtime of adolescence should be encouraged these days. For so many girls, the big leap into the serious career is just ahead. Without missing a beat, they are required to be women, working women, who at times seem to be dashing headlong into a parody of middle age—assuming their place in expensive pubs, hooked into raises, benefits, even retirement plans. At fifty-four, I feel like a wacky kid, a giddy *artiste* when I find myself in their sobering, impressive midst.

Still I am conscious that these young women must worry about aging as my generation did not—about when and if they will have children, about what compromises to make in order to sustain a career. With her accomplishments, we already know that the ambitious young woman may be heir to the specific ills and anxieties that have plagued successful men. Will she, like so many of her male counterparts, not attend to her personal life? It is all new and untried: the triumph may come with a heavy investment in her career, but so will the end of a useful working life in retirement. Young women might as well know that the highest suicide rate in the country is claimed by white males over fifty.

On the other hand, the feminist movement has done wonders in giving us the sense that

girls must grow up to become women without apologies. It is conceivable that growing older may not be as hard, having set full value on ourselves, if we can truly relinquish some of our girlish ways, our often disastrous dependence on our looks. Our interest in health is a good sign if it does not substitute the lady jock with her endless hours of sweaty workout for my lady brilliantine, steamed, trussed, and varnished in the beauty shop. Life in the spa can be terribly self-involved either way we play it. Fortunately, many women are now secure enough to take a reasonable cut of time for their appearance without overindulgence or guilt. Still, there are too many who put their chips on whatever beauty they are granted and are inevitably depressed to discover at forty or fifty how little they have left in reserve.

At the end of her long career, Willa Cather, a plain woman, wrote a story called "The Old Beauty." It is a moving piece that works as a fable—Lady Longstreet, a legendary beauty, is found to be living in retirement at the Hotel Splendide in Aix-les-Bains. When she is recognized by an old admirer, her celebrated life unfolds. Married off to Lord Longstreet as a girl, she has naïvely built her career on her beauty, a successful career in London and New York. She has been not a courtesan but an extraordinary presence, and an inspiration to the great men of her day. An English woman, surrounded by her jolly family on holiday, has this to say of Lady Longstreet: "It's very sad when those beautiful ones have to grow old, isn't it? We never have too many of them at best." It is at once apparent that she looks upon the old beauty as an artifact and, though her remark is not unaffectionate, as public property. Her judgment is correct: Gabrielle Longstreet has used herself and her beauty in this way. She is a walking ruin, devastated by her age. But it is Cather's genius not to leave the story in a Tennessee Williams landscape of the tattery past—Gabrielle Longstreet is spending her last days reading everything by, everything about, the great men she knew, in an attempt to give her life the substance it never had. It is a solution that holds off despair, yet it is terribly sad.

I presume that wisdom is as hard to come by at eighty as it was at forty

Lady Longstreet's belated attempt to enrich her past would lend itself nicely to an analysis according to the Life Stages set out by Erik Erikson. Erikson has written a strong essay, "Reflections on Dr. Borg's Life Cycle," in which he uses the screenplay of Bergman's *Wild Strawberries*. The old doctor is called upon to observe, even to judge, his life and to continue to put the puzzle together, to counteract despair and disgust with integrity. In his discussion of Dr. Borg's conflicts, Erikson is not afraid to direct us to such old-fashioned values as Hope in childhood and Wisdom in old age. He suggests that our adulthood has been difficult, indeed neglected, subject matter in what he calls The Century of the Child.

What of our wisdom—if there is such that comes with age? I presume it is just as hard to come by at eighty as it was at forty, but trying for it remains one of the fine tasks. We do not live in a teahouse or a hogan where the young press us for our wise pronouncements or sit at our knobbledy feet to hear the accumulation of our long experience. I was not delighted to learn, from Ruth Bennett, that people living in housing for the elderly, on the whole, have a higher morale than old people who are not segregated from society. Oh, I would never question their well-being, but the reason for their greater comfort is that they live among themselves and there is no one to see their shufflings or failures, no young people to whom they may be compared. It's a worrisome truce. No battle, but no gain. Aging well is not easy work. God help us, it may be as hard as adolescence. Colette, that seasoned traveler confined to her chaise longue, made it clear in the late work—her struggle to keep alive a nourishing sensuality: "Love has never been a question of age. I shall never be so old as to forget what love is."

When I was an *(Continued on page 176)*

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i. m a g n i n

a fifties drama

(Continued from page 173)

undergraduate, I was taken by Thomas Eakins' portrait of Mrs. Edith Mahon, one of the prizes of the Smith College Museum of Art. It was mesmerizing and wonderful, this woman's raw red eyes that looked straight at me, yet reflected so deeply her own exhausted sorrow. To me it seemed that Eakins had been brilliant to the point of cruelty in capturing that woman's age and sadness. A few years ago, I looked long and hard at Mrs. Mahon again. She is tremendously affecting in her widow's black, her bare throat unadorned. Her tears are spent and she is quite handsome in her dignity. Her head, held high against a mourning background, displays the record of her experience, and the artist's sympathetic regard for that experience is rendered in the portrait. Edith Mahon is all there, complete. I could not read that painting at twenty, nor could I have appreciated much more than the charming stylistic effects of M.F.K. Fisher's impassioned thoughts on growing old in *Sister Age* (Knopf). Sister Age is "a forgotten German or Swiss lady" in a dilapidated old portrait which Fisher calls "a lodestar" in her life.

> *The picture is beside me, leaning against a bookcase. Its leather thong is long since broken, and all that comes out to my eyes from the dark lacy background is the vivid figure of an aging woman with a little velvet cap on her sparse hair. She ignores the doomful letter with its once-red seal, and the once-fine marble bust, and the once-mockingly pretty pictures of venal pleasures and wishful trappings of a forgotten life. She waits, superbly aloof and untroubled.*
>
> *She is my teacher and my sister, and will tell me more, in due time.*

There are two old ladies who sit on a bench near the new apartment for the elderly in my neighborhood. They are women who get themselves up to look exactly as they must have during the Second World War—pompadours, bright lipstick, dressy suits with beaded lapels. I never could decide whether they looked campy or rather pretty in their codified way, until one day I noticed the jaunty glint of ankle bracelets and tried to comprehend the heroic effort of bending, the straining of ancient eyes to secure a flimsy catch. I have come to admire their fox fur scarves and scarlet nails, though I say it will not be my way.

No, I would like to be like Mrs. T. in "Mrs. T. in Cream Silk," a painting by George Bellows of a woman who is surely in her eighties. She is wearing a lovely dress, perhaps her wedding gown, which seems at first to be totally inappropriate, but not at all. She's looking good. She's pleased enough and thoughtful in the dreamlike overlay of her past upon reality. Yes, like Mrs. T. who's still in the game, like Dr. Borg who must still attend to his life, I'd like to be engaged in the drama of my aging. ▽

VOGUE, May, 1985

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women body-builders

...changing not only their images, their shapes...but our definitions of what is feminine

By Mark Strand

The current interest in women's body-building began in the late 1970s. By then, the women's movement not only had succeeded in reshaping our staid notions of what a woman should be but had made it possible for us to revise our standards of what were desirable physical traits for a woman. She was no longer expected to look skinny and flat-chested with long shapeless limbs any more than she was expected to be passive and powerless, dependent on men, and restricted to behavior deemed "ladylike." She could, if she wanted, have strong shoulders, muscular legs, a tight behind, and normal-sized breasts. To achieve this shape, which challenged the conventional image of powerlessness, women started working out.

Most women, when they go to a gym, would agree on what they want to achieve: to tone up, feel fit, look healthy. There is no agreement, however, on the degree of musculature that is becoming. Not even professional body-builders are sure about how much muscle is enough, an issue that is raised in *Pumping Iron II: The Unprecedented Woman*, a book by Charles Gaines and George Butler (Simon and Schuster), which has recently been made into a movie. Rachel McLish, Miss Olympia 1982, speaking for what has been the traditional view, has said, "Some women carry the sport too far and want to be men. We don't. We want to be women." On the other hand, Bev Francis, the world's strongest and most powerfully built woman, believes that muscles look "fantastic" on both men and women. She does not feel that her femininity is compromised in the slightest by her pronounced musculature.

Such opposed attitudes account for the confusion that attends the judging of body-building competitions—an uncertainty that renders them neither athletic events nor beauty contests but an odd mix of the two. Veteran Judge Winston Roberts, quoted in the January 1985 issue of *Strength Training*, typifies this confusion: "I think we've finally seen a breakthrough in women's body-building. We've finally seen women who have well-developed muscles, but have managed to maintain their femininity." It is as if femininity and muscles were mutually exclusive, as if building muscle couldn't be an expression of femininity.

To what extent *does* muscularity signify masculinity? Representations of heroic males in the history of art do not stint on muscles, but none has the figure of Arnold Schwarzenegger or Lee Haney, the 1984 Mr. Olympia. Michelangelo's David would be considered a wimp in a body-building competition. Still, questions of degree aside, developed muscles have traditionally been associated with men.

Not even goddess Diana is given muscles. In fact, the only well-known muscular women in the history of art are Michelangelo's figures of Dawn and Night that decorate the Medici tombs. The association of muscle with powerful men is archaic and comes from a more primitive world than ours. In a technologically advanced civilization, where extraordinary power can be exercised by the mere pushing of a button, muscles are unimportant. Our image of what makes a man masculine has been drastically revised.

So, if a man's masculinity is not to be judged on his muscle, why should a woman's femininity be held in jeopardy because of hers? It might be saner to think of the appreciation of muscles as a special taste. The pursuit of an extreme musculature is, more than anything else, an obsession with a look, an esthetic of the flesh not shared by everyone. Heavily muscled women have the same relationship to the average woman that heavily muscled men have to other men.

De- *(Continued on page 180)*

Female body-builder Lydia Cheng in the new George Butler/ Charles Gaines film *Pumping Iron II: The Women.*

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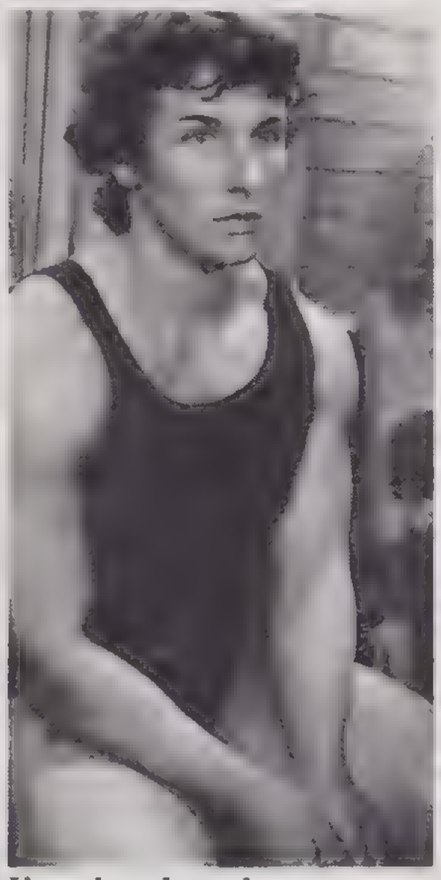
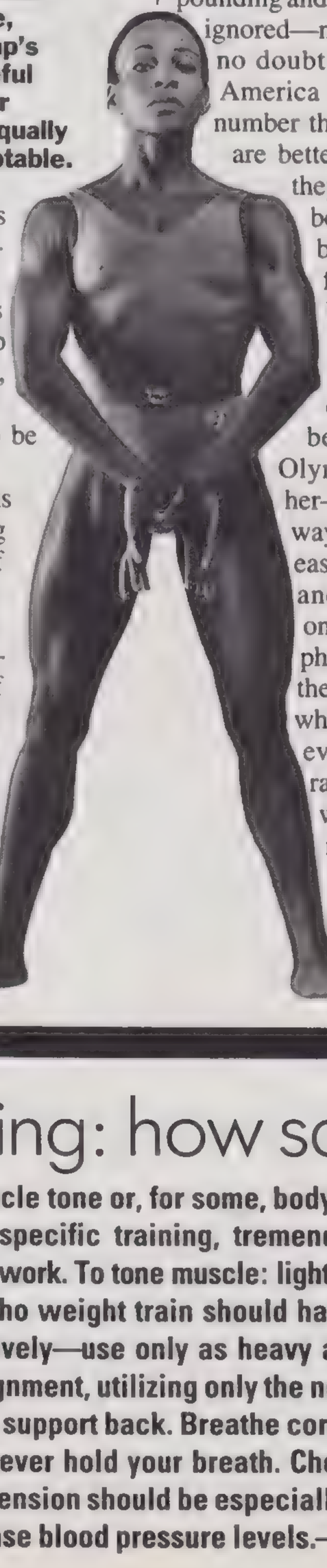
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

(Continued from page 178) spite Rachel McLish's doubts about carrying muscle-building too far, there are an increasing number of female body-builders who would agree with Bev Francis: "I feel very much a woman. I feel more of a woman now by far than before I started training. I feel that I've developed my personality as a woman to a much greater degree. I may have thrown away some of the traditional aspects of femininity as we are brought up in society to believe or accept, but that's not a bad thing. I don't like being told what I've got to be like."



Femininity vs. muscle: female body-builders Bev Francis, *left*, and Carla Dunlap, *below*, exemplify a new image, a changing attitude among women...that Francis' muscular shape, Dunlap's graceful power are equally acceptable.



The average woman who works out with the purpose of fighting flab may not at first find herself concerned with how much muscle she should have. But if she stays with her training, the question will inevitably come up. If she works in front of a mirror, as she is likely to when working with free weights, it will come sooner.

A young woman body-builder told me that she never imagined having the muscles she has now. All she initially wanted was to reshape her roly-poly body; but, as she continued her training, more and more seemed within reach. As her body changed, what she thought possible also changed. When I asked her if she wanted to be as muscular as Bev Francis, she said she didn't think so but that in the future—who knew—she might find herself going for it. Her tolerance for muscle had increased drastically since she'd developed some of her own.

If substantial muscle changes are desired, regular and frequent workouts will provide them for most women, but very few women are built in such a way that they can train to the competitive level. Still, the changes that do occur can be immediate and gratifying. People who weight-train regularly say they feel better, and they meet with fewer mishaps than, say, a jogger whose knees take a pounding and whose middle and upper body is ignored—no matter how far she runs. This no doubt accounts for the fact that in America today the body- builders outnumber the joggers. And weight-trainers are better able to monitor the changes they desire. Specific areas of the body, specific muscle groups can be singled out for development, for toning, thus determining the body's shape.

The benefits of a careful and concentrated approach to competitive body-building can be seen in Carla Dunlap, Miss Olympia 1983. Everything about her—from the way she speaks to the way she walks—is infused with an easy, unaffected grace. Her beauty and her power are inextricably one. And her stylish projection of physical strength is clearly within the bounds of what most women who work out consider tolerable, even desirable. But because of the rapid rate by which our image of womanhood is getting revised, it may not be long before women like Bev Francis become the models for women who believe strength in no way compromises femininity.

weight training: how safe?

Weight work can achieve several goals—strength, muscle tone or, for some, body-building—but methods differ. Body-building requires specific training, tremendous commitment. To build strength requires less intense work. To tone muscle: lighter weights, many repetitions.

To avoid injury, women who weight train should have a personal trainer. Other safety rules: Work progressively—use only as heavy a weight as you can handle while maintaining proper alignment, utilizing only the necessary muscle groups. Always contract abdominals to support back. Breathe correctly: exhale as you *lift*, inhale as you *return* weight; never hold your breath. Check with your doctor before beginning. Those with hypertension should be especially cautious as strength training has been shown to increase blood pressure levels.—AL

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money

Accumulating an art collection is an act of passion; selling it is a science

By Rachel Stella

Art collecting is a unique passion: it combines love, money, obsession, greed, all in the pursuit of the rare and the beautiful. Perhaps Picasso put it best: "Art is the currency of the infinite. . . I know because I am very rich, and so I should be."

Certainly, this currency seems infinitely expanding, as price records are set and broken with increasing frequency. Recently, for example, Christie's sold a 1953 De Kooning oil on paper, "Two Women," for $1.98 million. Such a piece could have been picked up for under $300 when it was first exhibited in the 'fifties. And the aggregates are no less startling: in November 1984, Sotheby's sold $65 million worth of art, Christie's sold $48.5 million, and an untold amount passed through the hands of art galleries and private dealers.

These numbers give the impression that the art business is a seller's market. But it is quite the contrary: the same week the De Kooning hit the block, a small, late oil by Arshile Gorky (which could hang in a small museum) was auctioned for a mere $7500, the price so low because the market for his work is not swollen with rich and enthusiastic buyers. Anyone will sell you a work of art; but few will buy one from you, let alone pay extravagantly.

Since the profits from selling art can be so enormous, tax considerations are important

As the value of art is so dependent on the vagaries of taste and the unpredictable ebb and flow of the market, no artwork has a definitive price. No matter how beautiful or rare, a work's monetary value is restricted to what someone will pay for it. An art collection is not the same kind of asset as a government bond; rather, it is a gamble. Along with the huge profits available, the risks are spectacular. These risks, though, can be minimized.

Putting a collection on the market is a byzantine process. First the collection must be assessed; then that knowledge is used to deacquisition it either at auction, through a private dealer, or as a tax-deductible donation.

For the best assessments, it is not enough to have a piece authenticated by a museum curator or the leading expert on the artist. One needs a savvy market appraisal as well to avoid selling a piece too cheaply, wasting time trying to unload an overpriced piece, or—in case of a donation—being challenged by the Internal Revenue Service. A museum curator, a reputable dealer, or the Appraisers Association of America can recommend someone for this job.

Tax considerations play an important part in liquidating a collection, since the profits from the sale of a work of art can be so enormous. A fact to keep in mind is that these profits are taxed as capital gains (i.e., 60 percent of the gain is forgiven by the government) so long as the work was purchased and held in a collection for over six months.

Record prices, such as that of the De Kooning, lead many people to believe that an auction is the best way to sell art. But, as the Gorky shows, not everyone owns a record-breaker: the average sale price at Christie's, for example, is less than $500.

Whether artworks are likely to get full value at auction depends on many variables out of one's control, from the weather to the state of the stock market. One thing it is possible to capitalize on is the changing tastes of the public. A survey of recent sales will tell a collector whether there is a hot market for works similar to her own. When a style becomes the rage, auction houses—where many people are competing for that one piece on the block—intensify the discrepancy between supply and demand. Then, auctioning can be far more lucrative than consigning work to a dealer, whose clients are not caught up in the tense thrill of the auction room.

The main advantage of going the auction route is its relative ease. The procedure is almost automatic, since auction-house officials offer polite and competent guidance. In general, the largest, most famous houses will command the best prices because they have frequent sales and outlets all over the world; they can sell work when and where there is the most demand. Moreover, some small houses charge the seller as much as a 25 percent commission, while the larger ones split it between the buyer and the seller, each paying 10 percent. Usually, with items that sell for under $3000, the seller is charged 15 percent.

Before consigning a piece for auction, a seller sends a photo and complete description of the work for a preliminary appraisal (this is usually free). The houses will reply by mail or by phone to discuss this process, which involves shipping, insurance, research, appraisal, and possibly restoration. These details, the sale date, and a reserve price are negotiated with the auction house, then specified in a written contract. The reserve, or minimum, price is a form of protection recommended by the auction house. If the bidding falls short of the reserve, the piece is not sold. (A penalty fee is charged on pieces that don't sell.)

Clearly, the expenses of preparing a piece for auction, when added to the commission, could wipe out all the profits. Then, the seller must wait more than a month after the auction (generally, three to four months after consignment) to get paid. *(Continued on page 184)*

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money

(Continued from page 183)

For fast profits, auction usually is not the best option.

Another choice is to take individual works from a collection to various appropriate dealers. It often makes sense to go back to the dealer who sold the work originally.

There are three standard arrangements made with a dealer who is reselling works. The most common practice is for the dealer to take the object on consignment; the owner is paid when the piece is sold. Commissions run, typically, from 10 to 30 percent with 15 percent as the standard. They are absolutely negotiable—bargaining is part of the game.

The quickest way to get money for a piece—if the least profitable—is to sell it outright to a dealer, who will usually offer only 40 to 60 percent of the current market value.

The third option is the least known but is often the most convenient: consigning the piece to a dealer, with the seller to receive a specified price. The dealer then sells the work for whatever the market will bear. When using this method, the owner should be careful not to set too low a price, as the dealer is not obliged to share his profits.

All the terms of an arrangement with a dealer (price, commission, length of consignment, insurance, whether one is willing to discount in order to close a sale more quickly, etc.) should be written into a contract. Be wary of a dealer who offers a trade—he may be trying to unload a dud.

For those with considerable tax obligations, the best thing to do with a collection that is not trendy enough to draw high auction prices, nor flashy enough to tantalize dealers, may be to donate it to an institution and take a substantial tax deduction.

But there are several restrictions. The IRS is very stringent when auditing deductions for art. They allow deduction of the fair market value at the time of the donation—not the value of the piece at the time of purchase, nor some future, appreciated value. Extreme care should be taken in choosing an appraiser who knows the market well, and whose credentials will be respected by the IRS. The work must be a long-term capital asset, and it should be part of a collection built up over several years, otherwise the IRS may consider the donor a dealer rather than a collector; this would greatly reduce the deduction one could take. If there is a hopping market for the artwork, the charitable collector might increase her deduction by selling the work and donating the proceeds. With all this in mind, a collector should be prepared to discuss her specific situation with a tax lawyer or an accountant.

Selecting art on the basis of its potential appreciation requires time and dedication—and even, perhaps, purchasing with an eye more on one's pocketbook than on the work. Given the vagaries of the market, buying art for love's sake is probably the best investment; then, visions of profits or losses are overwhelmed by the pleasures of ownership. ▽

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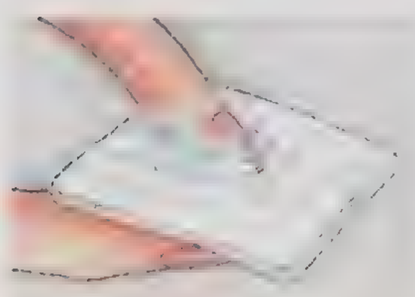

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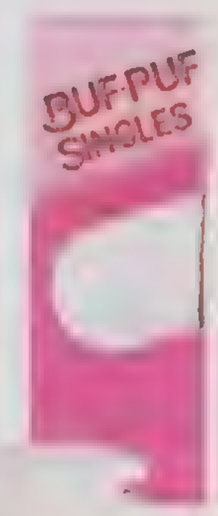

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I married an alien

Mixed marriages are proof that opposites not only attract—

they intrigue, protect and, very often, amuse **By Mary Gordon**

The first time we were lovers, my husband turned to me and said: "Isn't life fun?"

"Yes," I answered, "if you can get away with it."

These sentences were not mere post-coital nothings; they were absolute clues to my husband's and my different natures; they were also emblems of cultural differences that seem so vast I sometimes feel I have inadvertently married a Balinese. For cultural purposes, I am Irish Catholic, although ethnically I am Irish, Italian, and Jewish. So you can place me on that stream that runs from the Mediterranean to the Irish Sea, bypassing Britain, that stream alive with boats sailed almost exclusively by passionate and terrified hysterics. My husband is an Indiana WASP. I can hardly even say the phrase—Indiana WASP—without that cross between a sneer and a giggle that his culture causes to rise up within my breast. You know, I want to say, WASPs; Indiana; you know, white bread and mayonnaise country. You know the WASPs, I want to say, they're the ones who crossed the country massacring Indians and putting up signs "No Irish Need Apply."

How have I done this, married the alien? It is an odd thing, a cross-cultural marriage, made up of half-comprehended dreams of glamour, a desire to escape one's own kind, an intimidation by or fear of the ideal of a too-easy repetition of someone else's history. There are, in such a marriage, occasions for humor, for that ever illusory entity: an interesting life. I might say that I am the third in a generational series of cross-cultural marriages and mine is, of the three, the least sensational. My Irish immigrant grandmother and my Italian immigrant grandfather courted for three years before they had the courage to tell my grandfather's family their plans. When they did, my great grandmother fainted on the spot. My mother married a Jew, a Jew who was, at that, an unemployed writer. My grandfather refused to go to the wedding and on my mother's way out the door to the church, he handed her a slip of paper that said, in his perfect copperplate script, "You will work till the day you die."

Partly, one must say, of course, that one does not marry a culture, one marries a person; George Bush is a WASP and no man living causes me less *frisson*. But there was something about what my husband seemed to embody—something inaccessible to me and mine—that stirred my heart. And something of the same in me stirred him as well. We laugh now about the fantasies we had about each other before we had the courage to approach each other in earnest. He thought I had grown up on the Upper West Side, the daughter of Italian-Jewish bankers, refugees who'd managed to recoup, if not their wealth, then certainly their status in the postwar years. The Finzi-Continis on the Upper West Side. I imagined he was the son of generations of Ivy League professors, all of whom had sailed off Newport or Nantucket for two hundred years. I imagined him at the top of his class at Choate or St. Paul's, thence, impeccably accoutred, to Harvard, where the family had gone for generations. In fact, I grew up in Irish Catholic working-class Long Island, supported by my mother, a secretary. And he is the son of a boy from southern Illinois who worked in the steel mills in Gary, Indiana, until he could finance himself as a contractor. We had been drawn to each other by a dream of otherness, by a romance whose images were so crude that they could have their roots only in childhood.

I would say that the differences between us arise in two areas: the experiencing of guilt and the expression of pain. For me, guilt is natural, more natural than breathing. It is incomprehensible to me how a right-minded person like my husband goes through even one day of his life not doubled over with guilt as agonizing as appendicitis. He can arrive home half an hour later than he told the baby-sitter, get drunk at a party, consistently mispronounce someone's name, or fire an incompetent employee without spending the next day in bed. This, to me, is nothing short of miraculous, since I apologize to the kitchen table when I bump into it.

> *One marries a person, not a culture; George Bush is a WASP and no man living causes me less frisson*

Our history with cleaning women neatly indicates our differences. I have not been immensely successful with domestic help because I feel guilty simply for hiring them. In vain do I tell myself that I pay them good wages, give them excellent working conditions, allow them to work flexible hours, and understand if they don't show up. I still feel I have no right to hire servants. So, my favorite *(Continued on page 192)*

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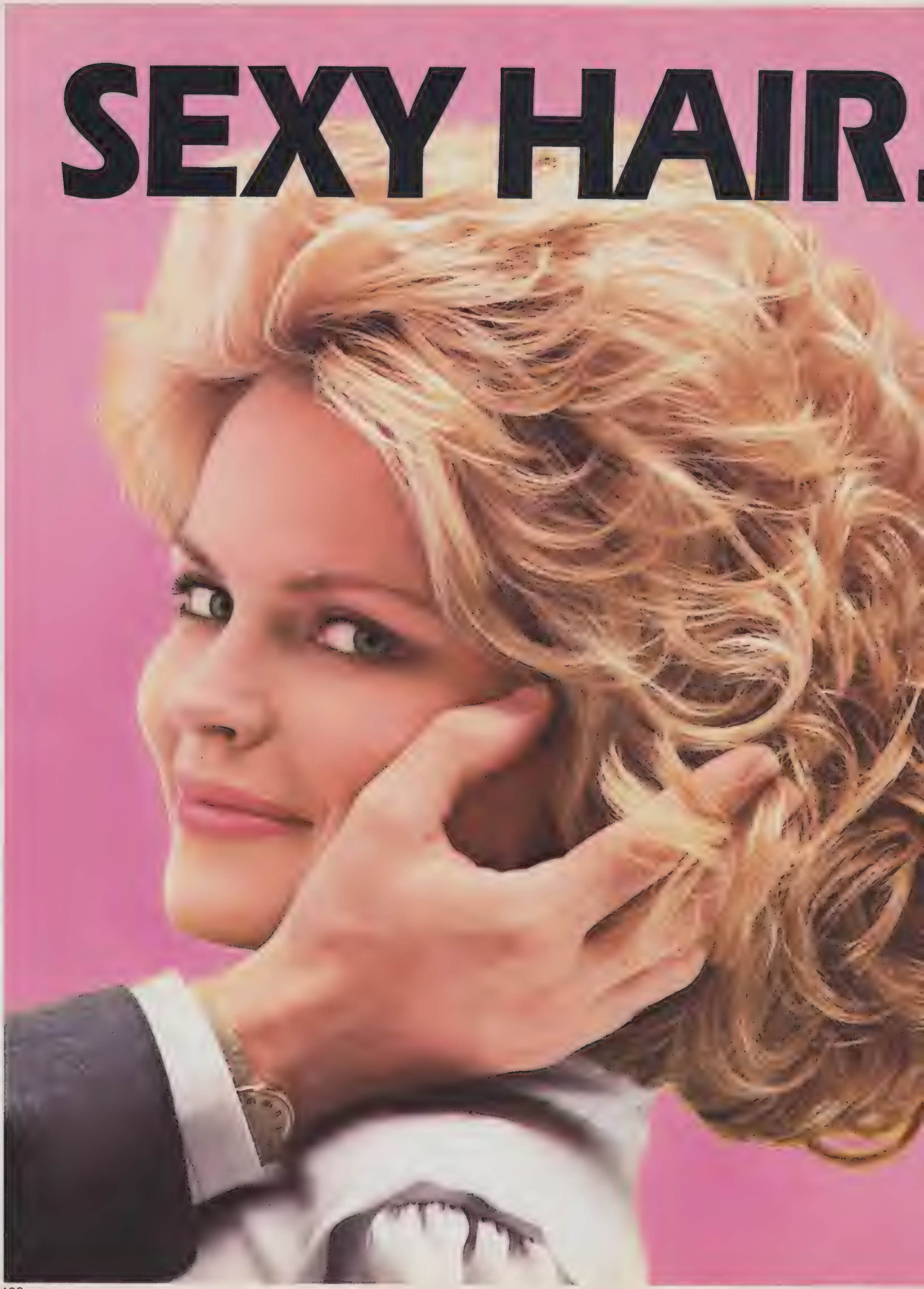

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i married an alien

(Continued from page 189)

cleaning woman was a nineteen-year-old named Roxie.

Roxie was a punk. Each week she arrived at work with hair of a different vivid color. But she never changed the button on her coat: it depicted a bleeding corpse and bore the legend: DEAD AT 21. She was cheerful and funny, and her interest in cleaning our house was merely perfunctory. Once when I mentioned to her that she hadn't dusted the piano, she said, "I know, I wasn't into it." She enraged my husband, who kept reminding me that I had misunderstood the function of a cleaning woman. He finally insisted that Roxie be fired when she polished all the dog's bones with lemon oil and put them up on the shelf with the other collectibles. I wept to see her go.

The woman who my husband thought was a good cleaning woman caused me to leave the house at the first sound of her approach wrapped in an impenetrable cocoon of despair. She would sigh each time she opened a closet door or straightened a pile of magazines. One morning she came downstairs and said to me, "I straightened your daughter's drawer. I guess you were too famous to get around to it." After she left our impeccably clean house each week, I would walk around cursing, muttering threats relating to her physical person, her car, her house, and her pets. But my husband begged me to hold on. He would point to the sparkling windows, the patina on the Sheraton chest. Finally, he realized that things had gone too far; she and I could not exist together. On one of her days, I had a cold, and so horrified was I at the prospect of lying sick in bed with her around, I rented a motel room in town so I could sleep in peace. Without a twinge, my husband fired her. No apologies. He told her that she'd done a marvelous job, we'd be glad to give her a reference, but "things aren't working out."

"Things aren't working out." To my mind that sentence smacked of a courage equal to Thomas More's refusal to subscribe to the Thirty-Nine Articles. Never could I have said to that woman, "things aren't working out." If my husband hadn't fired her, I simply would have had to move away, or burn the house down, or contract a dread disease. Years later, I still think of my problems with her as a sign of the irreducible weakness and corruption of my nature. But I was brought up with St. Augustine, who thought that human nature was by nature vile; he was brought up with Ben Franklin, who thought that you could make slow steady progress, and discover electricity in your spare time.

Nothing separates my husband and me so much as our expression of grief. Misfortune is to me a signal of what I've always known to be the case: life in itself is terrible. Why should I imagine that I will be spared a fate of utter degradation, suffering, and ruin? So when things go wrong, I take to my bed and weep. I see the immediate sorrow as a type of everything to come; I feel overmastered and cannot stop myself becoming obsessed. Then

my husband cannot reach me. He believes that once something is rationally explained, one goes on with the knowledge that life can be terrible, but there's no sense making it worse. I accuse him, always, of repression. I can tell when he's suffering; his right eye begins to twitch. How angry he becomes when I suggest he is in pain. Months later, it will occur to him that he had been suffering.

My bugbear in relation to the tragedy of life is self-deception; I despise the tendency to pretend that things are better than they are. For me, it is both false and dangerous. The ravening beast you see as only a minor pest can rise up and devour you in the blink of an eye. If my bugbear is self-deception, my husband's is self-indulgence. The beast, he believes, is oneself; one can drown oneself in the quicksand of one's own loss of will and there will be no rescue. The difference between us comes, I believe, from a difference in cosmology traceable to our heritages. Irish Catholics believe themselves in the hands of a cruel fate; Protestants believe that they must work toward the New Jerusalem. We immigrants had no real sense of the Old Jerusalem, so where would we get the faith for the persevering effort to find the new?

I have never even dated an Irish Catholic. That is, since I left home, and there was some other type around to date. It is an odd thing, one's attractions, and the mystery ought not be reduced by a too-ready psychologizing, but it seems that my failure to couple with one of my own kind indicates my own discomfort with the group among which I spent my childhood, my sense of being an outsider from an early age. The fact that my father, as a Jew, was not at home in the cultural milieu I was brought up in added to the complications, but it is interesting to notice that I didn't marry a Jew either. Clearly, I wanted to marry an *other*, since I had felt so alien in the setting into which I happened to be placed. To be an alien among those clearly alien to oneself is a more comforting position than to be an alien among those alleged to be one's kin.

Sometimes, I have an atavistic twinge of envy when I see people who have married people like themselves. I will go to weddings where the bride's and groom's families recognize each other as brothers and sisters; something about the way the families can interchange members, jokes, songs, pulls at my heart like a memory of a fragrant summer night in childhood, like the first hint of the coming of winter when one realizes the days are shortening. I imagine that it is so easy for them, those lucky people marrying people like themselves; there is so little to explain. But could they ever have the experience that I have had when my husband empties the garbage and comes back, adoring, to embrace me? "I love our garbage," he says. "I'm so proud of it. It's so interesting, and exotic. So much garlic! So un-Protestant. My mother's garbage was so boring compared to ours!" I wait for him to wash his hands and we fall into each other's arms, enraptured with each other, the fate we have invented and not fallen into, that cross-continental journey, our family life. ▽

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collectibles

Plastics—from gem-studded bangles to streamlined 'thirties radios—are the new objects of desire **By Michael Sorkin**

The line between the *chatchke* or bibelot and the *objet d'art* can be exceedingly thin. It's the boundary, however, where the ardent connoisseur of collectibles lurks, looking to gather artifacts destined for glory. Wondering recently about what from the great field of things might be bound for such an efflorescence, I called up my friend Ali—a woman infinitely cagey in these matters—to ask. "Plastic," she responded, swift and sure. "I feel it in my bones."

Shades of *The Graduate*. You remember the scene in the film. Dustin Hoffman is being feted on his graduation; and a well-meaning relation counsels that, for a young man with an eye on his future, "plastics" is where it's at. And so it seems. Two books on the subject are fresh off the presses, *Plastics* by Sylvia Katz and *Art Plastic* by Andrea DiNoto, this latter a title that, until recently, one would have held a hopeless oxymoron. At the Muriel Karasik Gallery on Manhattan's chic Upper East Side, little plastic radios from the 1930s currently fetch up to a thousand dollars a pop. Last year's "Fabulous Fifties" sale at New York City's Greenwich Auction Room was a mob scene. The fever is even sweeping the Continent, witness Bakelite shows in such places as Paris and Rotterdam.

Let's begin with some crude classifications. Plastic collectibles fall into two basic categories: kitsch and not kitsch, a distinction that has a tendency to slide. To investigate the former, I paid a visit to Robert Heide and John Gilman, two of the country's leading collectors of plastic bric-a-brac and authors of several books on the subject, including *Dime-Store Dream Parade*, *Cowboy Collectibles*, and *Cartoon Collectibles*. Their tiny apartment is crammed with a staggering panoply of plastic, a virtual Louvre of Lucite. Lining the walls is an amazing array of devotional effigies of Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck. Shelves are piled with an unbelievable profusion of domestic items, from cigarette lighters to cocktail shakers to costume jewelry. It's the mother lode of Pop.

Not surprisingly, Heide and Gilman began collecting in the 1960s when Pop first looked to redeem the objects of mass production and consumption for Art. This was—as the work of such artists as Andy Warhol and Roy Lichtenstein evidences—an operation with a heavy dose of irony. For Heide and Gilman, this irony is overlaid with nostalgia; and there's a kind of sweetness about it all, right down to their anachronistic description of their collection as the marriage of the "plastic fantastic with the plastic inevitable." Still, celluloid Minnie Mouses are not likely to be to everyone's taste, notwithstanding the fact that a tiny mouse couple of that fragile material can cop between *(Continued on page 198)*

LIZZIE HIMMEL

Michael Sorkin *is a visiting critic in architectural design at Yale University and frequently writes on architectural subjects.*

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collectibles

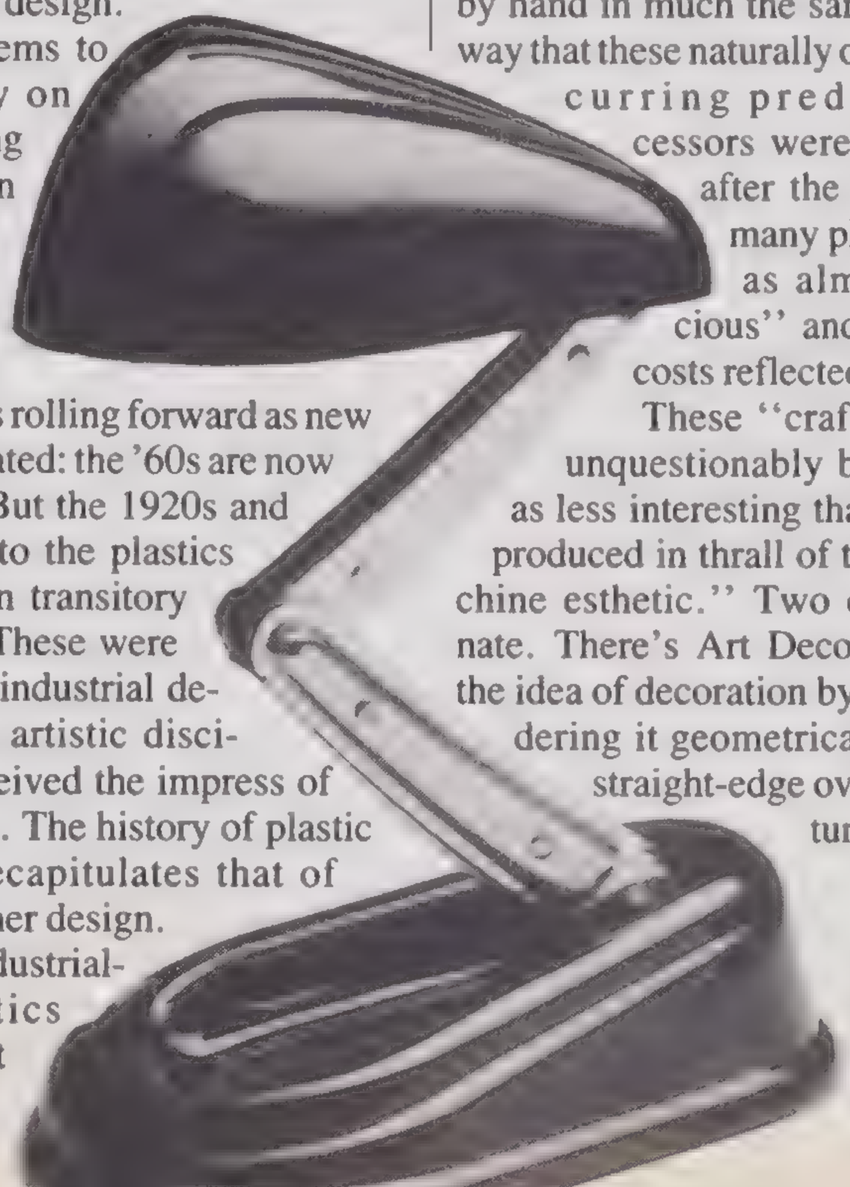
(Continued from page 194)

five hundred and a thousand bucks. Disneyana—and all its kitschy kith—definitely wants something of a specialized attitude.

More interesting to the general collector, perhaps, are mass-produced plastic items that aspire to a somewhat purer ethic of design. Current attention seems to be focused mainly on products made during the period between the wars—part of the general fascination with Art Deco and Moderne—but the wave of interest is rolling forward as new decades are rehabilitated: the '60s are now coming into focus. But the 1920s and '30s are interesting to the plastics maven for more than transitory reasons of fashion. These were also the years when industrial design emerged as an artistic discipline and plastic received the impress of this lasting new look. The history of plastic objects virtually recapitulates that of mass-market consumer design.

In fact, though, industrially produced plastics have a history that long predates this period. Early work on plastic manufacture—carried out in the mid-nineteenth century—was aimed at finding substitutes for natural materials that were growing increasingly scarce, materials like ivory and tortoiseshell. Their plastic equivalents were crafted by hand in much the same way that these naturally occurring predecessors were. Indeed, until well after the turn of the century, many plastics were regarded as almost equally "precious" and their character and costs reflected this.

These "craft" plastics—though unquestionably beautiful—strike me as less interesting than the plastic objects produced in thrall of the burgeoning "machine esthetic." Two categories predominate. There's Art Deco, which mechanizes the idea of decoration by paring it down, rendering it geometrical, the triumph of the straight-edge over the vagaries of nature or the human hand.



Highly sought-after "Jumo" desk lamp, French, 1945

Charmingly irrelevant streamlining. 1930s Fada radios

And there's Art Moderne, which takes a more metaphorical inspiration. Fascinated by the ethos of Futurism, Moderne infuses its objects with an illusion of speed. I love this stuff, those nutty aerodynamic orange juicers and cocktail accoutrements poised to take flight. It all seems so giddy, exhilarated, and optimistic.

The hot-ticket items from the period nowadays seem to be radios and the alpha and omega of these are the Catalin (another brand name for Bakelite—a kind of plastic invented and marketed by the shrewd Dr. Leo Baekeland) "Fada" brand sets, the *ne plus ultra* of charmingly irrelevant streamlining, round on one end and square on the other, with circular dials, looking ready to soar off the table. Most sought after among the Fadas is a red and yellow version for which discerning collectors are prepared to kill. Fada's known best, but it's only the tip of the iceberg radio-wise.

Photos from *ART PLASTIC*, ABBEVILLE PRESS

Shops like "Waves," a New York City store devoted exclusively to antique collectibles from the realm of broadcasting, carry numerous brands—Zeniths, DeWalds, Emersons, Spartons—each with its own following and specialized connoisseurship.

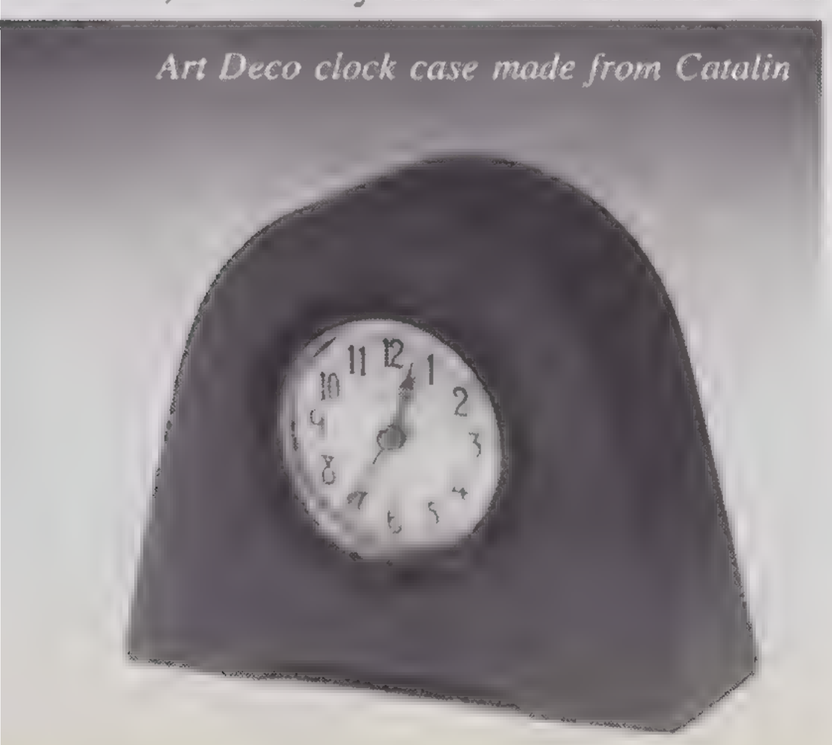
Collecting old appliances does beg the question of just what makes collectibles collectible. Their obsolescence, their unfitness for use in the face of superior technologies, removes them from the practical realm and allows a focus on more purely esthetic questions. To be sure, their relative and increasing rarity provides another means of valorization. Certainly the cult of nostalgia that grows daily in our age of risk imparts these objects with a glow of innocence, products of a time when machines were far less sinister, when they embodied an idea about progress. One thing that's clearly missing, however, is a notion of authorship. Many of these objects are anonymous, unsigned by anyone describable as a major figure.

This would seem to be one of the big divides in the current obvious rationalization of the market for "designed" plastic collectibles. The pieces that are most likely to see dramatic increases in value are precisely those that can be attributed. There's plenty to choose from. Jewelry by August Bonaz and Elsa Schiaparelli. The famous "Meladur," "Residential," and "Flair" lines of dinnerware by Russel Wright. Fountain pens by Henry Dreyfuss. Indeed, a major impetus for the vigorous trade in more recent plastic objects is precisely their clarity of attribution. Furniture by Charles Eames or George Nelson—designed for cheap sales to the mass market not many years ago—finds its value increasing exponentially. Something similar will undoubtedly happen to that great mass of objects produced in Italy during the 1960s and 1970s, one of the most fertile moments in the history of design.

While there's something fine about the new sensitivity to the design of quotidian objects—and to the use of the most quotidian of materials—there's also something a little saddening about the lurch of it all into the galleries. Part of the appeal of a collection like Heide and Gilman's is the anonymity of the creators of these daffy plastic objects, the idea that all that stuff is the product not of an individual's genius but of a much more widespread consciousness, popular art in the best sense. As a curatorial sensibility spreads and overtakes this, the objects grow alien. To my mind, it's an unhappy day when our Melamine plates are to be seen behind glass rather than under the pork chops where they belong. ▽

I love the nutty aerodynamic orange juicers and cocktail accoutrements poised to take flight

Diehl Ribbonaire desk fan, with ribbon blades, manufactured for Sears from the '30s to '50s



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Talking about books

Margaret Drabble's Oxford Companion

Always her own woman—
in an eccentric marriage and
a glorious career
By CLARE BOYLAN

An angry woman rushed up to Margaret Drabble during a recent visit to India, brandishing a newspaper clipping with the headline "Why I will never marry again!" The article was an interview—with Margaret Drabble—dated six months before her second marriage. "She thought that I had sold out on feminism by going back on my word," the author recalls.

What changed her mind, Ms. Drabble says, was meeting a man with a way of life the same as her own. Her marriage to the biographer Michael Holroyd is, she stresses, an unusual one. Both have retained a considerable measure of privacy and independence: they live in houses five miles apart. "Besides"—determined eyebrows knit, and there is the kind of perfect pause that suggests (quite rightly) that this woman started her professional career in theater—"I began to notice that friends who had got married a second time were now terribly happy."

Marriage has not been the only change for Margaret Drabble in the last few years. She has (temporarily) stopped writing fiction, and has been at work on an epic: *The New Oxford Companion to English Literature*. First published in 1932, it has been constantly updated but never totally revised, and this edition, to be published here this month, with 85 percent of the material rewritten, is a complete overhaul.

Although not a full-time academic, Margaret Drabble is clearly well qualified for the task, being the author of such works as Arnold Bennett's biography, *The Genius of Thomas Hardy*, and a short critical study of Wordsworth, as well as her nine novels. *The Companion*, which she describes as a "one-volume reference book covering the whole of English literature," is not, she insists, for academic use only. "I should think anyone who is at all interested in books would have to have it. It's a jolly good read."

One of the most difficult tasks for a new editor of *The Companion* is that of pruning—discarding out-of-date material and allotting prized inches to new entrants. Additions to the 1985 edition include novelists Doris Lessing, Angus Wilson, Penelope Mortimer, and Edna O'Brien; playwrights Arnold Wesker, Nell Dunn, and John Mortimer; poets Philip Larkin and Ted Hughes; and novelist and critic Antonia (A.S.) Byatt, who is Margaret Drabble's sister. Perhaps the most notable omission is Margaret Drabble. "Suppose some wonderful writer had to be left out because I had kept a place for myself," she argues, making it sound like bagging the last seat on the bus while a pregnant woman stands. "I consider myself very much a borderline case." On the other hand, she defines her sister Antonia Byatt as "a novelist of considerable repute.

"We don't see a lot of each other now, don't meet for lunch the way I do with my other sister. I think it's because we're both novelists and move in the same circles and are afraid of intruding on each other's territory. When we do meet, which is usually at family occasions, we tend not to talk about writing but about how awful our mother was. In many ways an appalling woman, she did nothing but moan; she was extremely depressive and self-absorbed."

It is the sort of comment that could sound harsh and judgmental, but emerges as a private and painful truth. Although outwardly reserved, Margaret Drabble is both passionate and compassionate: one of her great reliefs is that her mother met her new husband before her death and that she liked him.

It must be said that her sense of sympathy does not extend to herself. She recalls her childhood, which was subject to the disconcerting influences of war, with no sentimentality at all, but rather with the detached curiosity of one dredging up dusty souvenirs from the attic. The telling has, however, a haunting quality that exudes the same curious sense of confinement that binds her fictitious heroines.

War meant the absence of her father, who was serving with the RAF. "'You do have a father, you know,' my sister Antonia would tell me. I think it was meant to reassure me, but it meant nothing at all to me except that, whenever she said it, my mother would burst into tears."

Hers was a creative and productive household. Her father wrote two novels in his later years, both of which were published. "They were thrillers with a legal background and earned him quite nice royalties."

Her mother's contribution was the production, after three daughters and at a late stage in life, of a son. "Everyone was very impressed," Margaret Drabble says, "as she claimed to have had a hysterectomy."

She describes her parents as confusing liberals. "We were always told that sex was good and wholesome and delightful, and yet there was an undercurrent, which caused guilt and anxiety. Although we knew that sex was perfectly nice and natural, we also knew that we had jolly well better not do it. We weren't encouraged to lock the bathroom door or to avoid being seen without our clothes, but sex was never discussed in any lighthearted or *personal* fashion.

"The result of this paradoxical guidance was that I grew up knowing life was absolutely wonderful—if only I could get at it. I wanted *everything* from life. I enjoyed school and study so that was all right, but I also knew there were things called parties, to *(Continued on page 202)*

Clare Boylan's *collection of short stories, "A Nail on the Head," will be published next month.*

MARK GERSON

Joan Juliet Buck discovers sex in the closet . . . A. Penney for your dirty thoughts . . . Leonard Michaels on what women want now . . . Margaret Drabble tells how she got what she wanted . . . Balanchine's genius . . . James Wilcox's Southern-fried wit . . . Balthus's cat . . . no more guilt for moms . . . more

Talking about books

(Continued) which we were not invited because my mother didn't like people coming to our house. I pinned all my hopes on university.

"Cambridge was wonderful. It was full of exciting prospects. There were boys! All my time, apart from study, was spent in the dramatic company, which was a rather distinguished little group, including Ian McKellen, Derek Jacobi, and Trevor Nunn. Cambridge was all actors in those years. I'm the only one who went on to become a writer—and that was almost by accident."

A twenty-one-year-old Margaret—a considerable beauty by all accounts—left university with a double first and a handsome young husband, the actor Clive Swift. "I married straight out of college. Nine months and two days later, more or less, I produced my first baby."

Marriage "bewildered and shocked" her. "I didn't know *anything*. I couldn't keep anything clean. I couldn't cook potatoes properly. I still think potatoes are very tricky."

In her calm and clean house, over a potato-free lunch of smoked salmon and salads, she recalls one of the bleaker awakenings of her newlywed state. "A few days after I had got married, my husband said to me that he had a few things that needed washing, and I was immeasurably offended that he should ask this of me."

"I grew up knowing life was absolutely wonderful—if only I could get at it. I wanted *everything* from life"

This rather gloomy picture was altered by the birth of her son Adam and the publication, quite soon afterward, of her first novel, *A Summer Birdcage*. Her husband had gone straight from university to repertory theater, and then to a job with the Royal Shakespeare Company. While pregnant with Adam, she'd continued to act, appearing as Viola at the Arts Theatre, Cambridge. "It then dawned on me that a five-month-pregnant Viola just wasn't possible. I had to do something, so I got myself a notebook and started to write. Was I serious about it? I suppose I must have been, for pretty soon the notebook was replaced by a typewriter."

But after the birth of her son, Margaret Drabble followed in her husband's footsteps, and secured a professional acting job with the RSC. "I'd played wonderful parts at Cambridge, but I never got much beyond the fairies at the RSC." After less than a year, she was pregnant again. It was the end of her acting career, and she returned, for good, to her typewriter.

"Looking back, I think I was terribly lucky," she says. "I certainly didn't mean to have so many—or any—children; it was just a sort of life force telling me to get on with it. I think that it is only by such experiments of life that one knows where one is going."

Her husband, too, was charmed by the babies, "and when we discovered that my first book was going to be published, he was absolutely delighted. There were times later, after I became quite successful, when he got pretty ratty. My writing began to pay for itself when I was about thirty, and I began to have a little independence then.

"Independence meant taking control of my life. My mother was a violent feminist. She was always speaking up about how dreadful women's lives were and the selfishness of men. I liked the company of men, but I could see that there was much about women's lives that didn't make sense. In 1975 I wrote *The Realms of Gold*, the novel in which a female character takes charge of everything, and around that time I began to work life out on my own terms. The most dramatic thing I did in physical terms was to take over the house mortgage. It sounds like a small thing, but house ownership is a very significant power factor in a relationship. It did effect a shift of power and, of course, it divided the marriage. At this stage we had, in any case, drifted apart."

Her ex-husband and she are friends—"better friends than when we were living together"—and Margaret Drabble continues to live in the house where she made her stand for independence, and which is still the home of her three grown-up children.

"One of the things about getting married now—Michael and I are both in our forties—is that we have our separate worlds," she says. "We respect this in one another and we like our privacy. We are both very polite, and neither of us is very demanding. Michael is a remarkably unjealous man; yet he is incredibly supportive."

She is proud of her husband, a distinguished figure in his own right, author of acclaimed biographies of Lytton Strachey and the artist Augustus John. "I have a tremendous respect for his work, and would never dream of summoning him if the water tank overflowed. It is an ideal arrangement, and because we are not together all the time, it's exciting when we see each other."

Margaret Drabble is clearly her own woman and well at ease. She is looking forward to a return to fiction—with what she describes as "my most ambitious novel to date. I want to write about the social situation in England now. I plan to have three central characters from varying social spheres and to portray their vastly different lives as interconnected circles. It's a hellishly difficult thing to do," she admits with obvious enjoyment. "I tried it already in *The Needle's Eye*. I don't think it quite came off, but I'm prepared to give it another go."

Giving it a go appears to have been the philosophy of this clever, candid, and remarkable woman—right from her earliest days. "I remember in my very first days at school noticing how other children used the exit gate—a kind of circular barrier of iron bars—to execute a forward somersault into the street. I thought I could do it, too, although I had no idea how. I was about three and a half at the time. I grabbed the bars, pitched myself into the air—and landed on my head. I felt a frightful fool," she says cheerfully, "but I knew life was going to go on in that pattern."

("Books" continued on page 204)

KAREN ALEXANDER

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AURORA, CO
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BEBA
BOCA RATON, FL
INFINITY
BOSTON, MA
KIN PING'S
BURLINGAME, CA
MORNING GLORY
CULVER CITY, CA
AMES
DENVER, CO
NORA'S
EASTON, MA
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GAINESVILLE, FL
JARROD'S
JACKSONVILLE, FL
JARROD'S
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CLAUDIA McCONNELL
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KAREN ALEXANDER

THE KAREN ALEXANDER COLLECTION IS AVAILABLE AT THE STORES LISTED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

Talking about books

Closet Sex

FASHION AND EROTICISM: Ideals of Feminine Beauty from the Victorian through the Jazz Age. By Valerie Steele. Oxford University Press. 320 pages. $24.95
Reviewed by JOAN JULIET BUCK

Valerie Steele's *Fashion and Eroticism* remains so closely bound to the theme of Victorian dress that the first contact with eroticism comes in the ninth chapter, which is devoted to corsets. (There is, to be fair, an earlier quote from the anonymous *My Secret Life* about what makes a "prick straight," but its effect is that of a misplaced cufflink.) Ms. Steele is a post-doctoral fellow at the Smithsonian Institution; she has done a crushing amount of research. One would have liked to read the great erotics on fashion, courtesans, voyeurs, poets; instead we are assailed by the conflicting views of art and fashion historians, refuting each other and being gently refuted in turn by the author, whose main weapons are the verb "to seem" and the adverb "perhaps." To be fair (why should I be fair? my head is swimming with countless different opinions as to the possible weight of petticoats), there is some interesting information in the book—all of which I shall pass on to you—and a truly stunning chapter, the one on corsets.

Ms. Steele's sources are magazines, advertisements, social histories, and the occasional snatch of biographical information ("One famous artist who detested the corset was Pierre Auguste Renoir, whose feminine ideal was the illiterate, maternal housewife who enjoyed sexual intercourse"). She makes no effort to group them by provenance, which means that imaginative fantasies of stylishness are mixed with blunt fashion propaganda. Her insights are flat: "The popular perception in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries was that the movement for women's rights was fairly closely associated with the movement for rational dress. To a considerable extent this was correct. . . ."

Ms. Steele's bland style works best with pornography; her submissive use of quotes is perfectly adapted to the recounting of a series of letters that appeared in *The Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine* between 1867 and 1874, and to various accounts of "Tight Lacing" in books and other magazines. Her justification for focusing on the pain and pleasure of the thirteen-inch waist goes: "Although many historians have also accepted the. . . correspondence as evidence of widespread 'tight lacing of the most outrageous kind. . . amounting to torture,' others, such as Doris Langley Moore, have dismissed it as 'spurious,' and simply the fantasies of a few perverts. . . . David Kunzle, however, argues that the. . . correspondence formed part of a genre of 'fetishist' literature. . . ."

But fetishism is not eroticism; it is a closed world of displaced sexuality, with a language made up of secret signals. For the book to be viable as a discussion of fashion and deviant sex, the various perversions of each era should have been given as much space and care as the corset—high heels, say, or the glove, uniforms, cross dressing, and so on. Her quotes and explanations, however, are an unintentional delight. Citing a man who wrote, "'We men love a stiff, hard, well-boned waist to hold,'" she explains, "The shape of the corset—essentially that of the female torso—is not an obvious phallic symbol, yet it transforms the soft and pliant torso into something hard and rigid. The possible symbolism of the corseted body as an erect penis is reinforced by nineteenth century references to corsets as 'armor,' which is associated with the ideas of weapons."

Descriptions of Edwardian underwear and nightclothes come from the salacious *La Vie Parisienne*, the *Playboy* of its day. Little is made of the fact that any description therein was meant to titillate the reader. "Much of their appeal stemmed from their role as clothing for bed—and thus, by implication, for making love," she writes. Well, yes, that might be the point.

(One dreads to think what a post-doctoral fellow a hundred years hence will surmise from our day's *Hustler* and *Penthouse:* "It is not sure how many women actually wore '*hot pants*' open to the pubic hair, and in what circumstances they sat legs apart, fingering themselves while chewing on long pieces of grass. . . but perhaps the widespread use of 'grass' was to symbolize the willingness to 'date,' or make love, with the first passing man. . . ")

When Ms. Steele is not getting tied up in constricting views, she comes up with some good assessments of fashion. The nudity of the upper body for evening dresses in the nineteenth century is discussed, the cost of clothes, changes in height and weight are all given. But how the ideal went from being five foot three and a hundred and nineteen pounds to being "six foot one of perfect symmetry" is a phenomenon left uncharted. Those details that might have been illuminating—the consumption of food, breathing in a corset, the use of deodorants, how stockings were kept up—are ignored. She cites Poiret on color: "Nuances of nymph's thigh, lilacs, swooning mauves, tender blue hortensias, niles, maizes, straws, all that was soft, washed out, and insipid. . . . I threw into this sheepcote a few rough wolves: reds, greens, violets, royal blues, that made the rest sing aloud." Yet then she adds: "It is difficult to know whether there was any direct connection between fashion and the art of the Fauves (which gained attention at the 1905-6 Salon d'Automne) but the fashionable colors were definitely perceived as wild."

This cautious academic diligence prevents the author from giving us any clear idea about fashion and eroticism. As a survey of what others have said, it is confusing. One hopes that with her next book, Ms. Steele will allow herself to put forward her own point of view. Fashion requires a lightness of touch (or "frivolity"); eroticism demands concentration (or "knowing intent"). This book lacks both. Except, of course, for the stunning chapter on corsets.

ANTI-MOMISM: After her husband died, Lynn Caine wrote the best seller *Widow*. Now that she's survived her kids' adolescences, she's back with the similarly upbeat **What Did I Do Wrong? Mothers, Children, Guilt** (Arbor House).

Ms. Caine writes, and thinks, like Everywoman. (Her kids are named Jonny and Buffy, for Pete's sake.) Self-effacing, funny, inquisitive, honest, she believes that good triumphs over evil, action over sloth. She proselytizes with the zeal of a convert—in this case, to the concept of Tough Love. (Children want and need limits; otherwise, they run amok.) At the same time, she berates mothers for their self-flagellation, insisting that kids turn out the way they do for lots of reasons outside the mother's control. ("I have seldom met a guilty father," she observes.)

Hardly winners in the news category, these messages are, nonetheless, powerful, coming at a time when women are questioning their responsibility, let alone their ability or desire, to satisfy everybody. —SUSAN BOLOTIN

PATHETIQUE SYMPATHIQUE: To many high-minded music lovers, Tchaikovsky is the composer of "None but the Lonely Heart," heard regularly on those late-night TV commercials that offer "16 of Classical Music's Greatest Hits," and one last, lugubrious symphony, the *Pathétique*. George Balanchine knew better. To his way of thinking, Tchaikovsky wrote music for "wise and subtle listeners," and proving his point, Balanchine used that music as the basis for a dozen ballets, many of them masterpieces. **Balanchine's Tchaikovsky** (Simon and Schuster), interviews conducted by Solomon Volkov and now published two years after Balanchine's death, comes as a postscript.

Tchaikovsky is not so much this book's subject as its touchstone, with excerpts from Tchaikovsky's letters and other people's remarks about him serving as occasion for Balanchine to reflect at random on his preference for cats, "less servile and toadying than dogs"; on Mozart, a man who "knew how to be happy"; and, throughout, on music. "Here in America people think that music must *(Continued on page 206)*

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Talking about books

(Continued from page 204) bring only pleasure, must entertain. . . . Music also brings suffering and a sense of your own insignificance."

Returning from a trip in the country, Tchaikovsky wrote: "Instead of joy and peace, at being undisturbed by anything, I feel a vague unhappiness, dissatisfaction, even depression. . . . I have work, the weather is ideal, I've always liked solitude and always sought it, and yet. . . I feel if not miserable, then sad and in anticipation of something." And Balanchine replies, "Oh, I understand Tchaikovsky so well: When you're with people, you want to be alone, you think it will be better; and when you're alone, you're engulfed by sadness. Horrible sadness!"

One is struck by Balanchine's empathy and deep affection for a man he never met. "In everything that I did to Tchaikovsky's music," he says, "I sensed his help." How magnificent that this kinship existed between geniuses, that they kept each other company.—**Holly Brubach**

She-scape

HERS: Women on Womanhood. Edited by Nancy Newhouse. Villard Books. 256 pages. $14.95
Reviewed by LEONARD MICHAELS

This is a collection of essays that appeared in *The New York Times* from 1977 to 1985. They are about very different things, from the propriety of a face-lift and the meaning of hairstyles to ideas of marriage, divorce, children, abortion, lust, rape, living alone, crying, succeeding at a job, and publicly avowing one's feminism. Phyllis Rose writes with beautiful passion about her mother. Jennifer Allen and Linda Bird Francke are hilarious and very sharp on sex. Jane Adams, on male vulnerability, is witty, skeptical, and profound. In Deirdre Levinson's essay about her adopted Cambodian son, the child becomes a miraculous incarnation of love. Most of the essays are personal or confessional. A few have the fascinating sincerity of a letter to Ann Landers; others have the force of disciplined minds. The collection may be read straight through, like a novel.

A subject frequently touched upon is that of being a mother. Since it remains the common fate of women, you might suppose it isn't available to radically new understanding, but one essay refers to "traditional mothering" as if it were an activity, and not natural, or inevitable, and essentially traditional behavior. Another essay talks of children so profoundly alienated as to be inaccessible to moral influence. Perhaps the word "mothering" implies a world where such children appear, but connections among the essays are not intended. They exhibit as much contrariety as consistency.

One woman finds the good life in poverty and work. Another finds it in the carefree lassitude of wealth. One says she would get a gun if she learned that her husband was sexually unfaithful. Another says she told her father that she was seeing a good deal of a married man. In a metaphorical sense, the second woman is sleeping with the husband of the first. An idea of relativism emerges. While the writers have strong convictions, they admit to uncertainties and a willingness to bend with pressures of "reality." One says: "Like my daughter, I believe that abortion is murder. But I would drive my daughter to a clinic. I don't know how to fit this reality into a tidy moral or logical equation."

PATTY DRYDEN

Leonard Michaels *wrote "The Men's Club."*

Recognizing reality, and being realistic, is a major anguish, according to these essays. Describing her experience of divorce, one writer says: "A midlife marital split is unreal. You're unreal, he's unreal, it's unreal. What's needed is reality, and the way to get it is to write out your own checks to the landlord, the telephone company, and Consolidated Edison. . . . That's reality, and it's heaven."

Another woman notices how the need for romance conflicts poignantly with such heaven. She writes a moving story about a long romance she allowed to continue, by mail and telephone, until her realistic husband pleaded with the man to cut it out. She concludes: "How much easier it is to carry on a romance with someone if you've never met him."

Like a mysterious weed, romance springs up among realities, sucking at their substance. A woman writes with fierce brilliance about how she discovered, after her husband died, that he'd carried on a secret romance. When she confronts his ghost, he says he gave up everything else for their marriage. In effect, she discovers that she has had—like the child who has had "mothering"—an experience of "marriaging."

Even in an essay on bag ladies—an image of women's deepest fear—there is a vision of romance. The writer says, "No job can stay us. No wealth can shield us from the fear that someday we will be left alone. . . ." She continues: "Is this why Helen Frankenthaler paints big? . . . Why Rosalyn Tureck spins and spins and spins Bach fugues, preludes, and fantasies? To weave herself into the fabric of his immortality?"

If the achievements of women bespeak desperation, what gives them peace? Describing a bag lady who owns a cat, the writer says: "I imagine that in her dreams she forgets which is the self and which is the cat. He gives her a vision of herself as sleek and *(Continued on page 209)*

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DU PONT

Talking about books

(Continued) bound in fur. She gives him scraps . . . . Such is love.''

Primal insecurity and romance appear again in an essay on Jean Rhys. The writer quotes Rhys: ''If I stop writing my life will have been an abject failure. . . . I will not have earned my death.'' As if she had said nothing real about salvation in art, the essayist goes on: ''To earn one's death. I think of it as a parlor game. . . . I played the game the other night, effacing mortality with fantasy- . . . . But then I slept, and dreamed a very young and beautiful boy was kissing me. . . ''

Delicious, certainly, but isn't this the bag lady and her cat? The essays contain extraordinary revelations throughout. Then, near the end, a black woman tells how, during a visit to Ghana, she gradually discovered ''the quality of ordinariness'' because, in a nation of blacks, she became able to think of herself unqualified by American racism. She discovers what it feels like just being a woman. The essay moves with unself-conscious art, from the personal to the philosophical, toward a triumph of intellect and form. It seems to be *hers* as well as *Hers*.

These essays should be valuable to anyone, and especially to men. If the collection says things they don't want to know, that's good. Just knowing what we don't want to know may be the answer to Freud's inhuman question, ''What do women want?''

Aphroditto

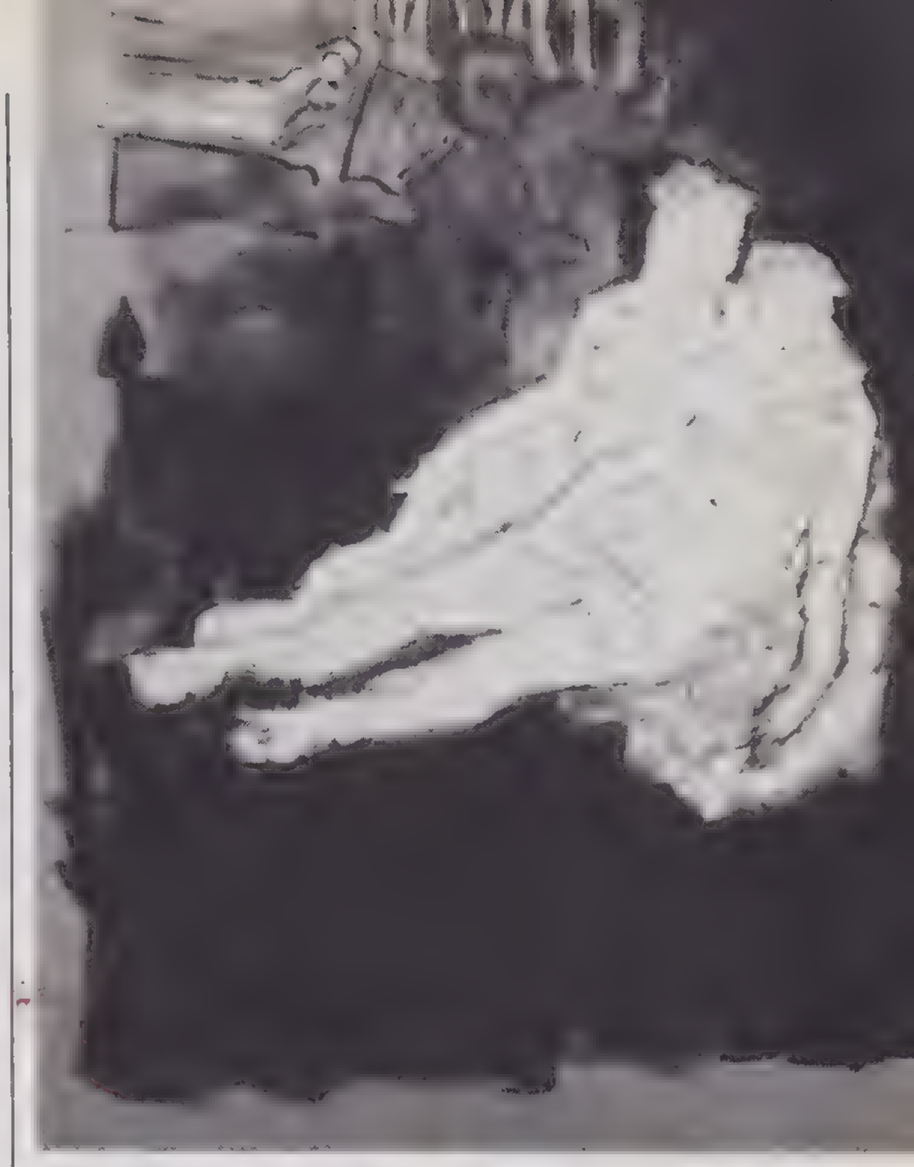
GREAT SEX. By Alexandra Penney. G.P. Putnam's Sons. 192 pages. $16.95
Reviewed by CARIN RUBENSTEIN

Repulsed by her first kiss, Alexandra Penney thought, ''His mouth is all wet. I don't like this.''

Ms. Penney, also the author of *How To Make Love to a Man* and *How To Make Love to Each Other*, is now an authority on sex: ''Great sex is two people, not just two bodies.'' A former contributor to *The New York Times Magazine*, she takes herself very seriously. ''My books are very easy to read. They don't look as well researched as they are. Every sentence can be backed up.''

These books are, indeed, very easy to read, especially since they are all the *same* book. Penney's first book sold over two million copies, so she wrote it again. And again. Each book, for example, has a detailed description of how to give good oral sex (slowly and with concentration); each tells us that 50 to 60 percent of men have erect nipples when stimulated; each defines ''sexy'' as self-confident.

Great sex, according to *Great Sex*, is egalitarian and includes communication, passion, love, and romance. It also does not come naturally, which is why you must buy Ms. Penney's books. ''*The 'secret' of great sex*,'' she exclaims, ''lies in concentrating on your own excitement and then your lover's—or vice versa. The idea is that you alternate in giving the ultimate pleasure to your lover and then actively seek the ultimate pleasure for yourself.''



Judy Rifka, "Two Nudes with Asters," Brooke Alexander Gallery

Most of Ms. Penney's insights are similarly familiar. Performance anxiety, she says, is the biggest block to great sex, so you must learn to *feel*, not to *think*. Men prefer a firm touch (grab it and squeeze); women like a light touch. Communication, talking about what your sexual preferences are, is a key to great sex. And you must learn that all of this *(Continued on page 210)*

Carin Rubenstein, Ph.D., *is the author of ''In Search of Intimacy.''*

ALCHEMICAL REACTION: Primo Levi is an Italian novelist and chemist who has made an art of uniting worlds: he is at home in Italy as well as in East Europe, in the past as well as in the present, in fiction as well as in fact. Levi's extraordinary memoir *The Periodic Table* formulated a chemistry of human experience, making links between physical elements and emotional states. Now another novel, **If Not Now, When?** (Summit), shows Levi to be an alchemist, transmuting the base elements of human experience—loss, despair, crippling guilt—into the refined metal of assurance and hope.

Levi was, as Irving Howe tells us in his introduction, a survivor of Auschwitz, a Jew who discovered Yiddish culture and drew from it the strength to bear witness—not grimly but with compassionate grace, with what Howe aptly terms ''moral poise.''

Primo Levi has the proud bearing of someone who understands the uses of silence, and the wisdom of just hanging on. At one point in *If Not Now, When?*—a picaresque novel, informed throughout by the journeying metaphor that is Jewish history—a band of Jewish partisans is resting in a windmill (more than an echo of *Don Quixote* here). It is dark, and an unidentified ''voice from above'' says, ''Keep quiet now. It's time to sleep, we've walked a long way. We have to rest. Even the Lord needed six days to create the world, and on the seventh he rested.''

It is a Russian who answers: ''He rested and said: 'Let's hope it works.' ''

—CATHLEEN MEDWICK

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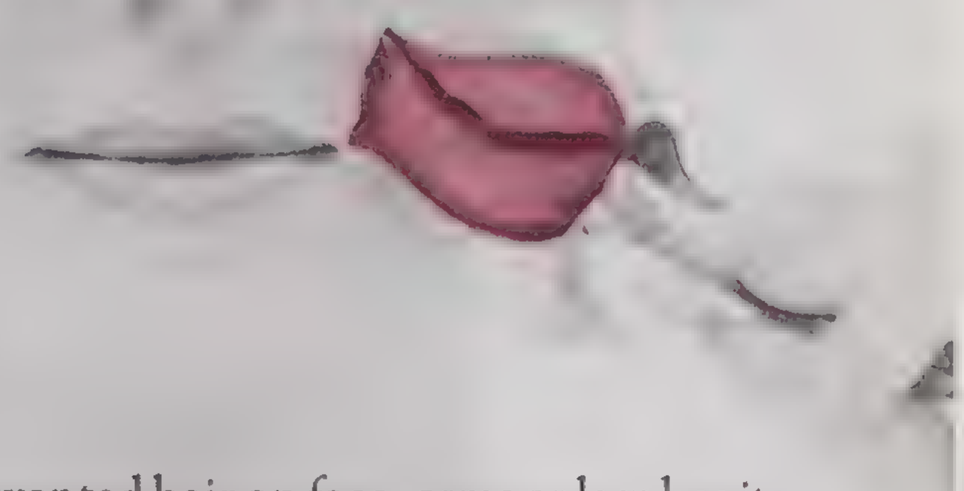

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SUSAN JACOBY

"An insightful and delightful look at love and lust among Manhattan media movers and shakers. Erica Abeel, who's seen it all, now tells all."
CAROL RINZLER, Cosmopolitan

"This compelling and steamy novel takes you into the battlefield of a downtown weekly targeted for takeover...takes you with special intimacy into the egos of the brilliant minds that run it...and most tellingly into the erotic combat zone where two people ravenous for love find that their hunger for power is the force that ultimately betrays them."
GAEL GREENE, New York

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Talking about books

(Continued) requires a natural sequence—"if you stripped off your clothes, kissed a couple of times, and went right into spanking, the chances are that it would feel odd, out-of-sync."

Great Sex does have one new twist: "an erotic story" of sophisticated sex between Diana and Michael, who take hygienic baths, eat well, and travel to Europe. It's really soft Yuppie porn hiding in a how-to-do-it book—and rationalized because "erotica and titillating material can rekindle and restore sexual vitality." So, Michael buys Diana lavish gifts (both before and after the great sex); she thinks of him while getting an expensive and erotic pedicure and massage.

"In the small, cream-colored waxing room Diana lay on a flat table made soft by a base of two lambswool blankets and two white sheets. The round pan of wax was placed, double-boiler style, in a pot of rolling water to keep it pliant. Lina slipped a diminutive pillow under her head and noiselessly began to swab Diana's legs with large cotton balls soaked in alcohol that smelled sharply of mint. The cooling effect of the alcohol and the expectation of the hot wax on her skin aroused her. She felt Michael's sexual touch all over her body—firm and soothing, insistent and unambiguous in its knowledge."

The description of Diana and Michael's sexual activity is not only explicit, it is also *romantic*. The couple get married and live happily ever after. Sex in the 'eighties is daring yet traditional.

A long way from that first wet kiss, Alexandra Penney is on her second marriage, to Norman Stevens, a freelance photographer. They met around five years ago, about the time, she says, "that I became more interested in sex. I was very involved in cycles of sexuality, and I was more sexually aware than ever before."

Maybe the real secret to Great Sex is Norman.

SOUTHERN WACKY: In **North Gladiola** (Harper & Row), comic genius James Wilcox tosses a dazzling array of plates into the air, spins them with such expertise it takes our breath away, and then catches them with nary a false move. Mrs. Ethyl Mae Coco, our heroine, mother of six, leads the Pro Arts string quartet as it performs at mental institutions, redfish rodeos, and the black-tie opening of the Burger Mat. Mrs. Coco plays cello; Duk-Soo Yoon, at Louisiana State University, completing his doctoral dissertation on tourism (last chapter: "*Heim, Haims, Heimr, Hā*: The Semantic Obfuscation of the Tourist's Ultimate Destination"), plays second violin; Myrtice Fitt's on the viola; and Mrs. Coco's son George Henry plays first violin. . .that is, until Mrs. Coco refuses to attend his wedding to Heidi, the hot-tub salesperson.

Mrs. Coco's "fragile, bitter" Catholic faith is put to the test as George Henry defects from the Pro Arts, Duk-Soo Yoon makes manifest his secret passion for her, and—worst of all—she is accused of killing the local beauty college's

Talking about books

chihuahua. Father Fua, her Samoan priest, lays it all on the menopause: "sometime . . . dis mental part . . . make you very confused. I see lots of dis, honey, many women your age depressed in Spokane, Washington. Do not worry. Everything fix up." And, yes indeed, Mrs. Coco finds grace aplenty, but not before she has fled Mr. Coco ("*That* dago!") and returned, and not before she has realized that "there never was and never would be a Saint Ethyl Mae of Tula Springs."

James Wilcox's South is The Brand New South, as contemporary as the Matterhorn waterslide rising above the house where Duk-Soo lives with schizophrenic Ray Jr.—as free of the clichés of "Southern writing" as Mrs. Coco's final redemption is unconventional.—**Lee Smith**, *author of "Black Mountain Breakdown"*

SEX KITTENS: Balthus is notorious for his louche paintings of young girls, but I would argue that his cats are more erotic. In 1921, when Balthus was a tender thirteen, he published a small book of ink drawings—a story in pictures of a boy and a cat—with a preface by Rainer Maria Rilke. **Mitsou,** reissued recently by The Metropolitan Museum of Art/Abrams, is a neat facsimile of this rare classic by the artist who portrayed himself as "The King of Cats." —T.Y.

SWEET BUNGLING: Writerly Brits like Evelyn Waugh have always roamed the morass of the Empire. Now Alan Judd, one of the next generation's sure-shots, has cruised into this territory. In **Short of Glory** (Viking), Judd (a pseudonym) satirizes the secrecy of secrets and the bureaucrats of bureaucracy; no one in his fictional Lower Africa is spared. Patrick Stubbs, the well-meaning third secretary to the Ambassador, is always caught off-guard. Other characters, "the old women of both sexes," are always "worrying about what the whole world thinks, when in fact no one gives a damn." *Short of Glory* is a terribly funny book, the kind you want to hold at arm's length to put the imbroglios of the endearing characters at laughing distance. —D.B.C.

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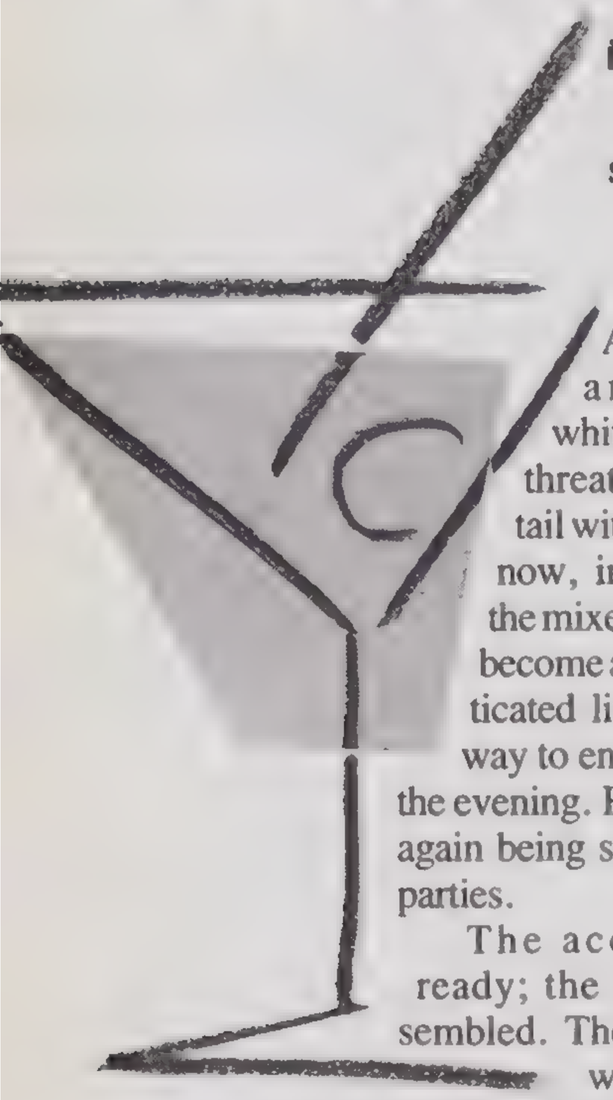
drink signals

The trend is back to cocktails—those totems of taste, style, and status

By Florence Fabricant



A flood of Perrier and nameless white wine has been threatening the cocktail with extinction. But now, in certain circles, the mixed drink has again become a totem of sophisticated living, a civilized way to end the day or start the evening. Real cocktails are again being served at cocktail parties.

The accessories are ready; the ingredients assembled. The crystal pitcher with its slender stirrer and the simple, generously angular, classic stemware make you wish you had a Mainbocher dress to wear. With its mere splash of French vermouth, its imported gin (or is it vodka?), and its small pitted green olive or curlicue of lemon peel, the ultimate cocktail, the Martini, is served.

"It may surprise you that the Martini was, and still is, number one," announced Bru Mysak, who has been bartender at The 21 Club in Manhattan for thirty-eight years—in other words, since before many members of the new cocktail circuit were born. Second in demand at "21" is the Bloody Mary, invented in Paris in the 1920s under the name Red Snapper. The name Bloody Mary became popular after the 1949 production on Broadway of the musical *South Pacific*.

Rob Roys (Manhattans made with Scotch) still sell at "21." "The Manhattan is making a comeback, too," Mysak added, "and after dinner, our customers drink Stingers." If "21," the Cooperstown of the cocktail, had dancing, its customers would tango.

But even at "21," the winds of change are blowing. Vodka has a slight edge over gin as the liquor of choice in the Martini, but either way, the Martini is being ordered with imported spirits. Furthermore, the Martini is more frequently served on the rocks than straight up. In some circles, it has loosened up enough to sport a pickled jalapeño pepper instead of an olive or a twist.

But for every young professional who has decided that a Martini suits the image, and for every person who never abandoned the Martini for a "glass of white wine" in the 1970s, there are social drinkers who are sipping cocktails of a different sort. At New York's Four Seasons, according to senior bartender Jim Kelly, number one is the Kir Royale, a Kir made with Champagne instead of still wine. In fact, judging from the sales of crème de cassis, a liqueur rarely used beyond this drink, the Kir maintains its appeal.

Kelly remarked that not every bartender makes a Kir properly. "You have to put the cassis in last, so it falls through the wine or Champagne, tinting it and settling on the bottom," he explained. If mixing a cocktail is an art to bartenders like Kelly, elsewhere it has moved into the realm of technology, depending on a blender rather than a stirrer or stylish cocktail shaker. Sweet, slushy froths made with fruit, cream-based liqueurs, and ice cream, and, after dinner, coffees laced with spirits and blessed with exotic names, have replaced simpler drinks.

These are cocktails created in the tradition of the Spike Jones rendition of "Cocktails for Two"—complete with Klaxon and washboard. In the modern bar scene, the repeated whirring of the blender shatters the sound barrier, repeatedly interfering with conversation as a succession of noisy strawberry Margaritas, Piña Coladas, and banana Daiquiris are served. "New York bartenders at the better bars have the machines, but they don't like to use them," said Brian Rea, a consultant to the industry. "But at the big chains across the country, like T.G.I. Friday's and Houlihan's, the fruit-based drinks, the sweet mixtures with liqueurs, and cocktails that have no taste of alcohol are very big."

The bartenders at the Polo Lounge in the Beverly Hills Hotel agree that fruit Daiquiris, Bloody Marys, and especially Margaritas are the best sellers. Riding the coattails of the Mexican food craze, the Margarita, a mixture of tequila, orange-flavored liqueur, and lime juice, in a salt-rimmed glass, continues to increase in popularity. From Los Angeles to Houston to New York, the mega-Margarita, a delicious, frozen, slushy, sweet-sour-spiky blend served in a goblet that would provide comfortable housing for a family of goldfish, is the rage.

Another cocktail whose popularity has been spurred by an interest in a particular cuisine is the Sazerac, an appealingly sophisticated mixture of whiskey, sugar, bitters, anise-flavored cordial, and other ingredients, which became popular in New Orleans in the 1850s. The natural aperitif for Creole and Cajun foods, the Sazerac was, according to some experts, the first drink called a "cocktail," because it was originally served in an egg cup or coquetière.

Whereas the Martini drinker may have also tried a Manhattan at one time, either the result of reaching legal age when that cocktail was still popular or as a nostalgic experiment, like collecting Fiestaware, few of today's drinkers have ever sampled a Bronx cocktail (gin, sweet and dry vermouths, and orange juice). The sociologist in us recognizes that the Bronx would not sell, and smiles at the current fad for another drink, Long Island Iced Tea—a mixture of vodka, gin, rum, orange-flavored liqueur, sweet-and-sour mix, and cola, which looks something like its namesake.

The notion that the drink originated in the Hamptons is not entirely accurate. Tom O'Mara, the bartender at Bobby Van's in Bridgehampton, L.I., said his customers order it infrequently. "It's what we call a kid's drink," he added, clearly releasing the serious Hamptons—East, South, and Bridge—from any responsibility.

The generation that orders Long Island Iced Tea in Los Angeles, Kansas City, and elsewhere is also familiar with other New Wave cocktails, such as the B-52 (orange- and coffee-flavored liqueurs and Irish cream), the Kamikaze (vodka, orange-flavored liqueur, and lime juice), the Orgasm (vodka, hazelnut-flavored liqueur, and Irish cream, a drink that probably deserves to be called the Toothache), and the TKO (tequila, coffee-flavored liqueur, and ouzo).

But when the mood for sophistication strikes, you definitely do not order an Orgasm—for more than what a person eats, what he or she drinks betrays a great deal about taste, style, and status. That the Martini remains entrenched at "21" is hardly surprising. But the indication, however slight, of its return to favor elsewhere, especially among young professionals, may be something of a relief to those who cultivate establishment values and hope to see traditions prevail.

Florence Fabricant *is a freelance food and wine writer in New York City.*

MATS GUSTAVSON

Diet Quiz #5

Which has less calories and alcohol:

1. ☐ 5 oz. white wine?
2. ☐ 5 oz. Bacardi rum and OJ?
   (1 oz. Bacardi, 4 oz. orange juice)

A 5-oz. serving of white wine contains 121 calories on average according to U.S. Dept. of Agriculture data. And its alcohol content is about 12½%.

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entertaining

American city style, French country style—from Maud Frizon: "accessory" details make the difference...new, easy takes: phone-a-flower, fly-in dinner

By André Leon Talley

Polished dinners in Maud Frizon's New York City apartment above, sleek Art Deco surfaces set off Italian linens. Dufy plates, floating white phalaeonopsis blossoms

Maud Frizon's style in women's shoes is somewhat akin to Walter Gropius' in elegant modern architecture. Her shoes, sold worldwide, also help create seasonal fashion changes when designers such as Azzedine Alaïa, Claude Montana, and Sonia Rykiel depend on her point-of-view for the final accessory touch for their clothes collections. Frizon, a native Parisian, has just moved into a new Manhattan penthouse complete with a sprawling skyline view. At home or abroad, she anchors her unique entertaining style on the elegant esthetics of her collection of sleek 'thirties furniture by Jacques-Emile Ruhlmann and Jean Dunand. She contrasts the high gloss of these lacquered, gleaming surfaces with simplicity of table service, food, and flowers.

"I use the Dunand vases, the Ruhlmann pieces, and my Venetian glass every day, also some silver chafing dishes that have been designed after a service used on *The Normandie* in the days of luxury liners. For an elegant dinner, I always invite only six people. The lacquered surface of the dining table is so spectacular, I simply set it off with stark, understated Carlo Moretti glasses and Jean Dufy plates made by Limoges. I pick up rather old-fashioned linens when I travel to Italy to work on my collections."

Frizon avoids heavy menus. For spring dinners, rather than serving rich French cuisine, she likes simple meals that are usually planned around a fish such as a red snapper. She adds endive and radicchio salad, fresh bread, and for dessert a frothy mango or papaya mousse served with raspberries. All menu ingredients she suggests to a caterer by telephone, then has them prepared, on the spot, in her kitchen before dinner.

"In the country, at our chateau in the Loire Valley, my husband Gigi and I do all the cooking. We improvise, as guests often arrive unexpectedly from left and right. I love going into the vast kitchen in the basement with them and cooking together, letting each guest contribute his or her speciality of a different region or country. In spring, we often lunch or dine alfresco; I spread beautiful antique tablecloths on the lawn, at the edge of the lake. Or we set up a table on the dock and serve fresh grilled pike, caught from the lake minutes before lunchtime."

Fresh herbs and vegetables taken from the garden are always included in the fare. "And crepes Suzette, which I love to prepare," says Frizon. "I also bake sweet cakes for my children and their friends there."

The Loire property is ideal for Frizon's favorite pastimes, horseback-riding and hunting. "In winter, I'm still very conscious of avoiding overblown menus. Meals can consist of anything from light Italian cuisine to fresh boar, which we hunt in the forest and then marinate for three days. We also hunt *becasse* (French quail).

"For dinners, any time of year, in town or in the country, I like simple orchids or my favorite flowers, calla lilies."

City staple: the red snapper, below, cooked for Maud Frizon by chef Jean-Claude Nedelec

Dial-a-Dinner

For setting up flowers or organizing dinner menus in a flash: new quick services by phone are an up-and-coming answer. 800-Flowers, a twenty-four-hour-a-day, 365-day-a-year service, uses six thousand florists nationwide to guarantee delivery of high-quality arrangements (iris, tuberoses, and tulips, left). Everything from magnolia to moss can be ordered; if desired, a single call can set up a year's worth of special-event deliveries through the computer's memory bank. Those orders are then simply charged to a credit-card number. Redelivery is guaranteed to recipients who call within twenty-four hours to say they are not satisfied with an arrangement. (Dial 1-800-356-9377.)

For easy-input food: complete entrées, prepared by French chef Patrick Grangien, can be delivered by Purolator Courier from Gérard Haute Cuisine in Fairfax, Vermont. The two-year-old service offers over one-hundred different menu items, including duck filet with fois gras. Quality is key: the food is not frozen, it is prepared with fresh ingredients in what was once a vast grocery store. Vacuum-packed meals arrive packaged in individual plastic bags that can be dropped into boiling water and heated according to specific instructions. Creative chefs add fresh herbs, top off meals with warm breads, wine. (802-849-6141.)

JEFF MCNAMARA Details, last pages

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food in vogue

American luxe—what's beyond nouvelle: fearlessly hearty, unaffectedly gorgeous food... new summer-light pastas soothe the crankiest dieter

By Barbara Kafka

A vision of paradise at Arcadia: frozen mango mousse twirled in a coconut tuile, raspberry sauced (top); chilled soup of young spinach and Jerusalem artichoke (left); extraordinary chimney-smoked lobster flanked with celery cakes and tarragon butter sauce (below).

Pollyanna Kafka is a sobriquet I never thought would apply to me. From childhood on, I was accused of a lethal tongue. At white-tulle dances, I could never find compliments for the white-gloved fingers around my waist. I tended to see the sere upon the rose when it was still a tight bud. How does it happen then that I tell you only of enthusiasms and pleasures—that you have to read other soothsayers to find out about surly service, smudged glasses, crumpled linens, and deplorable food? Certainly, I see these things as quickly as the next writer, perhaps more quickly since I work in this field; and it is all I can do not to straighten the waiter's apron in someone else's restaurant.

The answer to the conundrum is multiple. First, since I know how easy it is to mock, I have decided that making my reputation dining out on someone else's is a cheap shot. Two, I know how hard it is to get things right. Three, there are enough wonderful things to talk about that I don't have to tell you about the dreary evenings, the sodden mouthfuls. Four, I really love to eat; I love restaurants; I like the reader—why not share what is marvelous? Five, the technical problem of making pleasure sound various—what is more repetitive than pornography?—is more of a challenge than venting spleen.

This said, I do occasionally become angry enough to lash out. It tends to happen when someone rains on my parade, defiles the good, insults my sense memories. Recently, this happenèd in Paris. I took to Le Grand Véfour four people with whom I wanted to share my pleasure. It was an unmitigated disaster. In the most enchanting of eighteenth-century rooms, perfectly proportioned and lightly ornamented with pale paintings of an earlier, more formal moment, the service was faultlessly bad, the food impeccably appalling, Les Oeufs Oliver of sainted memory (poached eggs with fresh foîe-gras and two sauces created by the father of the present owner, Raymond Oliver) a travesty, the bill insulting; there was no redeeming feature. I was incensed at the cynical exploitation of the glorious past.

What a pleasure, then, to go to a fresh, new, young restaurant in New York City and to find all the missing good will, the caring service, the inventive, loved food. Arcadia (21 East 62 Street, NYC; 212/223-2900) is the creation of Anne Rosenzweig, the chef, and Ken Aretsky, co-owner. You enter, passing a small wood-toned bar with tactful copies of Richard Meier's brilliant stools, into the dining room girdled by an oval mural of nature's seasonal progression that has the charm of a seeming naïveté, shades of Thomas Benton. There is plenty of room between the tables, which are attractively appointed.

The food is *(Continued on page 218)*

Unadorned curls of pasta await fresh embellishments—just-shelled peas, scallions, the nubile trio of radishes, asparagus, carrots

BRIAN HAGIWARA

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ALL YOU NEED.

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(Continued from page 216)

creative without being far out. The equivalent chef in California might be looking toward the Orient, while this food takes its influences from Europe. It is, nevertheless, firmly assimilated to an American point of view. Individual dishes are completely achieved, lovely to look at, delightful to eat. The bill is not poisonous. Have confidence in the specials; they are not messy experiments but good reactions to the market. Here is a young chef who grows daily. Certainly try the Chimney Smoked Lobster, tenderly cooked, lightly smoky, and enlivened with tarragon. This recipe makes a lot of smoke in a kitchen but is perfect for an elegant outdoor dinner. It can be prepared ahead indoors, then finished up before the privileged.

CHIMNEY-SMOKED LOBSTERS WITH TARRAGON BUTTER

(six servings)

6 female lobsters, 1½ pounds each

Basting Butter:
3 tablespoons finely chopped shallots
6 tablespoons chopped fresh tarragon
3 tablespoons fresh lemon juice
21 tablespoons (10½ oz.) unsalted butter, at room temperature
4½ teaspoons salt
⅝ teaspoon freshly ground black pepper

Butter Sauce:
1⅓ tablespoons finely chopped shallots
⅔ cup white wine
1⅓ tablespoons tarragon vinegar
2½ sticks (20 tablespoons) unsalted butter, cut into 2-tablespoon-size pieces

Reserved purée of tomalley and roe
1⅓ tablespoons finely chopped flat-leaf (Italian) parsley
1⅓ tablespoons finely chopped fresh tarragon
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon freshly ground black pepper
½ cup fresh chopped *herbes de Provence* (marjoram, oregano, thyme, savory)
2 tablespoons vegetable oil

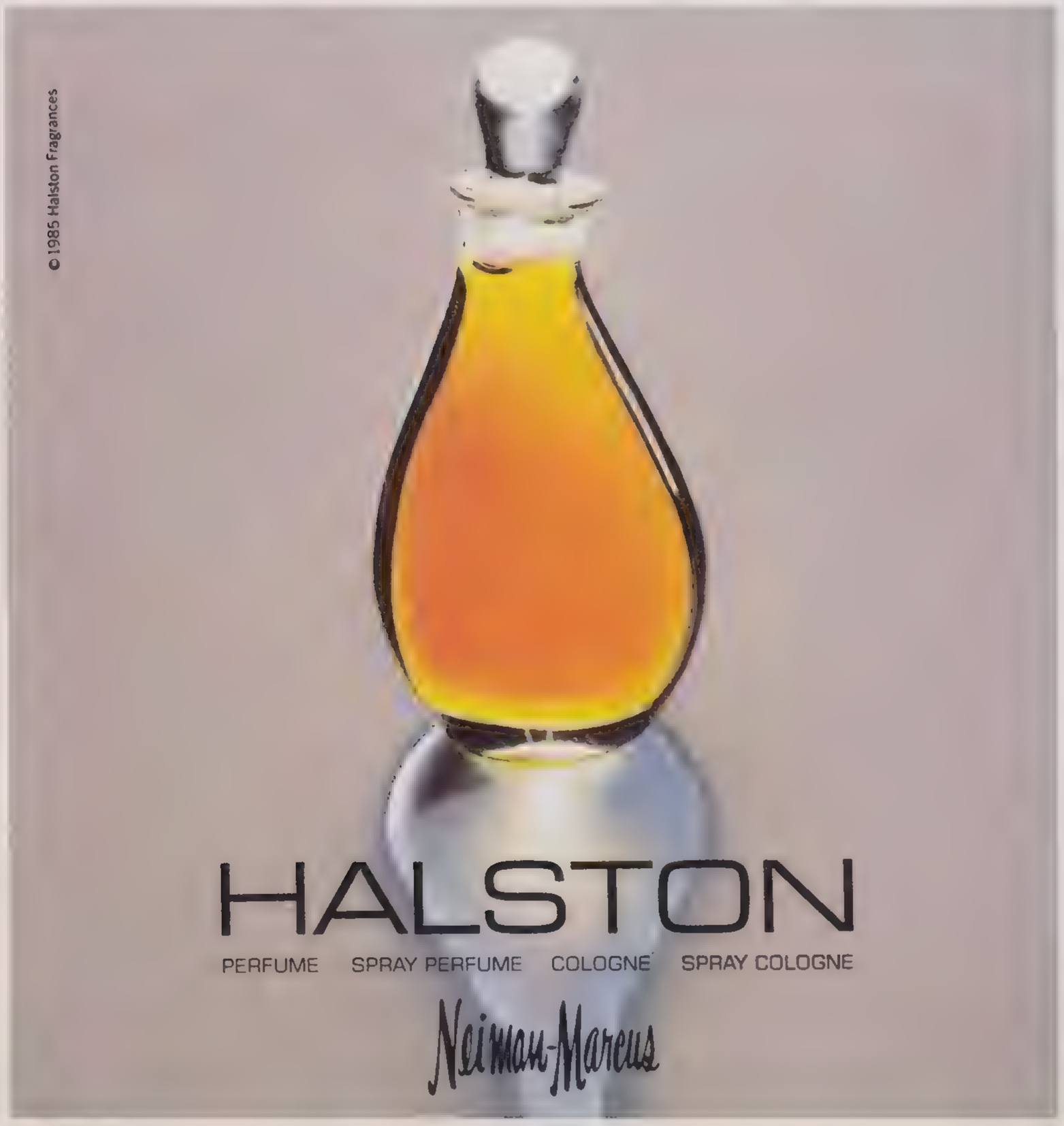
Steam lobsters 8 minutes. Remove and plunge into ice water.

Divide the lobsters into 2 pieces: hold head in one hand and tail in the other; twist in opposite directions. Preserve tail shell, cut out translucent undershell and remove flesh. Cut tail meat into bite-size pieces; replace in shell. Twist off claws. Hold head in one hand and pull on center section of under shell, removing contents of head. Scrape tomalley and roe into a bowl and reserve. Crack claws. Remove meat and cut into bite-size pieces. Place in head cavities. Purée tomalley and roe and set aside.

Basting butter: Purée shallots, tarragon, and lemon juice in food processor. Add softened butter, salt and pepper to running machine. Remove and smear on lobster pieces to coat. Set aside in cool place.

Butter sauce: Place shallots, white wine, and tarragon vinegar in small non-aluminum saucepan. Begin reducing the ingredients in the saucepan over low heat. After ten minutes, increase heat to reduce rapidly to a syrupy consistency. Reduce heat to low. Whisk in butter, two tablespoons at a time. Remove from heat and keep warm.

Finishing the lobster: Lightly oil grill rack. Place lobsters on grill about four inches from the coals. Pat on *herbes de Provence*. Cover the lobsters with a large metal bowl or a tent made of aluminum foil. Using the same motion that you would to sprinkle flour, occasionally toss water lightly onto the fire to create smoke. Smoke lobsters for five to eight minutes, checking after five minutes to see if the meat is cooked through and completely heated. Whisk puréed roe and tomalley, chopped parsley, and tarragon into butter sauce. Salt and pepper. Place head and tail of a lobster on each of six plates. Ladle sauce over lobster and serve.



Warm weather is upon us. It is time to diet—bathing suits coming—and to eat more vegetables. All of this accords with a new consciousness of health. In any case, summer is a good time to lighten up. It is hard to conjure much interest in pig's knuckles and sauerkraut on a richly sunny day. An easy and pleasant way to confine ourselves to vegetables and carbohydrates is with pastas, particularly eggless pastas—less work, less cholesterol.

Ed Giobbi, who is a lovely man, artist, and cook, has written with Richard Wolff, M.D., *Eat Right, Eat Well—The Italian Way* (Knopf). While there has been some clever calorie paring, a substitution of egg whites for whole eggs and a thinning of the already rather virtuous olive oil with safflower oil, what is really amazing is how little emendation has had to be made in the cuisine of an already garden-oriented Italian cook to make it healthful. Each recipe lists at the end its nutritional components so that you know exactly what you're getting. The real virtue of that, I think, is a sensitization to nutrition.

Joan Stillman is another author interested in food that tastes good who has taken to heart today's health awareness. She has written *Fast & Low* (Little, Brown and Company). Once again, the recipes sound attractive rather than punitive. Perhaps most helpful, Mrs. Stillman has realized that even for the sake of our health, we cannot afford to spend all our time shopping for or preparing food.

I decided to contribute my own mite with an early summer pasta that for me becomes dinner: it is simply gorgeous as well.

SPRING PASTA

(four servings)

1 small bunch radishes
12 baby carrots
24 thin asparagus stalks
1 cup shelled fresh peas
1 cup shelled, husked fava beans if available
1 pound linguine
1 bunch flat leaf*(Continued on page 220)*

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(Continued from page 218)

parsley (or enough to yield
1 cup chopped)
2 tablespoons olive oil
1 tablespoon safflower oil
6 scallions, cut into rings
Salt and pepper to taste

Cut root and top ends off radishes and boil in 3 cups water and 2 tablespoons salt for 30 seconds. Refresh under cold water. Blanch carrots 2 to 3 minutes. Cut asparagus into 1¼" pieces. Blanch till pieces turn bright green. Run under cold running water. Blanch shelled peas 2 minutes, refresh. Blanch fava beans for 5 minutes. After blanching all vegetables, reserve three tablespoons of boiling liquid. Cook linguine in two quarts salted water till just done and drain. While linguine cooks, heat the olive and safflower oils in sauté pan. Add parsley and cook over low heat 1 minute. Add radishes, carrots, asparagus, and peas and cook 2 minutes. Add scallions, salt, pepper, and cook till mixture is heated through. Place linguine in large bowl. Toss with vegetables and reserved blanching liquid.

Silvia Lehrer's *Cooking at Cooktique* (her cooking school; Doubleday) makes no claims to being a diet book of any kind, and yet it is clear that the influence in the air has had its way with her. Try Pasta Primavera, Oriental Style or this easy Orzo Pilaf.

ORZO PILAF

(six to eight servings)

Orzo is a rice-shaped pasta indigenous to Greek cooking. Toast it first for a nuttier flavor.

To toast orzo:
Spread orzo in a jelly-roll pan. Place in a preheated 375-degree oven and toast about 10 minutes to color lightly. Remove from oven and redistribute orzo, returning it to the oven to color more evenly another 5-6 minutes.

1 medium onion, thinly sliced
2 tablespoons vegetable oil
1 clove garlic, finely chopped
2 cups toasted orzo
3 cups chicken stock or broth
2 cups whole tomatoes,
drained and coarsely chopped
1 teaspoon coarse salt
Freshly ground pepper

(1) Place onion and oil in 12-inch skillet, and simmer over moderate heat, stirring occasionally, 3-4 minutes until onions are tender but not brown. Add garlic. Cook very briefly, being careful not to burn. Add toasted orzo and stir to distribute through onion mixture.
(2) In a separate saucepan, bring stock to the edge of a boil. Add to orzo mixture with tomatoes, salt, and pepper, and stir to mix.
(3) Return liquid to a boil. Then reduce to a simmer and cook covered, stirring occasionally, 15-20 minutes until liquid is absorbed and the orzo is tender. Serve immediately.

To prepare ahead:
Follow step one up to one hour ahead. Complete steps two and three before serving.

As you know, I have had more than my fair share of miserable things to say about pasta salads and yet I have not slayed them. Well, here is a salad from a woman who ought to know what makes a good one. Anna Pump runs a store in East Hampton that is particularly active in the summer when the sun-seekers storm the beaches. Her *The Loaves and Fishes Cookbook* (Macmillan) is rich in things you will want to eat on hot days.

FUSILLI AND FETA WITH FRESH SORREL

(six to eight servings)

¾ pound fusilli noodles
¾ pound feta cheese,
cut into ½-inch cubes
¼ cup red onion, minced
½ cup sun-dried tomatoes, drained and diced
1 cup Niçoise black olives, pitted
3 cups fresh sorrel leaves

Dressing:
1 clove garlic, minced
½ teaspoon salt
¾ teaspoon pepper
3 tablespoons red-wine vinegar
½ cup olive oil

Boil the fusilli until just done, about 10 minutes. Drain and transfer to a mixing bowl. Add the feta, onion, sun-dried tomatoes, olives, and sorrel leaves.

Combine all the dressing ingredients in a container with a lid and shake well. Pour the dressing over the salad and mix lightly with your hands. Serve at room temperature. ▽

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LIVING GAZETTE

LIVING WITH: HIGH-ART LACQUER FROM AN ART DECO MASTER...'FIFTIES COLLECTIBLES... PALATIAL FABRICS...RUGS BY ARTISTS WITH GRAPHIC STYLE

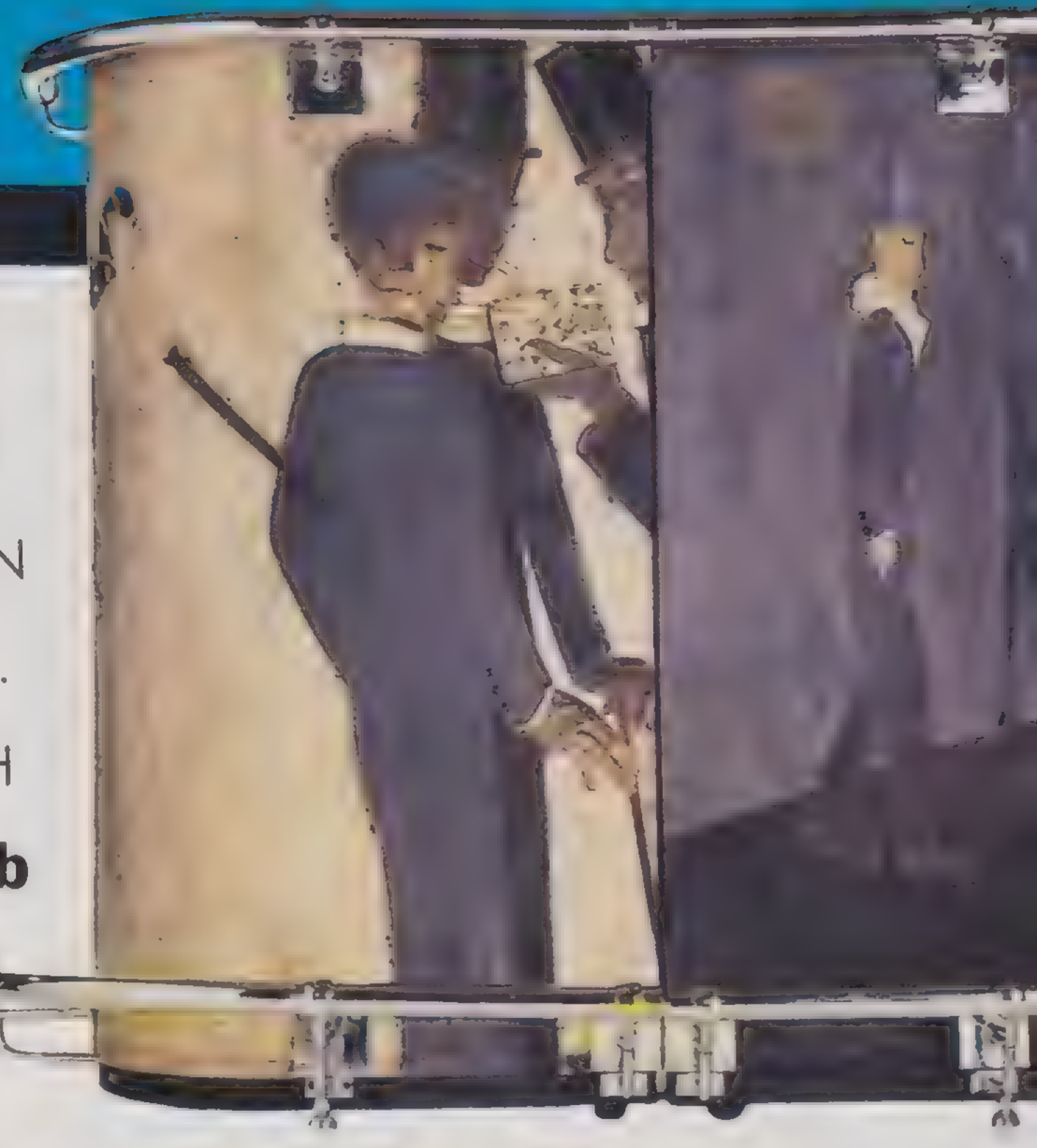
By Barbara Plumb

If anyone ever turned craft into high art, it was Jean Dunand, who triumphed in Paris during the 'twenties, working in both metal and lacquer. This month his brilliance can be admired in the first major United States exhibition of his art at De Lorenzo, a gallery in NYC, where more than one hundred works will be displayed.

Born in Switzerland in 1877, Dunand longed to be a sculptor and, indeed, began his career in Paris working on the winged horses for the Alexander III Bridge. Soon, his interest shifted to the craft of hammering metal. He hammered vases and plates from a single sheet of copper into strong, unadorned shapes.

Repairing a Japanese vase, Dunand noticed that the Japanese coppersmiths increased the splendor of their works with lacquer. Intrigued by the process, he persuaded a famous Japanese lacquer master, Sugawara, to teach him his secrets. Before long, Dunand began creating furniture, screens, and other objects, painted sometimes with as many as forty coats of lacquer. Last year one of the lacquered panels he created with the artist Jean Dupas for *The Normandie* ocean liner sold for a reported two million dollars.

("Living" continued on page 224)



Jean Dunand shone as the foremost creator of lacquer in the Art Deco era.

Jean Dunand's forte was his mastery of the difficult technique of encrusting fragile bits of eggshell in lacquer, as shown on this page on a bar (top), an elegant vase (above), and a screen (detail far left). He made both bar and screen in collaboration with artist Jean Lambert-Rucki. In 1930, Dunand collaborated with his son on a "coolie lamp" (near left), which never went into production. The shade is hand-hammered patinated metal; the base, hand-hammered silvered pewter.

TOHRU NAKAMURA. FELICIANO

VOGUE, May, 1985

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LIVING

GAZETTE

VENETIAN SPLENDORS, TRANSLATED: PALATIAL STYLE, NEW NYC SHOP

Above (left to right): Eighteenth-century portantina, a German jewel box, a Flemish document box. Left: Seventeenth-century architectural chest with marbleized balls and velvet fabric. Below: Screens by Dain Marcus, nineteenth-century Caucasian rug

Vacations in Venice sparked a love affair between that romantic city and Barbara Bergreen, a New York City art collector. Last September she bought an eighteenth-century hand-painted and hand-carved gold Italian sedan chair, called a *portantina*, and found some extraordinary pillows of hand-blocked velvet by Mirella Spinella. Excited by the velvets she found in literally hundreds of patterns, Bergreen decided to open a shop in New York to sell the pillows, wall hangings, runners, velvet by the yard, and anything else that fit in with the Venetian esthetic she cherished so much. And so Portantina was born.

"Mirella says she couldn't possibly do the fabrics anywhere else," Bergreen said. "The light in Venice is so special." And, indeed, the fabrics appear to be constantly shimmering and changing, depending on the light.

To complement the velvet collection, Bergreen's partner, Giovanni Lo Faro, selected an assortment of antique Caucasian rugs and, surprisingly, screens by a young American designer, Dain Marcus. His technique of applying the exquisite papers he has designed, such as gold with mica inlay, or 1930s transparent metallic European fabrics, seems perfectly at home at exotic Portantina.

("Living" continued on page 226)

Papered screens, shimmering velvets, colors that change with the light

BRUCE WOLF

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GAZETTE

'FIFTIES WITH FINESSE: HIGH STYLE FROM THE DO-WAH DECADE

John Cheim brings the same keen eye to the design of his vivid loft as he employs as director of the Robert Miller Gallery and in his avocation, the design of art books.

Bold paintings contrast with 'fifties furniture, glass, American antiques. Left: Jedd Garet painting functions as added window. Kidney-shaped tilt-top table, below, echoes daybed curves. Bottom, left to right: Al Held abstraction repeats lines of biomorphic table; counterpoint of Roberto Juarez painting and African bed; vintage glass

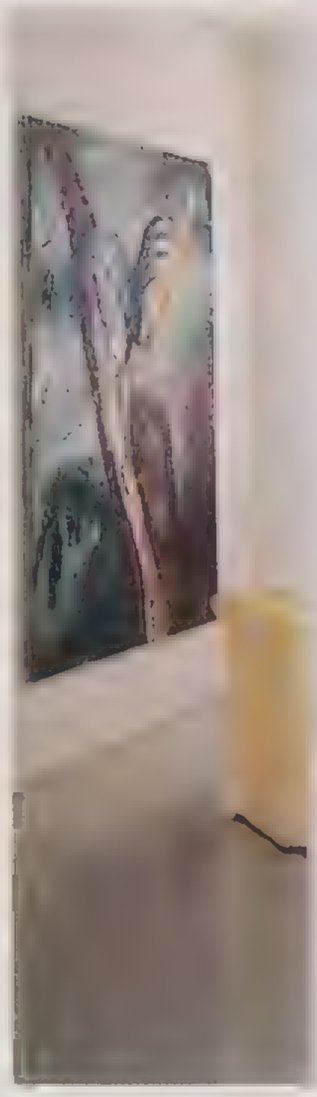
Nineteen-fifties furniture is the hot—and still affordable—period to collect now that Art Deco has zoomed into the stratosphere in terms of price. One of the savviest of 'fifties collectors is John Cheim. Almost as much as he savors living with the interesting designs, Cheim enjoys the excitement of the hunt. He prefers haunting junk shops and reconditioning his finds, where necessary, rather than buying in established 'fifties shops and galleries.

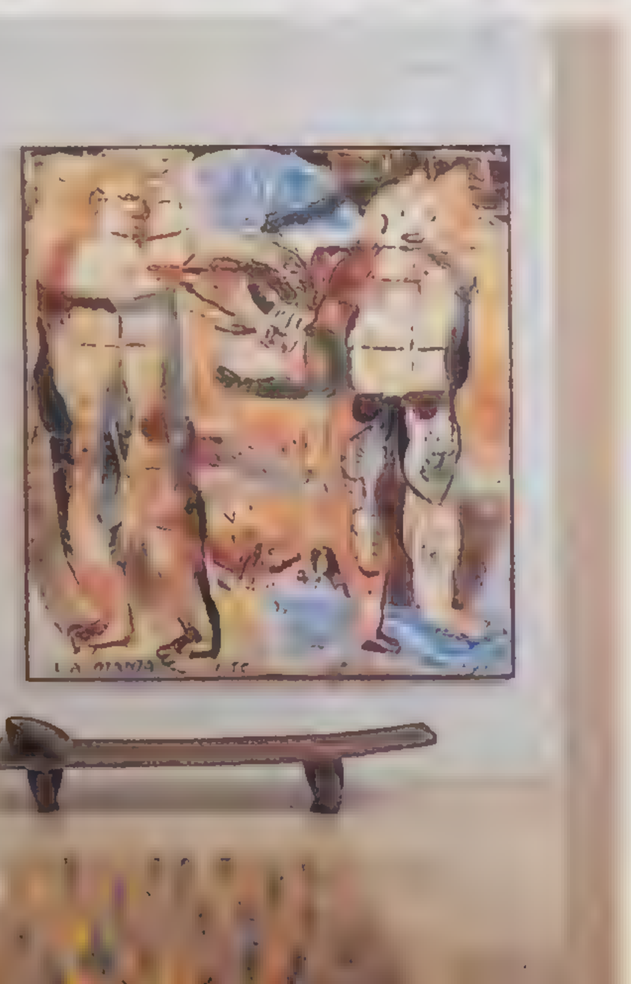
Because of his very fine and practiced eye, Cheim is able to spot the treasures among the abundance of 'fifties kitsch. Simplicity is the key to the Cheim approach, both in his acquisitions and in his architectural shell: white walls, white shades at the windows, and a grey floor of poured acrylic. He has had his seating pieces (mostly daybeds, which he prefers) reupholstered in mohair or polished cotton in clear, strong colors.

Cheim's attitude toward his glass collection pretty much epitomizes everything he acquires: "Some of the pieces have value in that they are signed; some of them are what a real glass collector would think is junk," Cheim said. "But I like them equally."

OBERTO GILI

("Gazette" continued on page 228)





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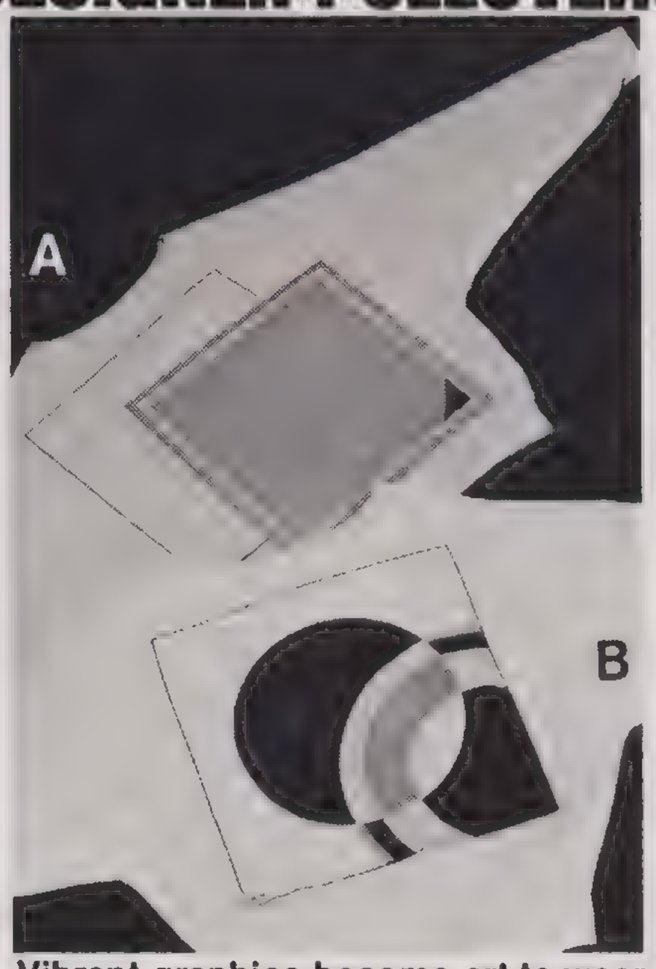

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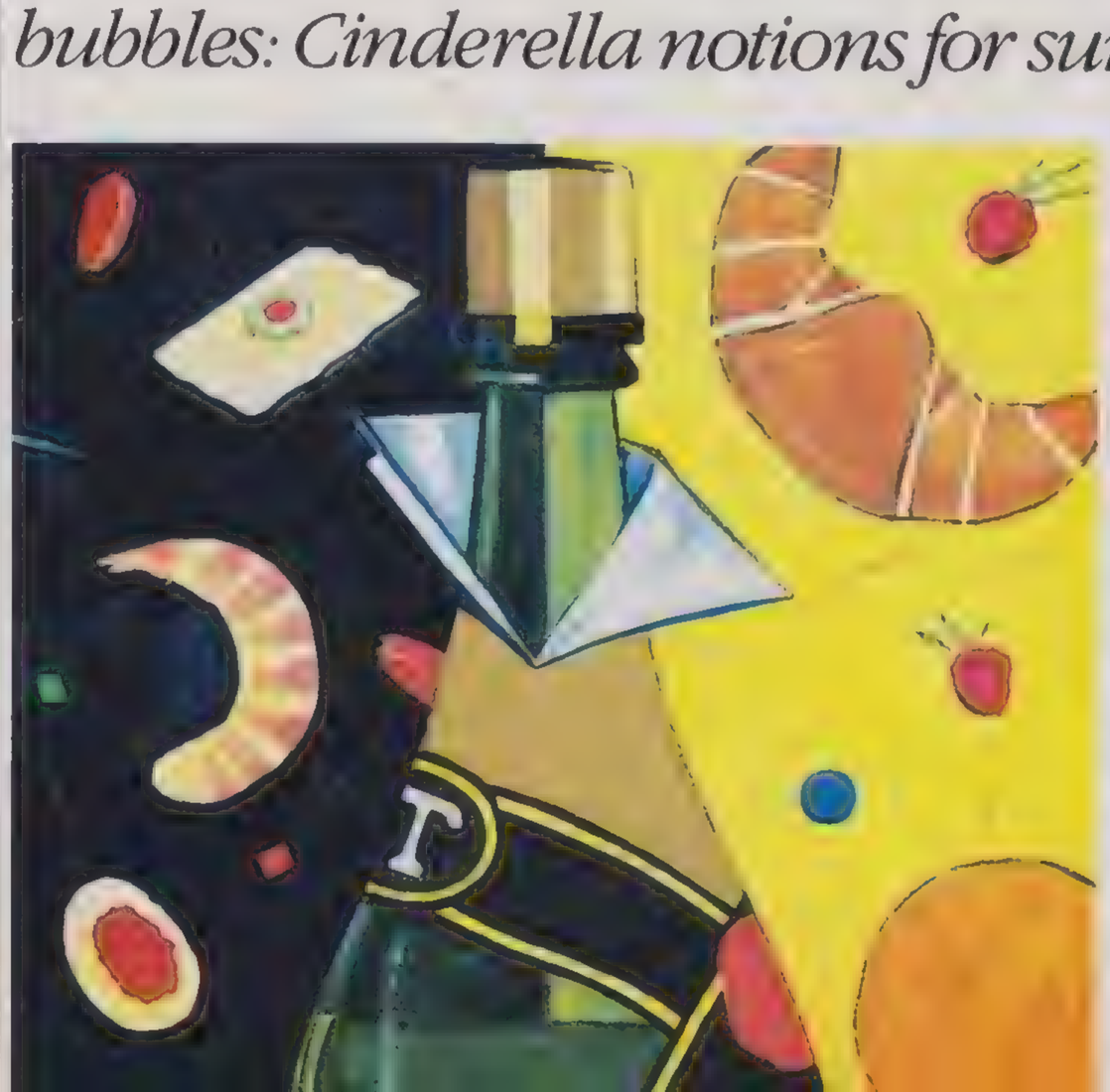
GAZETTE

FLOOR EXERCISE: DESIGNERS MAKE NEW, GRAPHIC RUGS-AS-ART

Creating a handmade rug poses special problems for designers. Because the viewing plane is horizontal rather than vertical, they have to be wary of what perspective will do to their pattern and how light will alter its hues. These considerations, as well as the more expected ones, were exploited brilliantly by a group of rug artists selected by the Museum of Contemporary Crafts, in New York City, for a show called "For the Floor," which will tour during the next two years. The forty-eight unique and limited-edition pieces were selected from hundreds of designers from eight different countries.

In "Los Cuadros y Nubes" (above), Bonnie Britton creates a graphic runner that contrasts checkerboard pattern with the puffiness of clouds. The hooked technique for Shuji Asada's "Work L" (right) is traditional, but the strong, overlapping geometry is blatantly modern.

Art at your feet . . . saving the Champagne bubbles: Cinderella notions for summertime



No longer need Champagne lovers be frustrated by left-over Champagne losing its bubbles. A stopper from France, "Le Bouchon," which keeps Champagne bubbly twelve days, has recently been imported. A nickel-plated version at $10 or a gold-plated version at $25 can be ordered from T.W. McGuire International, 2739 N. Hampden Court, Chicago IL 60614.

GEORGE ERML; illustration by KATHY TODD

VOGUE, May, 1985

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By Richard Alleman

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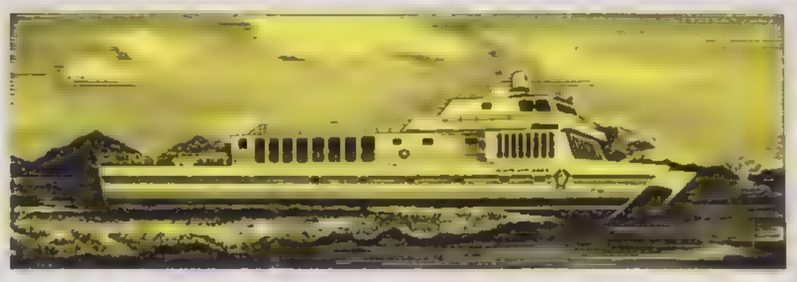

Indonesia—encompassing some 13,677 Asian islands stretching thousands of miles across the Equator—is one of the most culturally diverse countries in the world; it is also one of the least known, since so many of its islands are difficult to reach. This is about to change, however, with the debut this month of Salén Lindblad's futuristic new *Island Explorer* (*above*). Engineered and designed especially for cruising Indonesia and the Great Barrier Reef, this luxurious eighteen-stateroom vessel is powered by super-smooth, quiet water-jet engines—and has an unusual twin hull and a draft so shallow that the ship can anchor practically anywhere. On board: a knowledgeable Australian expedition leader, visiting lecturers, a topnotch dining room to feature European and Asian cuisine, a fully equipped diving operation—plus windsurfers, a Hobie Cat, inflatable landing craft, and a glass-bottom boat so that non-divers won't miss any of the area's underwater beauty. To maximize shore/watersports time, the ship will sail mostly at night. Cruises—with itineraries of five, ten, twelve, and fifteen days—begin and end in Bali, cost roughly $200 per person/per day. For further details, see travel agent or page 237.

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INN NEWS

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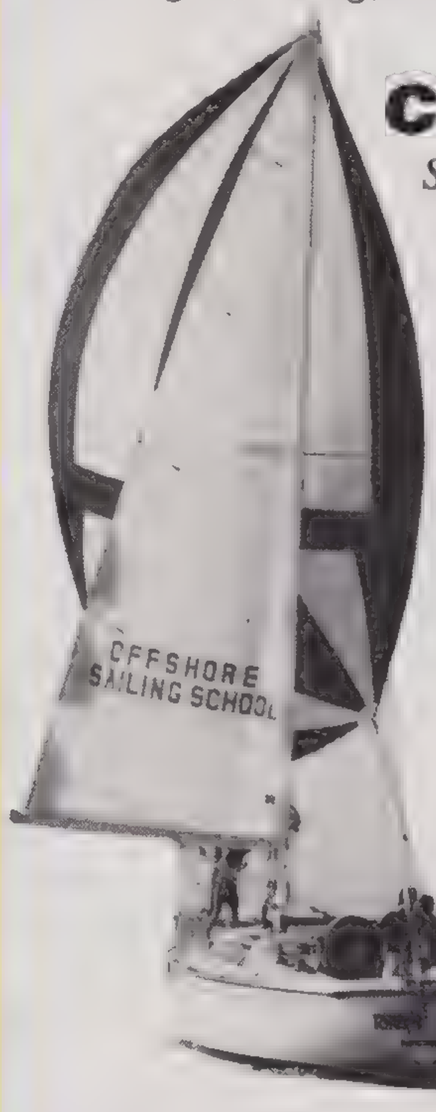

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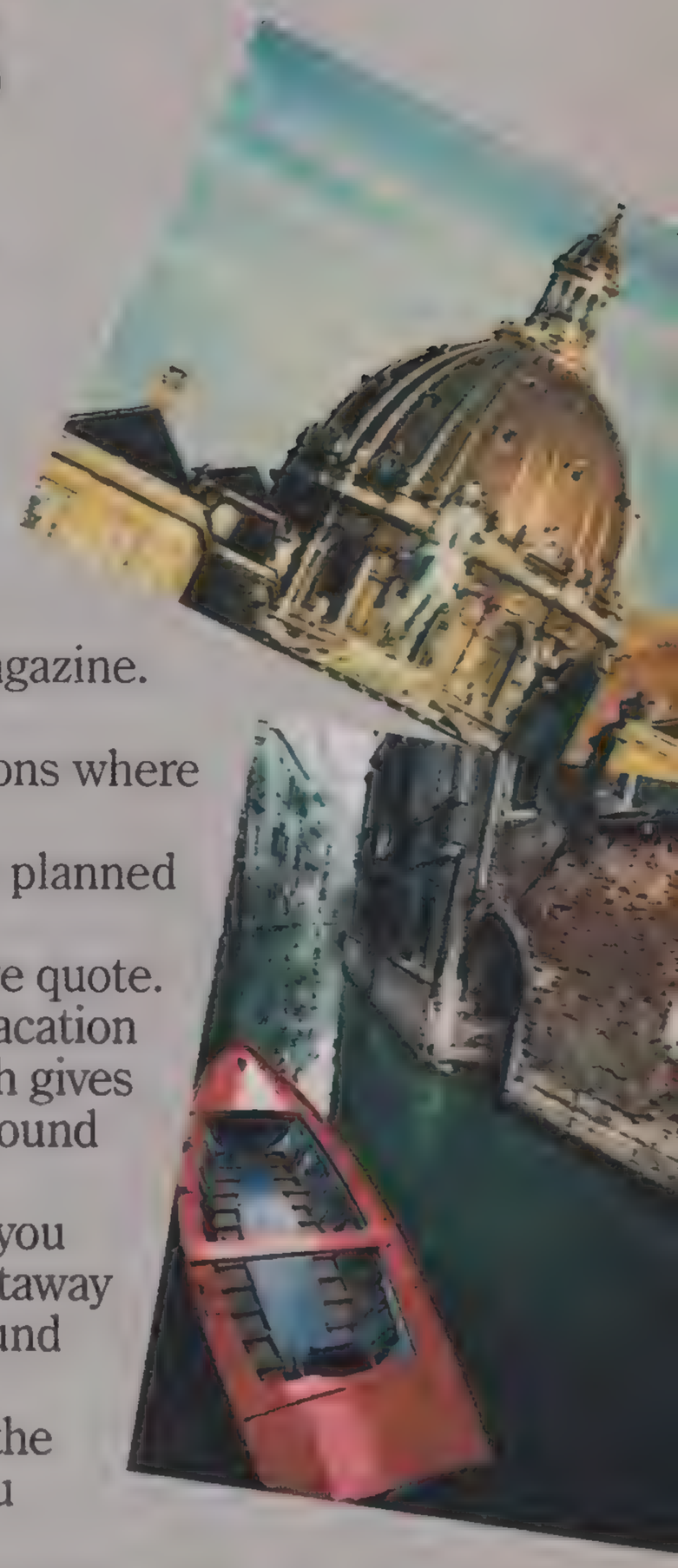

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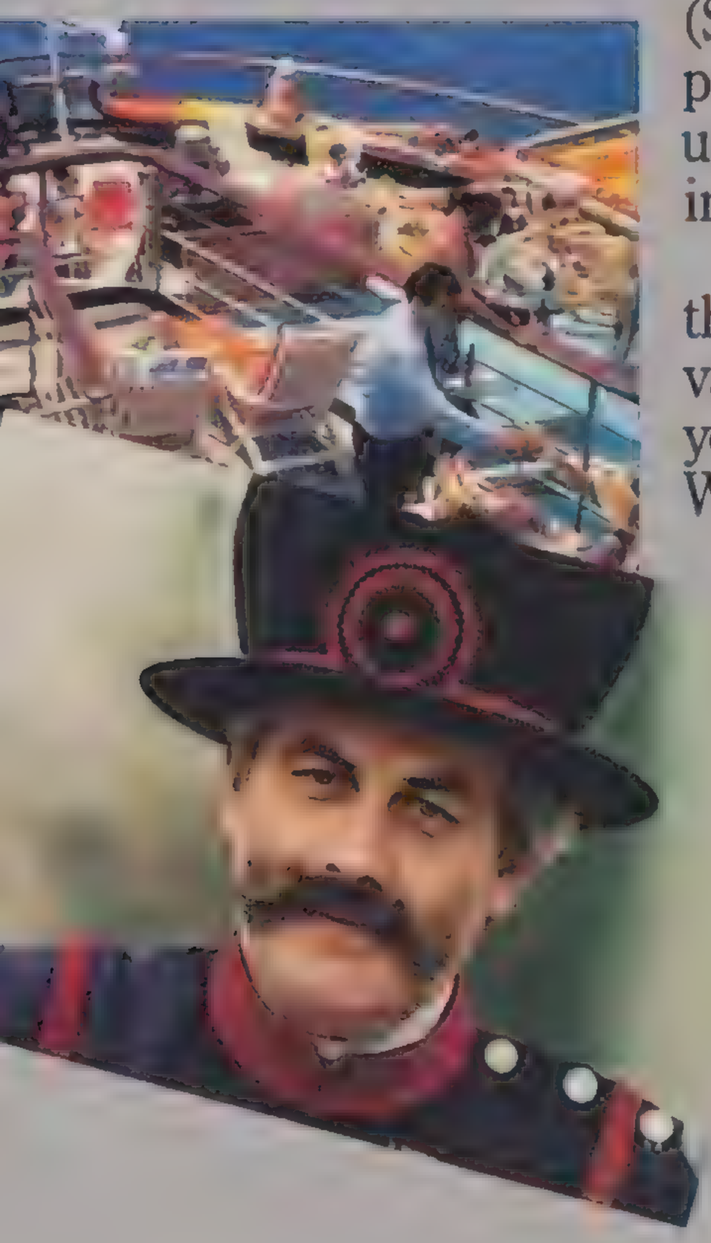

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travel

Jan Morris is bullish on Hong Kong. On the brink of a new destiny—returning to mainland China—"it's the most truly enthralling, perhaps the most truly significant place in the world."

Silently, separately, each one deep in his Business Section of *The South China Morning Post*, the European businessmen trundle slowly backwards down the steep funicular railway from their comfortable suburb on the wooded heights above the harbor—soberly suited, sober-mannered, grunting at the most a taciturn "Morning" to one another over the tops of their newspapers, or raising a common eyebrow over the state of the Hang Seng financial index. . .

And stepping from the train at the foot of the hill, where uniformed officials punctiliously greet the more eminent of the commuters, they emerge from the station directly into the indescribable human cauldron that is Hong Kong, seething, hissing, hooting, arguing, in a tangle of tunnels, ferries, and flyovers, with more people packed into a square mile than anywhere else on earth, with half-completed skyscrapers erupting everywhere into view, with fleets of ships lying offshore, with more ducks waiting to be eaten than all the rest of the world's ducks put together, with more money waiting to be made than Fords or Rockefellers could dream of, and with a pace of life so furious, a pressure so unremitting, a sense of scale and enterprise so prodigious that it all feels less like a real metropolis than a city of feverish dream.

In twelve years' time, the British Crown Colony of Hong Kong, the most astonishing epitome of the capitalist idea anywhere on the earth's surface, is due to become part of the People's Republic of China, the most variously baffling and overwhelming of all Communist societies; but this impending shift of destiny, whose meaning nobody really knows, only makes this fantastic place more fantastic still, and causes one to feel, as one steps from the Peak Tramway with those highly respectable *rentiers*, that one is entering a half-mad sort of casino for an almost unimaginable game of chance.

Hong Kong has always been, in fact, a daring and provocative gesture—a trading post on the edge of China established by the British Empire, 144 years ago, specifically to exploit the gigantic markets of the Chinese hinterland. It was an outrageous idea, conceived in a spirit of arrogant grab by merchants and financiers living on the other side of the globe, but brought to such inconceivable fruition that today Hong Kong is the third financial center of the entire world, the third container port, and a vast manufacturing complex in its own right. When the Chinese take it over, it will be the most glittering acquisition any state could possibly covet. The Chinese speak merely of reuniting Hong Kong with its natural motherland, but as I wander around its dazzling shopping arcades, or see those great office towers shining in the night, I often remember what Bismarck is supposed to have said when he first saw Paris: "What a place to loot!"

Hong Kong feels less like a real metropolis than a city of feverish dream

Pure greed being the reason for the existence of the place, at first Hong Kong on the brink of its great denouement seems more or less as usual. Before the Chinese and the British reached their agreement about the future of the colony in 1984, things were rather jittery here—property *(Continued on page 234)*

LESLIE SZABO

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hong kong

(Continued from page 233)

values slumped, companies pulled out, the Hong Kong dollar precipitously fell. Today, in the manner of such stock-market societies, the climate has changed again, everything feels bullish, and a stranger might suppose that the status quo was expected to last forever.

God knows it is a peculiar enough status. What could be odder, if you happened to be a visitor from Mars, say, than to discover here on the China Coast, in 1985, a Gurkha pipe band of the British army playing Scottish marches on the waterfront? What more confusing than to see Kwok Ka, defendant in the case of *Regina v. Ka*, tried for his alleged misdemeanors by The Honorable Sir Denys Roberts in fullest Old Bailey wig and tabs? What *would* you think was going on, if you chanced to encounter Lady Youde, wife of His Excellency the Governor, inspecting the gilded corpse of the monk Yuet Kai in the Temple of Man Fat, or Sir Yuet-Kueng Kan, Knight Grand Cross of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire, on his way to a board meeting of Hongkong and Shanghai Hotels, Ltd.? It is a wonderland in many senses, the Crown Colony of Hong Kong.

And its transformation from primitive coastal settlement to immensely sophisticated city-state, which has been proceeding ever since 1841, continues its ever-headlong progress. Higher, richer, thicker, stronger, grander rise the office blocks, the hotels, the apartment houses, and the mighty tenements. Mile by mile, the city purlieus are transformed from pristine Chinese countryside to impenetrable labyrinths of high-rise and industry. A magnificent brand-new expressway runs along the central waterfront, yet another lavish subway is being excavated, and the new building of the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corp., rising in massive muscular heft above the financial district, contains sixty-two separate escalators and is said to be the most expensive office block ever constructed.

> *At a casual glance, all is normal in Hong Kong—where, after all, abnormality has always been the norm*

And imperturbably, it seems, the everyday life of Hong Kong proceeds as it ever did, from the richest level, which is almost indescribably rich, to the poorest, which is almost unthinkably poor—from the Chinese billionaire in his air-conditioned palace above the sea to the Chinese immigrant family stacked hugger-mugger, six to a room, in their tenement apartment of Kowloon.

On Hennessy Road, T. K. Wong and Associates assiduously produce their thousands of Robot watches, which can be turned at will from digital timepieces into posable automatons; on Nathan Road, the man who makes grasshoppers out of bamboo straws constructs his insects one by one on the sidewalk. The glorious Mandarin hotel, which I am not alone in thinking the best in the world, smoothly lubricates the hours with chilled Chablis and Tuna Tartare (fresh tuna fish, that is, with roe, served on a toasted bagel with quail eggs, asparagus, and cherry tomatoes). Half a mile away, hardly less efficiently or deliciously, the quayside stalls of the Poor Man's Nightclub amply satisfy the other half with glutinous fish soup and chunks of greasy duck.

In short, one might think, at a casual glance, all is normal in Hong Kong—where, after all, abnormality has always been the norm.

But it is not so. How could it be, when the whole of this mighty structure faces an imminent reversal of its very sovereignty, not to mention its ideology? Hong Kong, 1985, is actually in an altogether new condition of febrile excitement—inflamed, obsessed. The stakes in the great casino are higher than they have ever been; the gamblers more thrillingly reckless!

For if some people suppose that 1997, when Hong Kong becomes Chinese, will really mean the end of this matchless money machine, others believe that it will only be a beginning, and that the idea of Hong Kong as the siphon of all Chinese wealth will only then come to fulfillment. The future of the place is an endlessly recurrent subject of Hong Kong speculation, like apartheid in South Africa, to which all conversation eventually returns; but among foreigners at least it is hardly discussed with foreboding, still less with resignation, but with a kind of steely *frisson*. To the Chinese, it is only a reconciliation of history, however unsettling and unforeseeable; to the foreign merchants and financiers, the *gweilo*, the *taipan*, who knows? It may turn out to be, after all, a stupendous new opportunity for enrichment.

So all around you now is the excitement of a new pack. In and out of China pour the foreign speculators and the investors. On the waterfront arises a gigantic new China ferry station. Every day brings news of some momentous enterprise—Hong Kong money for a Chinese nuclear power station, a new skyscraper in Hong Kong for Beijing's Bank of China. All is in the air. There may be fortunes to be made. There may be calamities to face. Who knows? Who knows?

Who ever *did* know, in this amazing fortress of the main chance? The blazing lights of Hong Kong have never shone more brilliantly than they do in 1985; the satellites never winged the Hong Kong quotations more urgently around the earth; as the two great social or moral systems of our time, the Communist and the Capitalist, prepare to unite in this improbable corner of Asia, Hong Kong seems to me at this moment the most truly enthralling, perhaps the most truly significant place in the world. ▽

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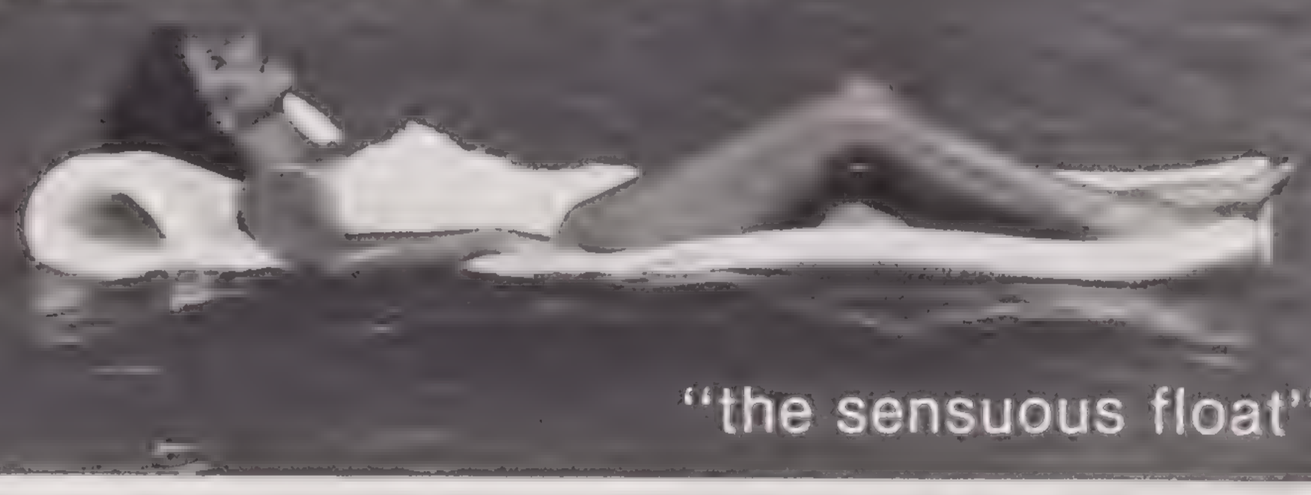

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travel

Luxury on the lake: the timeless lures and legendary splendors of Lake Como's Villa d'Este hotel

By Andrea Chambers

In the early morning, the mood is melancholic. Water and mist merge in a surrealistic haze; and one can see how Bellini, Rossini, Stendhal, and Longfellow took brooding inspiration from these shadowy shores. Later, in the full glory of an Italian sun, Lake Como reveals the kind of majestic beauty that startles even the most jaded tourists. This serene expanse of water is ringed by mountains, snow-covered until early summer, plunging precipitously into the lake's glacial depths. Clinging to the banks are little *gelato*-colored villages, their church spires beacons to the rowboats and ferryboats that endlessly ruffle the waters. Here and there are the grand villas of noblemen, past and present. Marble statues grace the lawns and terraces, and rhododendrons and azaleas cascade almost to the waves that lap the grounds.

There is no neon here, no graffiti, and no smog. Only the *autostrada* that exits at Como, the largest community on the lake and a well-known silk-producing center, is proof that you are really in Italy's industrial North. What's more surprising is that you are only a forty-five-minute drive from Milan. Savvy Milanese come up to the lake for lunch or a weekend. But a longer stay is what you want in this romantic region so near, yet so far from civilization. And where you stay on Lake Como is the Villa d'Este.

I did not arrive, as some do, on the *Orient-Express* to Milan (and then in the hotel's Mercedes for the trip to Como). Nor did I land in a private seaplane. Pulling up to the portico in my little rented Fiat, I was nevertheless handed out grandly and invited into a villa of creamy white stucco trimmed with the color of brushed Florentine gold. The lobby, a blue and gold salon stately with velvet sofas and Murano chandeliers, was cool and nearly deserted at midday. The guests were prudently taking a siesta, or sunning by the pool. I was ushered across the marble floors and into a tiny elevator padded from top to bottom with yellow and white striped Como silk.

A doge couldn't have objected to my room, graciously proportioned and appointed with aquamarine silk draperies and Empire furniture embellished with gold. I opened the shut-

WILLIAM J. CHAMBERS

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ters and the scene got even better. To my left was another villa, this one terra-cotta-hued with trompe l'oeil shutters and trim. To the right: the red tiled roofs and church spire of Cernobbio, the quiet little village at the edge of the hotel's ten acres of lawns and gardens. And straight ahead was that storybook lake.

The arresting beauty of Lake Como was a lure as far back as Roman times. It is said that Pliny the Younger built a villa here and called it Tragedy. He then named a second villa Comedy. Later, in Renaissance times, a wealthy Cardinal, Tolomeo Gallio, hankered after an estate on these shores, and built what would someday become the Villa d'Este. After the Cardinal came a succession of noble inhabitants, including a nineteenth-century Princess of Wales, Caroline of Brunswick, and Czarina Maria Feodorovna. Then, in 1873, a group of Italian businessmen turned the country retreat into a hotel.

Over the years, the Aga Khan visited here and entered a four-kilometer road race from Como to San Fermo. Alfred Hitchcock was a regular, and worked on his film scripts in the early morning in a quiet corner of the lobby. Elizabeth Taylor and Nicky Hilton honeymooned at the Villa d'Este, and spread the word. Tyrone Power, Ava Gardner, Stewart Granger, and Perry Como checked in to see what all the fuss was about. Clark Gable visited several times and so endeared himself to the staff that the concierge was emboldened to ask, on behalf of his wife, whether Captain Butler ever returned to "Rossella" (Italian for Scarlett). Replied Signore Gable: "I don't know. The movie ended."

Besides the onslaught from Hollywood, there have been great waves from all over the United States. The management, mindful that their American guests are compulsive about working off pasta, has constructed a heated indoor pool and a health club complete with Nautilus machines, sauna, and squash courts. There are eight tennis courts, a nearby golf course, sailboats, and motorboats. Should you want to parachute or merely water-ski, that can be arranged, and so can windsurfing.

All this is not to say that the fresh-water outdoor pool, suspended at the edge of the lake on a redwood deck, is in any way underappreciated. This is the gathering place at the Villa d'Este and the activity begins at a decent interval after breakfast.

The pool boys rush to smooth out the blue and white cushions on the deck chairs, and the sunbathers unfold and lather themselves. Beneath them the deck sways ever so gently like an ocean liner on a smooth sea. Over there, an American model in a tiny white bikini tells two admiring German gentlemen how she came to the Villa d'Este for a magazine fashion shoot last year and how she couldn't resist a return visit. Over there, a bejeweled Italian woman in turban and maillot stretches out alone. Last night, glistening like the chandeliers, she dined alone. I decide she is a widowed contessa. She, as well as the California family playing Trivial Pursuit, the English honeymooners, the pretty blond Australian lawyer on a world tour...and almost everyone else, claps and shouts "Bravo" as five water-skiiers skim by, two perched on the shoulders of the other three.

Later, when it is time to meander inside for a late-afternoon drink or walk through the corridors, one is struck by the Europeanism of this quasi-American resort. Explore the marble halls and you will find a grand ballroom with Venetian mosaic floors and also a little banquet salon, called the Napoleon Room, where the gold brocade wall panels are adorned with Bonaparte's seal. And throughout the rooms and suites, the same grandeur prevails. The furniture is usually Empire, the upholstery velvet and silk, and the antique accessories ubiquitous: an eighteenth-century clock with cherubs, a collection of Chinese porcelain dogs, a carved gold urn on a pedestal. My favorite of these lavish abodes is suite 131-133, Hitchcock's favorite, too, with its yellow silk sitting room that overlooks the Italian gardens and statue of Hercules. The bath, like all those at the hotel, is marble and all the faucets—even those on the bidet—are encrusted with bits of colored glass.

The grand old European style is also evident in the service. Mario Arrigo, the longtime general manager, is a vigilant host who trains his staff to greet guests by name and to care for their every need. At the front desk, Romano Scotti, the concierge, offers his services, which include booking airline reservations on sold-out flights (a point of pride) or arranging for *(Continued on page 238)*

VOGUE TRAVEL GUIDE

HONG KONG

1 ☐ General information, travel facts —from the Hong Kong Tourist Association
2 ☐ THE MANDARIN HOTEL
3 ☐ JAPAN AIR/VISITOURS, INC.: "Hong Kong To-Fit"—1985 tour brochure
4 ☐ CATHAY PACIFIC AIRWAYS: Tour and schedule information

HOTELS/RESORTS/SPAS

5 ☐ HOME HILL COUNTRY INN, Plainfield, NH
6 ☐ THE PHOENIX SPA, Houston, TX
7 ☐ KIAWAH ISLAND, Charleston, SC
8 ☐ THE ROYAL BAHAMIAN, Cable Beach, Nassau, Bahamas. Formerly the Balmoral Beach Club, exotic hideaway of the rich and famous, the recently refurbished Royal Bahamian offers 175 rooms, 10 lavish villas (some with private swimming pools), and a health spa featuring mud baths

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villa d'este

(Continued from page 237)

dinner at Maxim's, should Paris be your next stop. Consider these matters put before Signore Scotti around the time of my stay: a couple had a desire to attend a performance of Mozart's *Lucio Silla,* rarely heard in Italy, at La Scala. The evening, a private performance, was sold out; but Scotti prevailed on his friends in the concierge network in Milan (just as they call upon him for favors in the Lake District), and tickets were swiftly arranged. And then there was the New Yorker to whom large sums of *lire* were of no consequence. He desired lunch at the Hotel Cipriani in Venice, a distance of about 160 miles. Could a helicopter be arranged? It was with a smile and a "*Buon appetito.*"

His fellow guests, meanwhile, were content with a salad or plate of pasta by the pool. Lunch at the Villa d'Este is a fairly casual affair (although a full-course meal can be had in the dining room). Most guests are still sated from breakfast, which is a symphony of eggs, smoked hams, pastry, even sparkling wine, and not the little chorus of coffee and croissants one usually finds in a European hotel.

Dinner is another performance orchestrated grandly in the velvet plushness of the Verandah restaurant. This salon opens on two sides to the hotel's sculpted gardens with their mosaic walls and statues, and on one side to the lake. The decision is a hard one: whether to sit on one of the gold chairs that face out to the view, or on one that allows you to see who is coming and going. At the height of the dinner hour, there is a great bustle in the room as waiters flambé desserts and make sure wine never sinks below a certain level.

For a less formal meal, there is The Grill, a California-style room with peach walls and giant plane trees. In both dining rooms, the menu is similar and typically Northern Italian. Risotto is prepared with squid, whiskey, smoked salmon, even perch fillets. The regional pastas, which tend to be variations on a flat noodle rather than the round squiggly southern pastas, are sauced with caviar, clams, cream and walnuts, or perhaps pumpkin.

When it comes time for a *dolce,* try the *gelati, panettone,* or one of the *tortes,* but do leave room for the tiny cookies presented with a flourish at the Verandah. They arrive in a little cottage made of sugar, lighted from within, and called a *casetta* (small house).

It is seductively easy to drift from sparkling wine at breakfast to a final Cognac at the Villa d'Este without ever venturing far astray. Yet the lake beckons. One afternoon I headed off in a motorboat in the direction of Bellagio. Nanni, my driver, spoke odd bits of English, but was comprehensive in his gestures describing the beauties of the lake. We passed those tiny towns whose pink and ocher houses were shuttered against the summer sun. Nanni pointed out large villas and small ones (the help problem, he told me, meant that many of the big ones are up for sale), and also historic ones. There, Nanni noted, was the villa where Churchill stayed, and over there in that abandoned, melancholy-looking one, Rossini composed his opera *Tancredi* in five days. The Villa Carlotta in Tremezzo with its famous gardens and sculptures by Canova is open to visitors, and so is the grand Villa Melzi in Bellagio. The two villas being built for an Arab prince, Nanni noted, are definitely off limits to tourists. "*Molti petrodollars,*" he reported, rubbing his fingers together in that gesture understood everywhere.

When we got to Bellagio at the tip of a hilly promontory, Nanni left me alone to wander the flowered terraces and narrow cobblestone streets. Shops jostle each other for space on the hillside, and one can buy Como silks, Florentine leathers, and Venetian silks, not to mention lesser touristy goods. But shopping, somehow, seemed anticlimactic after the pleasures of the lake.

Years ago, before World War II, some other travelers had a yen to see Lake Como. Carlo Magni, the hotel's longtime concierge who retired in 1979, arranged for the Duke and Duchess of Windsor to be rowed across the lake under a full moon to a little restaurant in Torno. After the war, they returned to the Villa d'Este and Magni booked them the same table at the restaurant and found the same boat to take them there. "Even the moon," marveled the Duchess, "is the same."

The boat is gone now, I am told; but the lake is still there, as are the restaurant, the moon, and the Villa d'Este's willingness to accommodate every visitor's whim. ▽

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travel

Paradise at sea: a week aboard the most glamorous ship on earth—Sea Goddess I

By Andrea Lee

When my husband Tom and I began addressing each other with the ghastly politeness of two prisoners forced to share the same cell, we realized no marriage counselor was called for—simply a bit of intensive pampering. For us, that took the form of a week's sail from Greece to Italy on the Norwegian liner *Sea Goddess I*, a ship so luxurious that its tickets arrived not in an envelope but concealed inside a velvet box. On the day before we left for Athens, I bought a small leather notebook—to record what would become a voyage of rejuvenation. . . .

Saturday. We have hit upon one of those rare crystalline days in Athens when the veil of pollution lifts, and the antique light gives all shapes chiseled edges. *Sea Goddess I* lies at anchor in Piraeus, looking quite lovely: she is small for a cruise liner, with room for only 116 passengers—which makes the ship something of a hybrid between the *Normandie* and a private yacht.

Apricot curtains divide our suite (the *Sea Goddess* has only suites) into a small bedroom and sitting room. Huge mirrored closets, a queen-sized bed stacked with hills of down pillows (goodbye berth!), apricot carpeting. Gleaming brass lamps, a VCR, fresh flowers, fresh fruit, seriously comfortable chairs, and a couch piled with multi colored cushions. In the bathroom—a real bathroom—thick terry robes, mountains of towels, Mary Chess soaps, René Guinot sun cream. In the bar, French crystal glasses, Chivas Regal and its associates. In the refrigerator, a bottle of very good Champagne. Already, an almost indecent feeling of bliss is descending upon us.

Our cabin stewardess pops in to show us how things work—chiefly, how to call room service, which operates twenty-four hours a day. (We can also telephone the world directly from the suite.) The crew seems to be international, with a preponderance, naturally, of Norwegians—and all seem blond, tanned, impossibly cheerful.

Tom and I shower, put on fresh clothes, then wander out to the Main Salon, a subtle grey room with Art Deco touches of chrome and fuchsia. We eventually go down to the dining room, done in mirrors and muted pinks. Dinner is oysters, broiled lobster with a crisp garnish of *nouvelle*-style vegetables, endive salad, sumptuous pastries. More Champagne, followed by Pouilly-Fuissé. Outside, the sun sets over the Aegean. Tom and I raise our glasses and toast "*luxe, calme, et volupté.*"

Sunday. Already—and how marvelous it is—I am starting to feel that dreamy detachment that inevitably takes hold when one travels over water. An almost hypnotic self-involvement: all that matters is this particular, well-contained little world.

We wake up heading toward Turkey. At breakfast in the suite this morning—Tom and I are breakfast addicts and order a huge one: buckwheat pancakes, Swedish waffles, eggs, finnan haddie, fresh strawberries, fresh orange juice, coffee, hot milk—we see the brown-green outlying islands slipping by in a dazzling sea.

A morning meander through the ship takes me to the library, the compact gym, and ultimately to the pool. The sunlight glitters on a whole row of Rolexes as twenty passengers lie roasting themselves around the teak deck and hot tub. I settle myself on a cushioned deck chair and fantasize about Kusadasi, Turkey—our impending port.

At two o'clock, we dock in this popular resort town on the coast of Asia Minor, where vast brown and green Anatolian slopes sweep down to a limpid sea and dromedaries plod along the sides of a curving hill road. A few miles inland from Kusadasi lie the extraordinary ruins of the ancient Greco-Roman city of Ephesus. Thirty years of excavation have brought to light an enormous cosmopolitan city of white marble avenues, exquisitely carved statues, pillars, and façades in finer condition than anything in the Roman Forum, and a monumental amphitheater.

With a guide provided by the *Sea Goddess*, we wander through *(Continued on page 242)*

LESLIE SZAB

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The great love stories are not necessarily tales of grandeur or splendor. Often, they are the unfolding of small, sweet, quiet intimacies, of conversations without words.

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sea goddess

(Continued from page 240)

the ruins as a sea breeze stirs red poppies among the tall June grasses. Later, before the ship leaves at seven, we roam the streets of Kusadasi, peering at shops selling copper and Oriental rugs.

Monday. Early this morning, we dock near Lindos, a small village on the island of Rhodes; by eleven o'clock, Tom is snappily windsurfing and water-skiing around the ship. There are equipment and supervising crew members for all of us, but most passengers, including me, prefer simply to swim or snorkel from the water-sports platform the *Sea Goddess* can lower from her stern. Lindos' harbor is small—golden rocks and beaches, white buildings, blue sea. The water is dotted with private yachts, *pedalos,* motor launches, other windsurfers, but no other cruise ships: the small size of the *Sea Goddess* makes it possible to dock in these tiny, gorgeous, out-of-the-way harbors.

A pause on the sun deck to dry off, then lunch in bathing suits in the outdoor café on Deck Three. What is referred to as "light lunch" involves choosing from great platters of cold shrimp and stone-crab claws; bowls of Greek salad; hamburgers, shish kebab, or lobster tails grilled to order; mountains of fresh berries, apricots, and kiwi fruit; and more fabulous pastries (the latter all baked aboard ship, I discover, as are dinner rolls and our morning brioches and croissants).

As the ship sets sail toward the city of Rhodes on another side of the island, Tom and I loll in our suite, watching *The Grapes of Wrath:* someone with a wry humor placed a number of gritty populist movies in the VCR library of this floating pleasure dome.

In the Old Town of Rhodes, in the early evening sunlight, *bouzouki* music spills from the doorway of every *taverna* and souvenir stand, as Greek shopkeepers watch sunburned English, German, and Scandinavian tourists stroll through the winding streets. In the air, the mingling smells of cheap leather, souvlaki, retsina, and the sea bring back to me everything I have always found magical about the Greek Islands. Tom and I buy some worry beads (what could we possibly have to worry about?), share a plate of moussaka, and idle along the Street of the Knights, a cypress-shaded avenue whose medieval lineaments evoke the time when Rhodes was a stronghold of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem.

On our way back to the harbor, we come upon modern-day reality with a jolt: Melina Mercouri, every blond, vibrant inch of her, is speaking to a crowd of islanders. As the Greek Minister of Culture, she is arguing the cause of the Socialist candidate for the post of Representative to the European Parliament.

Back on deck after dinner, another passenger asks us what all the noise has been about in town. "It was a rally for the Greek Socialist candidate," says Tom, and the other passenger looks uncomprehending, then uninterested. Not getting involved—another privilege of cruising? *(Continued on page 245)*

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PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE KAUAI SURF, KALAPAKI BEACH, KAUAI "HAWAII'S COMPLETE RESORT"

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The scent was deliciously warm—and absolutely magnetic.

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sea goddess

(Continued from page 242)

Tuesday. A glorious day on Crete—and now we are off toward Sicily. This is a dress-up evening on the *Sea Goddess*, so Tom hauls out his tuxedo, and I put on a long silk skirt and blouse. After another superb dinner, with all the passengers in their finery, Tom and I go up to the deserted sun deck. A big three-quarters-full moon is shining over the Ionian Sea, and we stand in evening dress by a ship's railing as music plays from the salon downstairs. "I feel like Fred Astaire," says Tom, running a hand over his slicked-back hair. "Then perhaps we should go downstairs and dance," I say. Which is what we do.

Thursday. This morning we arrive in the Sicilian city of Siracusa, where *ragazzi* rev their motorbikes by the dock and whole families come strolling down to the port to inspect the *Sea Goddess*. Siracusa is an ancient city with a huge archaeological zone that includes a tremendous number of monuments, among them a remarkably preserved Greek theater in which classical dramas are still performed. Tom and I choose not to visit monuments, but simply walk through the twisting ocher-colored streets near the port, stopping for a cup of strong coffee in a bar, wandering past heaped baskets of glistening shellfish and monstrous red slabs of fresh tuna at the outdoor market, and pausing to decipher crumbling coats of arms over the doorways of silent, unlit houses. Then we go back aboard the *Sea Goddess*, which we have decided is really nicer than just about any port. A womb mentality is starting to operate here, and our answer to any stress on land is "back aboard!"

Friday. Sorrento. I write this from a deck chair beside the pool as we lie at anchor off the Amalfi coast, one of the most beautiful stretches of land in Italy. Green hills and steep rocky bluffs plunge down to the sea; fantastically shaped cliffs rise above old pastel-colored hotels and villas set in lush gardens of palms and pruned oleander hedges; little villages lie scattered between the heights and the ravines. The water around the *Sea Goddess* is full of the bright sails of windsurfers (Tom is one of them), and I can feel my damp bathing suit drying in the sun. Half of the passengers are visiting Pompeii; the other half lie here, talking idly, exchanging the jokes born of a week-long intimacy, all of us aware, with a half-nostalgic, end-of-term feeling, that this is the last afternoon on ship. Tonight, we all dress up again for a farewell cocktail party.

The deck steward comes by and refills my glass: he knows I take mineral water by now. Can it be possible that, starting tomorrow, I'll have to get my own drinks? Impossible to believe, in this atmosphere of opulence, laxity, and ease, on an afternoon that is a Scott Fitzgerald dream of summer, when the one Zen question that goes through the mind is, "What is the sound of skin tanning?"

I don't mention Fitzgerald idly: the story I've been reading all afternoon is "The Diamond as Big as the Ritz." ▽

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V5

The Essential Time-Out.

VIEW

BY ANDRÉ LEON TALLEY

Paris accessories...dancing gowns with a different twist...flashes of fashion news for fall and winter

SCENE IN PARIS: Davé, the Chinese-Vietnamese eatery on Rue St. Roch, is the new, hot place to eat, where St. Laurent recently met Francis Ford Coppola. Paloma Picasso, Azzedine Alaïa are regulars

DANCE FEVER

Dancing to a different tune is the big ballgown for spring, a look that floated through couture collections. In a season of fresh, narrow news for evening, the full-blown full-skirted dress is one more mood to offer women now. Says Karl Lagerfeld, of his dress for Chanel, *center left*: "I joined eighteenth-century elements of embroidery to the 'fifties debutante skirt. The difference is that the skirt looks new off the carpet with matching embroidered shoes. It's an alternative for a woman who wants to be in a slim dress for a quiet event, then a huge volume for gliding along the stairs of the Opera." Gliding ballgowns show up at YSL (*top left*) and at André Laug (*bottom left*), as well. Gloria Vanderbilt, *above*, in her new book of memoirs *Once Upon a Time* (Knopf) vividly recalls her first June dances and the impact of the proper dance gown. *("View" continued on page 250)*

Head waves

SCHIAPARELLI STARTED IT ALL IN THE 'THIRTIES: HANDBAGS PLAYED TUNES WHEN YOU OPENED THEM. OR LOOKED LIKE TELEPHONES. LOBSTERS SWISHED ALONG EVENING GOWNS, AND HATS RESEMBLED UPSIDE-DOWN SHOES ON THE HEAD . . . OR LAMB CHOPS. THE WIT CONTINUES: WHEN KARL LAGERFELD WAS IN ENGLAND LAST YEAR, HE PASSED BY THE WINDOWS OF A NEW LONDON SHOP. HATS THERE, DESIGNED BY KIRSTEN WOODWARD, WERE NON-SERIOUS ASIDES, TOTALLY DECORATIVE, MEANT (LIKE THE EXAGGERATED TURBAN, *ABOVE*) FOR REVVING UP EVERYTHING FROM DRESSY BEACH ROBES TO DINNER DRESSING. LAGERFELD NOW HAS HIRED WOODWARD TO COLLABORATE ON HATS FOR CHANEL, FOR HIS OWN SIGNATURE COLLECTION, AND FOR FENDI. "WATCH FOR TOQUES MIXING REAL SABLE WITH FAKE FUR," SAYS KARL LAGERFELD. "LOTS OF COLORS."

HORST, RODGER DUNCAN, CLAUS OHM

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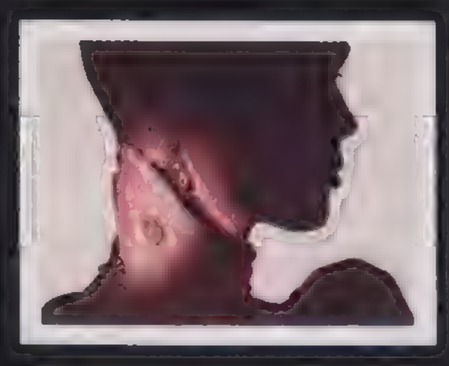
HERE...

OSCAR KNOWS

ME HERE...

AND THERE...

AND HERE...



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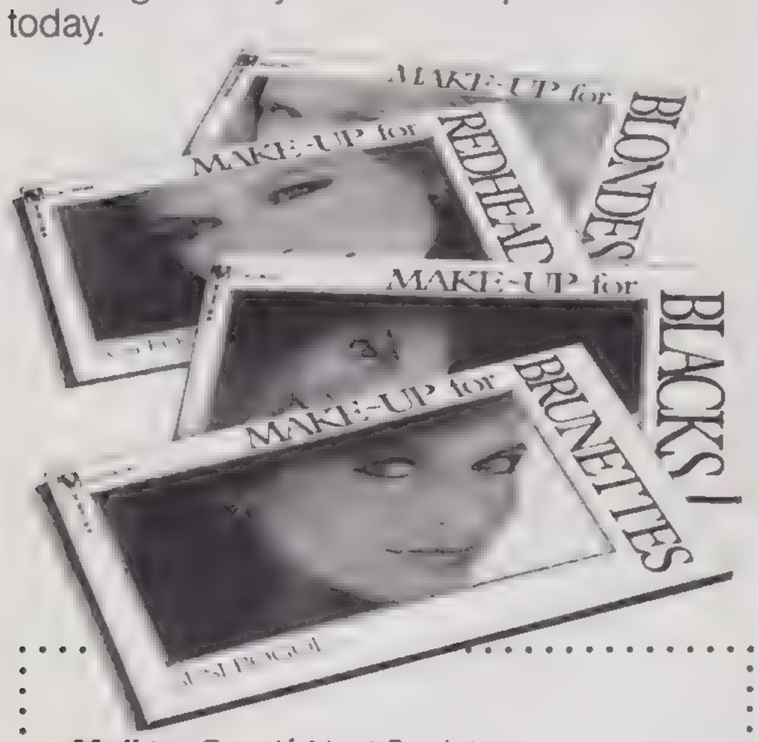

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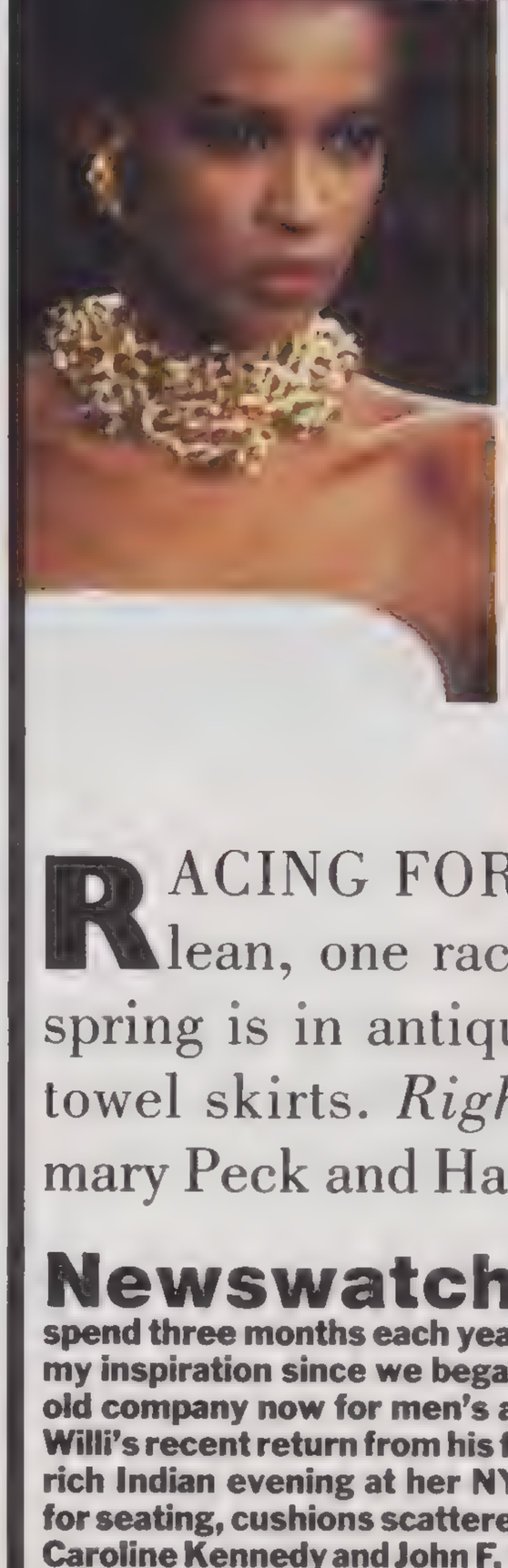
VIEW

Brilliant effects



nabashed opulence in accessories is no light matter in the current European couture season. And when designers are showing silhouettes that generally convey a streamlined simplicity, it is ornate and dramatic accessories that enhance. Gilded and lavish embroidery is part of the attractiveness: at Valentino, high-heeled sandals (above) in light-catching fabrics are hand-appliquéd with relief beading. Bold drama, always pivotal at YSL, stacks up as necklaces. Sometimes two or three varied textures of polished woods, metals, and gold-washed surfaces are worn with day as well as evening clothes. A lavish spray of coral, left, sets up his long white strapless evening dress. Above right: For a dinner dress with diamanté buttons, YSL loads up the excitement—cascades of rock crystal at the ears, wrists, neck.

RACING FORMS: Narrow and lean, one racy way to dress for spring is in antique Irish linen tea-towel skirts. *Right*: Skirt by Rosemary Peck and Harriet Selwyn, L.A.

Newswatch: **Willi Smith and business partner Laurie Mallet spend three months each year in India. "It has been part of my inspiration since we began WilliWear," their nine-year-old company now for men's as well as women's wear. For Willi's recent return from his favorite country, Mallet gave a rich Indian evening at her NYC loft: Indian dancers, food; for seating, cushions scattered on the floor like rose petals. Caroline Kennedy and John F. Kennedy, Jr., were among the guests.**

HELENE TRAN KIM, VIVIENNE FLESHER, CLAUS OHM

U N E R E N C O N T R E

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G I V E N C H Y PARIS

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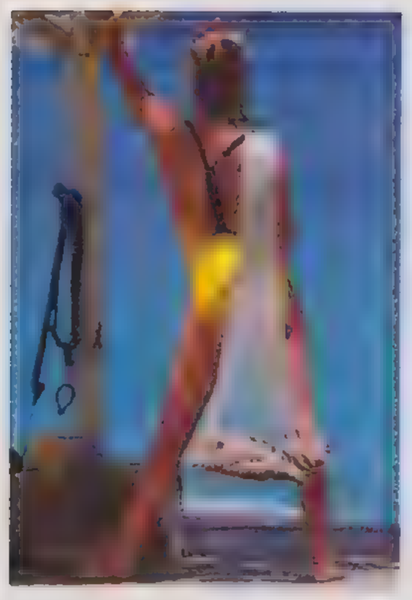

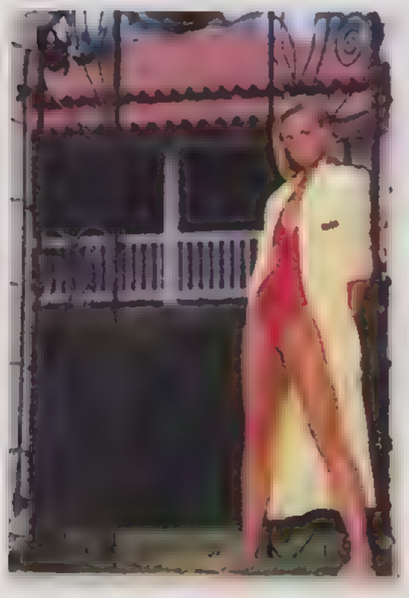

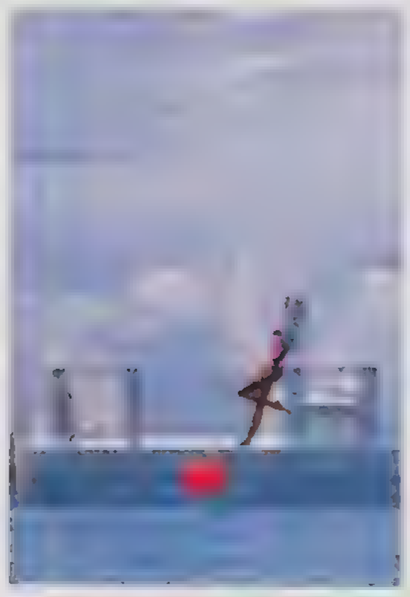

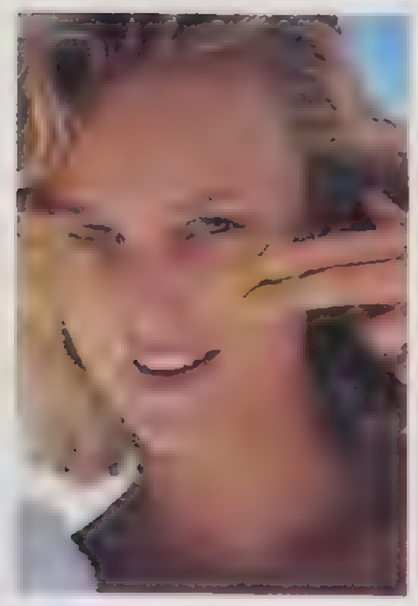

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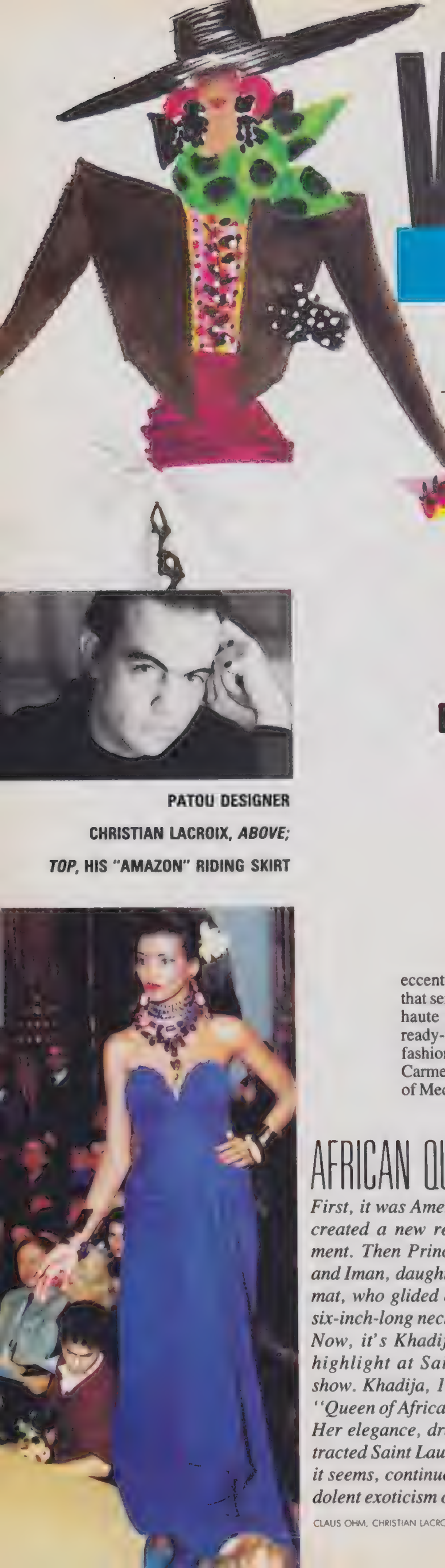

VIEW

Patou: with a new spirit

Jean Patou made his name by translating sports style into modern couture and creating, in 1926, Joy perfume. In the 'twenties, his Paris house—and the house of Chanel—were leaders of fashion. Today, in 1985, former free-lance ready-to-wear designer Christian Lacroix is translating a bold ready-to-wear impact into new Patou haute-couture collections.

After three years with Patou, Lacroix's spring and summer couture message: a sense of modernity adapted from Spanish toreador inspiration—with, he says, "a feeling of the modern glamour of *Dallas* and *Dynasty*.

"These shows reflect a certain baroque eccentricity, culturally and fashionwise. I feel that sense of modern style has to be injected into haute couture, as couture has lagged behind ready-to-wear for a while as a major influence in fashion. I took a bit of Andalusia and the spirit of Carmen from the film *Carmen Jones* for a motif of Mediterranean glamour."

PATOU DESIGNER CHRISTIAN LACROIX, *ABOVE; TOP,* HIS "AMAZON" RIDING SKIRT

AFRICAN QUEEN

First, it was American Naomi Sims, who created a new realm in runway excitement. Then Princess Elizabeth of Toro; and Iman, daughter of a Somalian diplomat, who glided down runways with her six-inch-long neck and dramatic posture. Now, it's Khadija, left, who became a highlight at Saint Laurent's couture show. Khadija, 1984's Miss Kenya, also "Queen of Africa," comes from Nairobi. Her elegance, drama, and modernity attracted Saint Laurent, a designer who is, it seems, continuously inspired by the indolent exoticism of African models.

CLAUS OHM, CHRISTIAN LACROIX, HELENE BAMBERGER

NEWSWATCH

Fashion as art, an increasingly popular draw for small museums, is an idea that has traveled well—ever since the annual fashion exhibitions in the Costume Institute at NYC's Metropolitan Museum first set the standard twelve years ago. This February, Azzedine Alaïa (his brief summer skirt and top, *above left*) was the subject of a live fashion retrospective at the Museum of Contemporary Art, Bordeaux, France. The show covered five years of Alaïa, his unique anatomical cut. From May 11 to July 1, The Museum of Modern Art, Troyes, France (150 kms from Paris) will present Castelbajac: clothes (robe, *above right*) mounted like works of art.

GOLD RUSH To mine from fall/winter New York collections: solid gold. At Ralph Lauren, hunting gear is splashed in gold; twin-set cardigan sweaters in silk and Lurex knit get worn with hunting boots and grey flannels. Stephen Sprouse ruffles his version of the poet's shirt—for men and women—from gold tissue lamé fabric.

("View" continued on page 254)

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VIEW

WILD LEAVES FROM DOUANIER ROUSSEAU'S JUNGLE-LANDSCAPE PAINTINGS INSPIRED ME TO DO THIS SUMMER 'GARDENING' BOOT," SAYS MANOLO BLAHNIK: IN GARDEN-GREEN SUEDE, WITH A PIXIE-FLAT HEEL, SOMETHING FOR GREENHOUSE CHORES OR ALFRESCO LUNCHES

Raj revisited

An Indian ruler, in the heyday of early twentieth-century splendor, rinsed out coffers of jewels, then covered entire palace rooftops with stones to dry in the sun. Today, Oriental dazzle translates as gleaming accessories teamed with new narrowness: slim Indian nawab jackets, right, in raw silk from New Republic, NYC. Paisley pins and dazzling cascades of crystal bracelets (Eric Beamon's, right) are the opulent update.

NEWSWATCH: NOTABLE CAUSES

Graffiti artist Keith Haring recently took over the weekend dance-marathon hall Paradise Garage, in downtown Manhattan, for a benefit for the Africa Emergency Fund, U.S. Committee for UNICEF. Haring called the evening "Rain Dance" and solicited Futura 2000, Christo, Francesco Clemente, James Brown, Jean Michel Basquiat, Roy Lichtenstein, Robert Rauschenberg, Andy Warhol, Julian Schnabel, Yoko Ono, Brice Marden, Kenny Scharf, Robert Mapplethorpe, and Cindy Sherman to donate art for the project.

Tip-off from men's fall/winter showings in Paris: At Kenzo, a sense of elegant clashes, of bright color revving up classical cut, *left*. The message: men's style forecasting fall's color spectrum for women. *("View" continued on page 258)*

MANOLO BLAHNIK, MICHAEL O'BRIEN, ROXANNE LOWIT.
Hair by Orlando Raphael; makeup by Mark Hayles for Benjamin Salon, NYC

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Combat problem areas with this unique 100% natural plant extract formulation. Key natural oil ingredients (including broom, marjoram, and geranium to name a few) promote "anti-water", firming, strengthening, and moisturizing actions. Complete your slimming program with application in the evening – absorbed almost immediately.

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Contouring Body Cream with natural plant extracts	• Helps speed up slimming while reducing puffiness (ivy, tea, meadowsweet) • Tightens skin tone (horse chestnut) while improving elasticity (horsetail) • Quickly penetrates to enhance massage benefits
Body Treatment Oil "Anti-Eau" 100% natural plant extracts	• "Anti-water", helps minimize swelling (broom) • Firms and strengthens (marjoram, lemon) • Refines epidermal layer (geranium) while softening and smoothing body skin (hazelnut)

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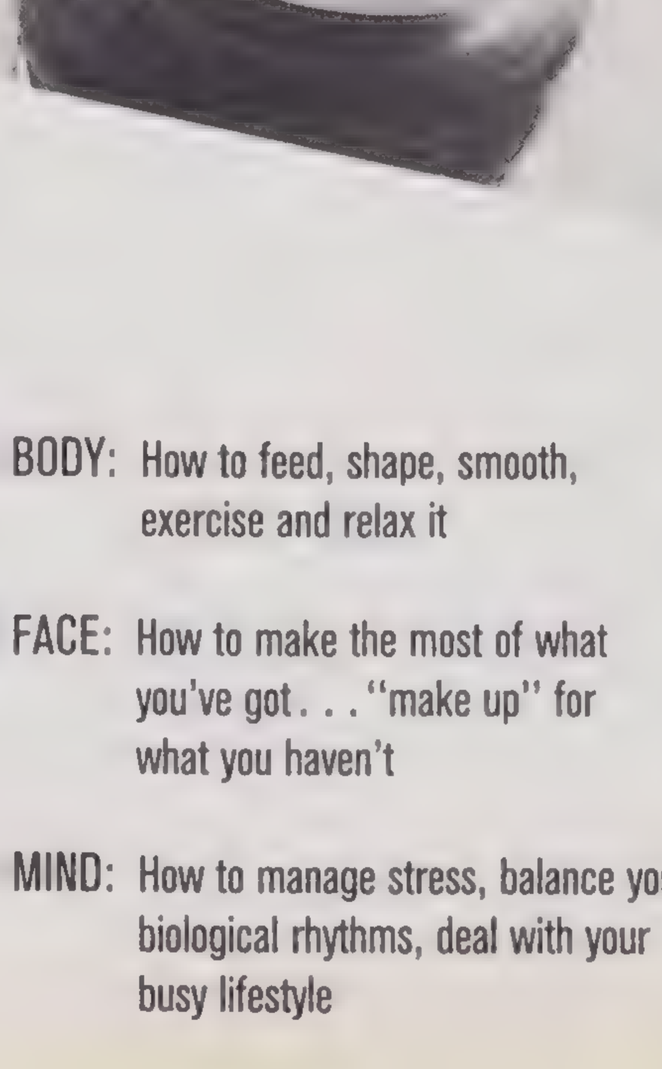

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RANDOM HOUSE

VIEW

American in Paris

Americans on Paris soil: nothing new! Mainbocher, before establishing in the U.S., launched his career as a French fashion editor, then created elegant, simple clothes in Paris until 1939. (His most famous: a "Wallis blue" gown for Wallis Simpson's marriage to the former King of England.) Charles James showed in Paris, in 1937, his now-famous cape of French ribbon. Today, Patrick Kelly, a native of Vicksburg, Mississippi, has begun his Paris career making body-conscious clothing with coordinating accessories (*left* and *above*) in ribbed cotton jersey. The dresses are sold in Paris's popular Victoire and Kashiyama boutiques.

About his pipeline silhouette, loaded with witty elements such as pearl buttons and bows, Kelly says: "Everyone wants narrowness as a possibility today. I cut it in three sizes so every woman can adapt the silhouette. Tube jersey clothes breathe and expand with the wearer." ***("View" continued on page 262)***

NEWSWATCH: The jersey game with a new twist, a luxe hand at Geoffrey Beene. His India-ink coat for fall comes in sponge-like jersey. Watch, too: jersey dinner dressing—with satin, velvet.

Buckle up

As ornaments for shoes, belts, hair, eighteenth-century shoe buckles (ones from Patrick Serraire's Paris collection, right) provide sparkle in an individual way. In 1685, Louis XIV's jeweled ones cost the equivalent of $95,000 today.

MICHAEL O'BRIEN, RODGER DUNCAN, ROXANNE LOWIT Hair by Orlando Raphael, makeup by Mark Hayles for Benjamin Salon, NYC

Nothing but...

nothing

ADN

JEANS AND SPORTSWEAR

but...

VIEW

people in fashion are talking about what's coming...

Watching: Paris street style, fashion shops...collectibles

—handbags, jewelry, shoes...first thoughts of fall:

new pieces, a noticeable difference

Summer buys: This warm-weather season, a "find" may be something that pulls together a summer look...and acts as an investment for the coming fall season. One thought? A pair of chunky gold earrings, to put with almost everything: the newest have a strong, sculptural shape; a sense of added texture; an attention to detail that gives the earrings a very feminine finish. Barry Kieselstein-Cord's diamond-veined leaf drops have a satiny gold appearance; M & J Savitt hoops hang off pavé diamond triangles....In a season when designers mix strong pieces of gold jewelry, some of the best-looking watches to be found are exactly that: big sports watches, made for a man, in heavy gold. Gold bracelets, gold or black faces, heavy bezels, simple markers are all current sports-watch trends. Among the standouts: gold pieces from Porsche, Ebel, Concord, Rolex, Tiffany, Bulgari....
Sign of the coming times: In Rome, women are literally lining up outside the doors of glove makers...and what they're buying, once inside, are some exquisitely traditional—highly feminine—gloves. Choices are in suede, in glacé leather, in black, off-white or lipstick red. Some black gloves come with flirty lace inserts.

People are talking about...in London, the fashion-crowd place for lunch, for Sunday brunch: the downstairs café of Pour la Maison, the months-old Joseph Ettedgui-owned design shop on Sloane Street. In Joseph's Pour la Maison, *maison* means things minimalist and modern—including furniture designed by Andrée Putman .... Summer fancies: In a year when classic Hermès scarves have been showing up on trendy young women and worn as a definite fashion "item," Hermès is offering pillows for the status summer house: pillows can be made-to-order, covered with any Hermès scarf. Price, for an eighteen-inch square: about $200.... Roger Vivier's name, for nearly fifty years, has been synonymous with exquisite, hand-crafted Paris shoes. When the new Vivier boutique opens in August (on New York City's Madison Avenue) American women will find, too, other Roger Vivier collectibles. Among them: limited-edition handbags—sleekly angled clutches in lizard, in satin; whimsical evening bags (one, in black satin, comes shaped like a full-blown flower, its "petals" edged in rhinestones). These bags have been designed, by Vivier, especially for the New York shop. All are handmade....

What's coming? A new season, a season of fall clothes: In the next month, those new clothes will be making their first store appearances. What to watch for? Great jackets, for one thing—jackets for day and evening, to put with a skirt or with pants: You'll find them in everything from leather to tapestry fabric to stop-light red cashmere. A new jacket may be small and cropped, come with a softly waisted shape—or be as long and narrowly fitted as a hacking jacket. What that jacket won't be is something simply oversized and styled like a man's is....Other symbols of the season, you'll find: An abundance of narrow, skinny pants—stirrup pants, "riding" pants—in knits, stretch wools, flannel, calvary twill, or velvet. Coats may be big, a bit rounded and to-the-ankle...be cropped in a 7/8 length, at the knee: This fall, that coat—by virtue of its scale, luxurious fabric or soft shape—is going to be a quite different looking—quite glamorous—item. A jersey dress—one that's covered and close to the body—is another favorite among designers; an item that, when you step into it, will make you feel you've made a change: something to think about when you're first thinking of a new season....

"In the coming month, new fall clothes will be making their first store appearances"

New in Paris: Azzedine Alaïa's own boutique, at 17 rue du Parc Royal, the first for Alaïa body-dressing to exist in Paris. Most customers, until now, have trekked to his former Left Bank showroom. Now, they'll about-face: to the third arrondissement, across the river....For fans and followers of young U.S. designer Mary Jane Marcasiano, good news: come fall, the Marcasiano name will stamp a new line of Ben Kahn furs, also a Marcasiano jewelry collection. The notion, for this designer of sportswear: upscale, attractive, luxurious "additions."...Christiaan, the hairstylist, has worked strips of fabric into his polished—pretty organic—"signature" look of hair for years; his "knots" were first developed to top models' heads for the showing of Stephen Sprouse collections. This summer, Christiaan's "knot" has been a hot new accessory item in stores. What's a knot? A really broad headband with a long tail piece for women to wrap around their heads as they will. Smaller-size knots hold ponytails. For spring, Christiaan's knots showed up at Stephen Sprouse—in, among other versions, hot pink....

Street seen: In Paris and Milan, this spring, the favorite shoe choice, among young women, seems to be the man's oxford or "priest's" shoe: it's a style worn everywhere—with pants, with skirts, in black patent or smooth black leather. Lacy body stockings, silky black or neon tights from Milan's Pierre Mantoux, and sleeveless jersey shirts (turtleneck or collarless) all give a proper close-to-the-body appearance; long-john or ski-pant shapes are other spring favorites. A Chanel suit is the current chic/status fashion; so, too, is a shoulder-chain Prada bag. Where does this all wind up? On Monday nights, one heads with friends to the Balajo: an old-fashioned dance hall on Paris's Rue de Lappe, it offers up 'twenties music.

—KATHLEEN MADDEN

PARIS

d'Yves Saint Laurent.

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Calvin Klein Hosiery

HOW TO MAKE THE BEST CHOICES IN FASHION THIS SUMMER...

AND FIND WHAT YOU'RE REALLY LOOKING FOR

What sets summer apart—in a fashion sense—its ease, its more relaxed attitude. It's not a moment for major statements or big-time messages. Instead: the perfect opportunity to take advantage of a more charming range of possibilities.

What sets this summer apart: clear-cut differences in the kinds of clothes that make the season so appealing. There are changes everywhere: from swimsuits to "basic" pants, from the look of skirts to the tops that go with them. The best choices to make—if you're looking for something new, something different—are based on these changes. Changes that start with an emphasis on shape, on narrowness across-the-board; on a more feminine, more body-conscious dressing, often highlighted by unexpected glimpses of bareness.

Also key to the news, to setting-up the season's framework: differences in coloring—a new palette of silver, new neutrals from gold to hemp to olive, as well as black and white. Bright color, usually a summer staple on its own, becomes an element, a key element in exotic, stylized prints. . . . There are important fabric differences: nothing limp, gauzy, droopy; no pre-wrinkled, rumpled linen. There's a certain crispness and precision, an unmistakable textural quality that affects everything. Keeping these changes in mind, a look here—and throughout the issue—at the best choices to make, depending . . . on what you need most, want most this summer.

If you're looking for the biggest news, the strength of the season . . . look to swimwear. You'll see the most excitement, the most dramatic changes as a growing roster of "name" designers turn their attention to this area with highly visible results. What's outstanding: new tank suits that reflect athletic influences—with strong shaping, strong strapping reminiscent of Olympic diving and racing suits . . . the totally new proportion—the wider, midriff-cropped tops; longer (sometimes, even skirt) bottoms—of two-piece suits . . . new maillots that wrap and hold the body . . . or those cut-out in inventive—unlikely—new ways to display bare skin . . . sleek new suits splashed with vivid prints—tropical flowers, graffiti, cartoon art—or with bold color.

If you're interested in skirts, then you probably know by now that the sarong is the key shape of summer. Short, long, in everything from denim to chintz to silk crepe, it's the season's star player. To give an added edge to sarong dressing for day, new-shape tops: a crisp, oversized shirt—in perfect contrast to the narrowness of a sarong—or the body-revealing smallness of a "shrunken" midriff top. At night, as a hot-weather option, the charm of a sarong in a pale-color print with a matching bandeau bra that slides under a small jacket . . . or a sarong and tank top in almost transparent chiffon as a very sophisticated summer body dressing.

Beyond the idea of a sarong, the idea of skirts that work for different degrees of evening. In a casual situation, the ease of a bright, drawstring-waist skirt to pull on and tie, to "finish" with a strapless top, terrific-looking sandals, jewelry—nothing is simpler or more inviting. And for a more dressed evening: the most beguiling narrow black silk chiffon skirt, shaped by pleats, edged in lace, with a lace-edged chiffon shirt. In all of the above, the connecting link: something extra, something more—it isn't *any* summer skirt; the choice lies with something different.

If your style of dressing turns on pants, there are obvious choices this summer. For day, as a "real" (read city, work) way of dressing, new pants dressing that's soft but crisp, as relaxed in feeling as a pyjama. The key: dark, neutral coloring; interesting textures or patterns—prints, stripes, dots. The prevailing shape: a shirt-inspired top, trouser-like pants.

Not-to-be-missed: the way pyjama dressing comes into its own at night. The easy-evening glamour of an oversized black silk shirt with narrow black pants . . . a beautiful ivory linen shirt with matching-color charmeuse trousers. And, for a different kind of evening, and for a different kind of pyjama: a wonderful, exotic-colored pyjama—soft, harem-y—in thin, tissue weight silks.

If you need something that works for a more festive, more "dressed" kind of summer evening—new possibilities, different answers come into the picture this season. Perfect choices: the more romantic versions of skirt-and-shirt dressing or one of the more exuberant, brilliantly colored pyjamas. Or . . . a dress. A dress that's festive, bare-shouldered, very small-fitting, with a camisole or halter top . . . a dress that's thoroughly engaging—it offers the prettiest nighttime alternative.

If what you like best about summer is being able to find the most charming, most casual kinds of clothes, you won't be disappointed this year. In fact, what's true of swimwear is also true of leisure dressing: more design attention, more real differences in clothes that pick up where jeans and warm-ups leave off. The best looks: based on wonderful, oversized, slide-y pull-over and pull-on tops, with very narrow pants. Sometimes, with the addition of a third piece: a slip-over vest, a big shirt as a jacket. Given the changes, it's hard to make a choice; these are the most immediately appealing, most accessible of all summer clothes.

If you want three things to count on this summer—no matter what: a pair of gold sandals; a new strapless top; a wide, decorative belt. With these and a little imagination, the wherewithal for any number of charming looks. The gold sandals—high-heeled, strongly strapped—are the perfect neutral shoes, day and night, with skirts, dresses, pants. . . . The point about the best new strapless tops—small-fitting, cut straight across, sometimes pleated or shirred—beyond the bareness, their very real versatility. They work under jacket, with a sarong, with any kind of pants. . . . And if you owned one—in red!—it could be the accessory find of the season. . . . As for the belt, whether it's in decorative heavy gold links or silvery mesh, whether it's elasticized or brightly colored, it not only pulls a look together, but it gives you—instantly—an on-the-body feeling, a definite "hold" that's an essential part of the season's shaping.

If you've always found that the real pleasure of summer is in its small delights, you'll find this summer is no exception. The fact that it is a season that allows for a freer, slightly racier way of dressing, a freer attitude means there's the leeway to experiment more, to do things a little differently, to step out of character and go for something a little more ornamental, with more impact. The impact of a new metallic makeup, shimmery silver or gold, to accent summer-toned skin—face, shoulders, even on a bare back . . . the impact of boldly scaled jewelry—an armful of wide, shiny silver bracelets or an enormous hammered gold hoop earring . . . the impact of strongly shaped sunglasses in opalescent white or jet black . . . the dazzle of sequined ballet slippers . . . the hit of a chunky fantasy pin—or a string of them—at the neckline of a sleek black maillot . . . the seductiveness of a beautiful lace-edged camisole under a jacket.

One last thing that needs to be said about the delight of dressing in summer: this is the moment to take full advantage. Summer is the shortest fashion season; even now, early fall signals—and clothes—are in evidence. This is the time to find what you're looking for—and to start enjoying it—before the best of summer slips away. . .

WHAT STANDS OU

...T THIS SUMMER...

A PRETTIER RELAXED DRESSING—VERY EASY TO TAKE

NEWS: FEMININE, BODY-FOCUSED SHAPES; NEW "NEUTRAL" COLORS; AND, DAY AND NIGHT, IN EVERYTHING, THE GLITTER OF SILVER AND GOLD... ALL PART OF THIS SUMMER'S PLEASURES

Starting here, an issue filled with the delights, the standout looks of the season. On these fourteen pages, dressing for relaxed, warm-weather places...easygoing but distinguished by the season's sense of design and detail in everything from swimsuits to special evening. On this page, symbol of the shine of silver that's everywhere—in makeup, clothes, accessories: Princess Marcella Borghese's Byzantine Silver eyeshadow (exaggerated to make the point); bangles by Alexis Kirk; ring by M & J Savitt; pin, Andrée Miller; sunglasses, Claude Montana by Alain Mikli. Ahead, another range of neutrals in warm, deep tones of putty-beige to gold. These fourteen pages photographed at The Royal Bahamian hotel on Cable Beach, Nassau, Bahamas. Hair, Christiaan; makeup, Linda Cantello. Details, stores, last pages

Arthur Elgort

A PRETTIER RELAXED DRESSING

A highlight of the season, and an integral part of its charm—the luminous gleam of silver in shades from platinum to deepest grey. You see it everywhere, in everything, day and night. On *these pages*, you see how an unaffected camp shirt and the season's ubiquitous wrap skirt take on a whole new character and range in a slide-y, silvery fabric that's actually a cool cotton blend. By Rifat Ozbek. Shirt about $230; skirt about $230. Bergdorf Goodman; Alan Bilzerian, Boston and Worcester MA; Hutzler's, Baltimore MD; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA; Maxfield, Los Angeles; I. Magnin....*Fragrance Note*: Part of the charm of any dressing, any season: scent. Maja, e.g., is a spicy blend of roses, carnation, and geranium. For details, see next to last pages of this issue.

Arthur Elgort

A PRETTIER RELAXED DRESSING

Constant themes this summer: a strong sense of the body, the body bared in new ways, and unexpected color. You get the whole message, *this page*, in a silvery abbreviated, bare-midriff tank top, with narrow silk pull-on pants in an abstract silver-black print. It's as easygoing as a classic T-top and pants, but clearly this minute, clearly meant to turn heads. By Romeo Gigli. Top about $79; pants about $290. Bloomingdale's; Weinstein's, New Orleans; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Macy's, San Francisco; Abbraccio, Honolulu.... What sets this year's swimsuits apart: they're as thoughtfully designed, as ornamental and detailed as dresses. *Opposite*: Krizia's strongly shaped, deep-grey tank, glittered with rhinestones (they go in the water); worn here with a decorative belt. About $100. Krizia Boutiques at: Stanley Korshak, Chicago; Hattie; Loretta Blum, Dallas; Torie Steele, Beverly Hills. To order at the Krizia Boutique at Bergdorf Goodman. Details, last pages this issue.

Arthur Elgort

A PRETTIER RELAXED DRESSING

Taking hold more and
all year-round and roun
clock—pyjama dressi
page: Zoran's tar
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to dress on a
mer night. To
about $400
Pants abou
$550.
NYC; Wa
Dres
Angeles. . . When you're wearing
lies, accessories count that m
hat counts most in accessorie
dly shaped jew-
ones; gold pump
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new ornamentation in make
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and gold
earri
usite, by Krasne Two;
hoops,
by Lea Wills. Sun-
glasses
from Optical Af-
fairs. . . . *Beauty Note*: One of the sun season's must-have accessories, a moisturizer with a high sun-protection factor. One of the newest: Christian Dior's Hydra-Dior, SPF 15. Details, see next to last pages of this issue.

Arthur Elgort

A PRETTIER RELAXED DRESSING — MORE OF THE NEW COLOR DELIGHT: A WARMER, DEEPER PALETTE OF NEUTRALS; THE SOPHISTICATION OF BLACK AND WHITE

This summer's palette is really unexpected. In addition to the silvers, the perennial black and white, there's a new range of rich deep coffee-beige- hemps, olives, strengthened b- tures. They add impact to the

A PRETTIER RELAXED DRESSING

For many women, the perfect answer for dressed summer evenings will always be a shirt and skirt. Oscar de la Renta interprets shirt-and-skirt, *this page*, in terms of this season's news plus his individual perception of femininity: a generously sized sheer (news!) white shirt tucked into a narrow pleated black skirt—stitched from the waist to above the knee—both in silk chiffon trimmed in lace. The effect is beguiling, romantic...and very easy. About $1405. Saks Fifth Avenue; Montaldo's; Lillie Rubin-South & West; Mary's Corner Shop, Pensacola FL; Balliet's; Frederick & Nelson....If what you want for a summer evening is a dress, the perfect answer could be Joan Vass's, *opposite*, in shadow-striped linen-and-silk of a violet so light it could be white—bare, small through the body, tiered...with an artless, unaffected charm. About $1250, including a matching pullover. Henri Bendel; Neiman-Marcus. To order at The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami; Linda Dresner, Troy MI.... Talking of color and charm; the exterior of The Royal Bahamian hotel, where these fourteen pages were photographed, is all pink and white. Details, more stores, see last pages.

Arthur Elgort

A PRETTIER RELAXED DRESSING

mark of the season: looks
sed on a bigger shirt . . . and what
asy way to glamour that can be.
der, *this page*, Ralph Lauren's
type big shirt in a wonderful
shade of sheer linen worn,
at the waist, with silk charmeuse
Wouldn't take more than a
belt, a pair of gold shoes
ese a terrific look at night.
$230, pants about $398.
lor; Neiman-Marcus; Po-
auren, Denver; I. Mag-
en it comes to an easy
ner dressing, to pieces
ean-cut, uncomplicated,
herent glamour, you
pposite, Calvin Klein's
irt and side-buttoned
xtured black linen.
histicated "silver"-
e earrings, "silver'
ery mesh scarf that
ad to neck to belt.
58, trousers about
eller; Montaldo's;
's; Barbara/Jean,
th Kishline's Coun-
sville IN. Details,
t to last pages.

Arthur Elgort

WHAT STANDS OUT THIS SUMMER...

The new waves of influence in swimwear: it could be an athletic orientation, *this page*, stemming from Olympic excitement and resulting in strongly strapped, strongly shaped suits—Gottex's crisscross yellow Antron/Lycra maillot, about $64. Macy's, Herald Square; Filene's; Marshall Field's; Bailiet's; Frost Bros.; Nordstrom, Southern California. . . . Or the news could be an unexpected dressmaker touch, delivering a new level of detailing and "tailoring," *right*: Ralph Lauren's red Antron/Lycra two-piece suit that wraps and drapes and ties . . . and charms. About $45. Lord & Taylor; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Fort Lauderdale FL; Frost Bros; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Palm Desert CA; Macy's, San Francisco. These eight pages: hair, Patrick Melville for Pipino-Buccheri Salon, NYC; makeup Mariella Smith Masters. Details, more stores, see last pages.

Patrick Demarchelier

This year's unexpected fashion phenomenon: swimsuits. As you'll see on these twelve pages—and read here—swimwear is full of more changes, more news, more real differences, than virtually any other category of dressing. Around the world, from New York to Paris to Milan, swimsuits paraded down the runways of the top designers—Complice, Ferre, Montana, Kamali, Ralph Lauren, Julio, Krizia—as many, for the first time, turned their attention and contributed a real design effort, as well as the distinctive design themes of the season (wrapping, the bare midriff, the color explosion, the graffiti message, a different proportion) to this, for them, previously unexplored territory. Joining forces with established swimwear designers, they created a totally new look and spirit—and, at times, a totally new shape—for swimsuits that can be summarized in one word: strength. One of the biggest differences, readily apparent: the "broadening" of a two-piece suit, creating a similarity to a cropped top with a pair of briefs, and creating a whole new proportion. Another change: at times, the addition of a third element, often a little skirt. Or it could represent the changes in a one-piece suit. The most prevalent: the tank suit, now with the difference of cut-outs, a higher-cut neckline, and, often, solid strapping reminiscent of the back of an Olympic diver's suit. Another new influence, from a totally different direction: from actual dresses, as suits now extend upward toward the neck and downward forming skimming *(Continued on page 282)*

STRIKING NEW SWIMWEAR

FASHION'S NEW [illegible]ONG SUIT;" IN ALL ITS IMPLICATIONS: NOW EXHIBITING A VIGOROUS N[illegible] DESIGN EFFORT; ADAMANT NEW DESIGN POINTS—CHANGES IN S[illegible]E, PROPORTION, COLOR—ALL THE NEWS YOU'LL FIND ON THESE T[illegible]E PAGES...

(Continued) mini-skirts...and, as "the little black suit"—sophisticated, strapless, sexy, and unexpectedly inspired by evening wear—discovers new opportunities to work its charm. A difference for all suits: a tailor's repertoire of dressmaker touches—shirring, ruffling, ruching, beading, lacing. Where else you'll find a similarly feminine touch: in the new crop of romantic floral prints that abound. And when it comes to prints, there is more real news, more palpable strength: with those that startle and surprise with a Pop art, cartoon character ...with a new stampede of aggressive animal patterns...or the often shocking wit of a graffiti message ...or solid colors that are bold and bright and frequently played against black for added power. All, elements that combine to create swimwear that's a strong new fashion force; swimwear that is truly making a splash right now.

Patrick Demarchelier

More strong points: a different proportion in two-piece suits, created by stronger shaped pieces . . . and, *this* page, a new delight in prints—OMO Norma Kamali's wide "leopard" top and bottom. Antron/Lycra, about $100. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC; Body Expressions, Kingston NY; Martin's Casuals, Lavallette NJ; Zoli, New Hope PA; Canyon Beachwear, Santa Monica CA; New York West, San Francisco . . . . *Opposite page*: The widest top, the boldest color, the design invention emblematic of the season—Julio's blazing blue tube top and yellow bottom with attached, rollable blue tube skirt. Of Antron/Lycra, about $65. Barneys New York, Transitions, West Hampton NY; California Sunshine, Paramus NJ; Sunsation, Belmar NJ; Papillon, Philadelphia; Cattlebone, Pasadena CA. *Beauty Note*: News in skin care—a new line of sun-protection products that helps to accelerate tanning; Estée Lauder Sun. Details, more stores, last pages.

STRIKING NEW SWIMWEAR

Continuing the news—inventive shaping and color. *This page*: A different maillot—cut out; strongly colored. By Julio, of Antron/Lycra, about $60. Lord & Taylor; Jerrie Shop, Cedarhurst NY; Sunsation, Belmar NJ; Honeybee, Huntington Valley PA.... *Opposite*: Another new take—solid strapping. By Christian Dior, of Antron/Lycra, about $56. Mid-May at Bloomingdale's; Filene's, Boston and Chestnut Hill MA; Burdine's; Dayton's; Frost Bros., Nordstrom, Seattle,... *Beauty Note*: A difference for a hair mousse and spray—sun protection. The Sunbrella [redacted] Stylers, from Pantene. Details, more stores, last pages.

STRIKING NEW SWIMWEAR

Patrick Demarchelier

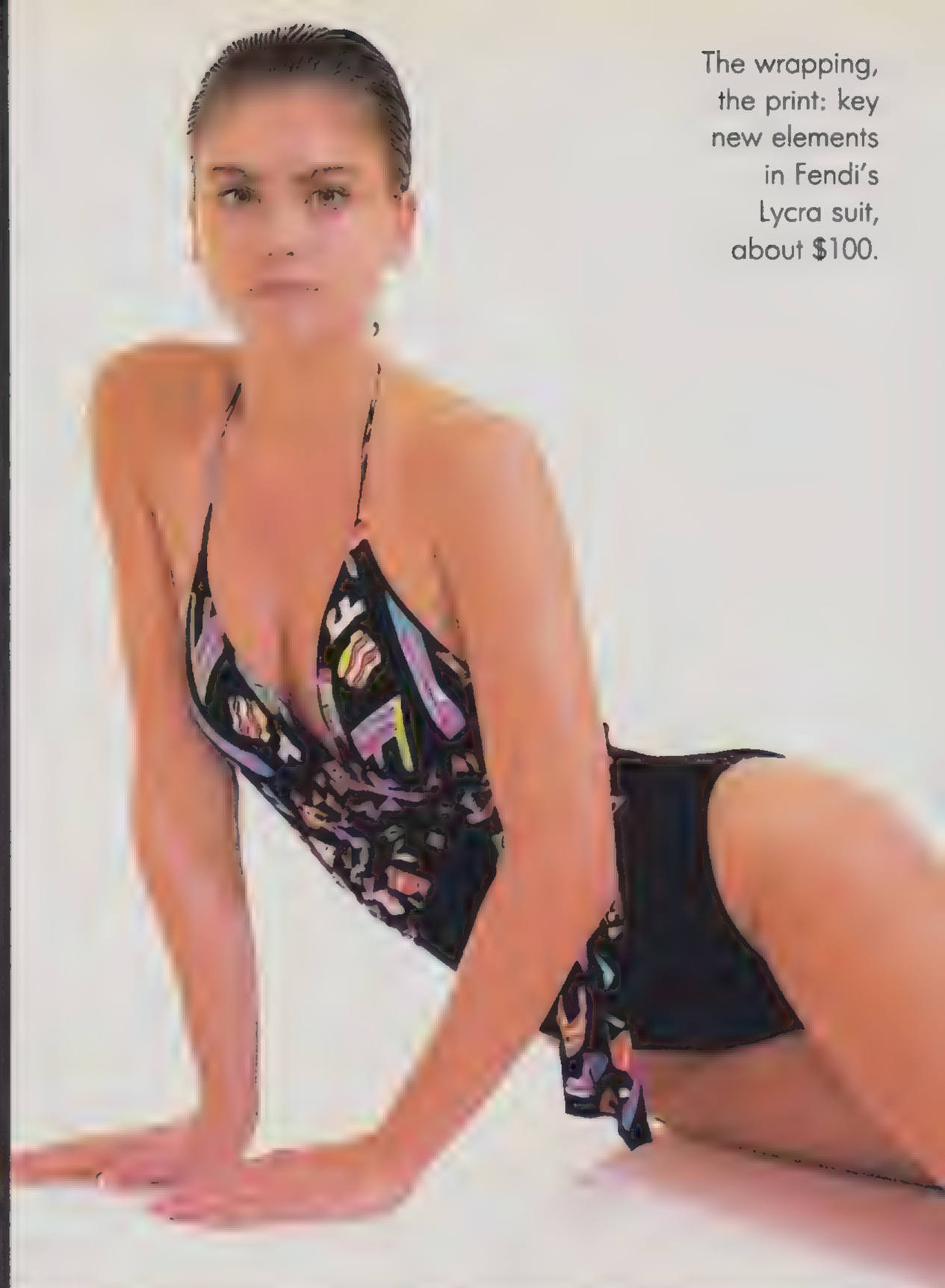
STRIKING NEW SWIMWEAR

The differences; continue, *above*, with a new potency in prints: Cole of California's black Antron/Lycra maillot splashed with flowers, about $37. Bloomingdale's; Filene's; Marshall Field's; The Broadway, Los Angeles; Macy's, San Francisco; Liberty House of Hawaii. . . . *Left*: A totally new proportion—Claude Montana's turtleneck minidress-of-a-suit, with attached panties and a zap of color. Of spandex, about $225. Martha; Jimmy's, Brooklyn NY; Panache, Millburn NJ; Charles Gallay, Beverly Hills CA; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. . . . *Beauty Note*: Real potency in sun protection plus skin-caring benefits: Elizabeth Arden's Suncare line, SPF 2 to 15. Details, more stores, next to last pages this issue.

Patrick Demarchelier

A whole new prettiness: St. Tropez's romantic floral Antron/Lycra maillot, about $33.

The wrapping, the print: key new elements in Fendi's Lycra suit, about $100.

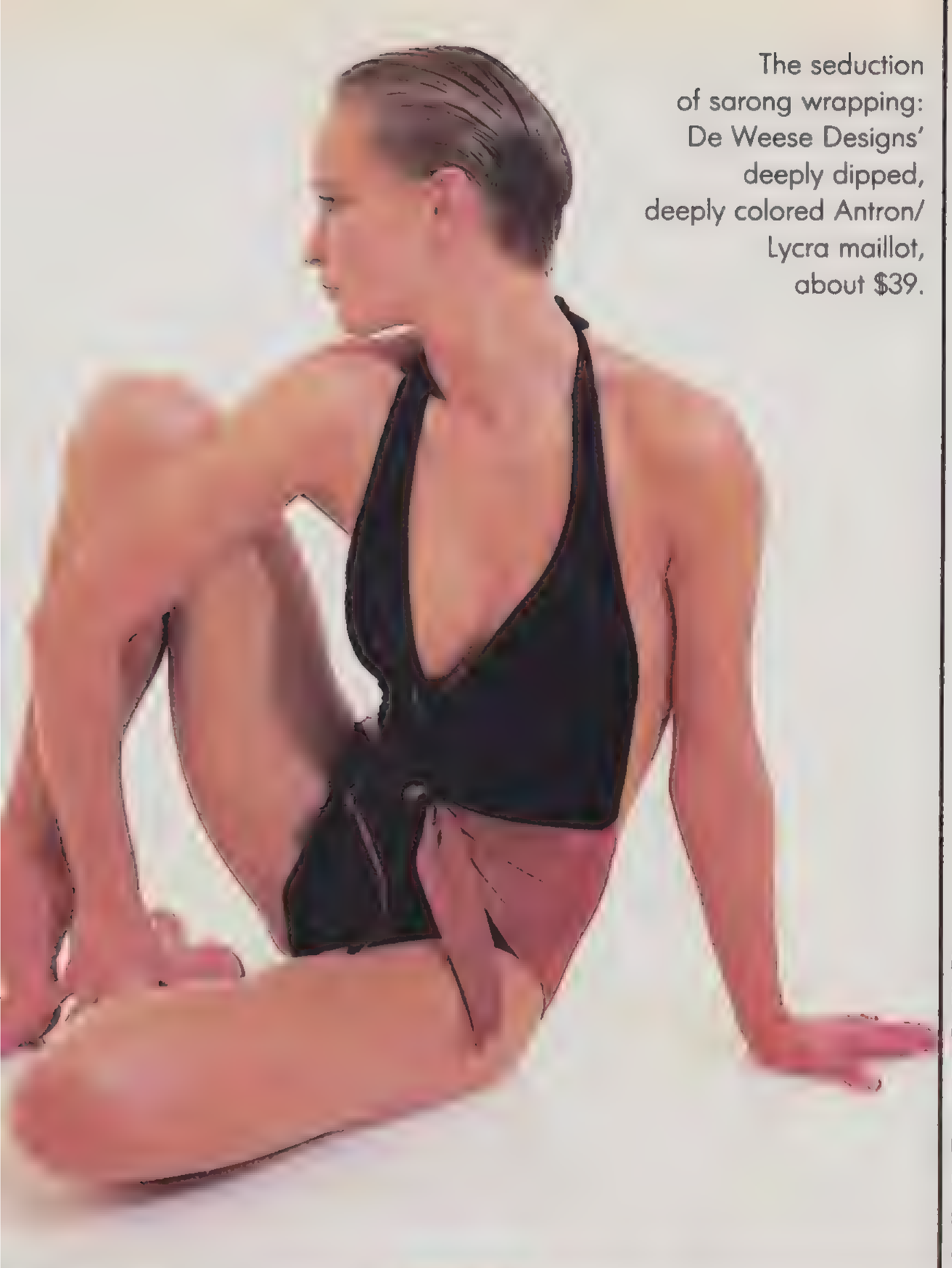


ON THESE FOUR PAGES: VARIATIONS ON THE KEY SWIMWEAR THEMES—STRONG SHAPES: NEW PROPORTION TWO-PIECE SUITS, NEW-LOOK MAILLOTS, ATHLETIC STRAPPING, INVENTIVE WRAPPING...STRONG PRINTS: TROPICAL FLOWERS, COMIC STRIPS, GRAFFITI ART, BOLD PLAYS OF COLOR... STRONG IN APPEAL: NEW ROMANTIC TOUCHES—STRAPLESSNESS, SHIRRING, RUFFLING, RUCHING...

Bold shape, bold print: Stephen Sprouse's very high-cut "Saturn" graffiti suit, of nylon/spandex, about $84.

These two pages: Hair, Oribe, NYC; Odile for Bruno Dessange Salon, NYC; makeup, Michel Voyski. Details, stores, last pages

Tohru Nakamura



The seduction of sarong wrapping: De Weese Designs' deeply dipped, deeply colored Antron/ Lycra maillot, about $39.

More evening influence: Gianfranco Ferre's little navy suit —a bandeau and rollable brief. Of polyamide and spandex, about $320.

Strong shapes, strong print: Byblos' two-piece jungle-print suit, of Lycra, about $60.

New take on a tank: bright color, cross strapping, perfect swimming potential. By Roxanne, of Antron/Lycra, about $30.

Strong color,
athletic design:
Michaele Vollbracht's
high-neck "muscle" suit.
For Sofére of Antron/Lycra,
about $48.

Another message:
the wrap—Gottex's
black-with-bright
Antron/Lycra
maillot, about $61.

An evening-inspired
little black suit
—Betsey Johnson's
boned and shirred
cotton/polyester/Lycra
maillot, about $50.

An X-strapped back:
mark of a real
swimmer. Speedo
America's blue
Antron/Lycra maillot,
about $38.

These two pages:
hair, Oribe, NYC;
makeup, Michel Voyski.
Details, stores, last pages

Tohru Nakamura

New shape,
new strength for
a two-piece
suit: a midriff-
cropped top,
a bottom like
a pair of briefs.
By Complice,
of Antron/Lycra,
about $110.

"Biting" wit:
Krizia's
cartoon print
"Godzilla" suit.
Of polyamide
and rayon.
About $120.

Perfect swim
"teaming"—design
and function.
Speedo America's
cross-strapped
black Antron/Lycra
maillot edged in
white, about $38.

New handle
for a sleek tank:
a bold print,
of hands.
By Liza Bruce
for Factory Team,
about $68.

WHAT STANDS
OUT THIS SUMMER...

ON THESE SIX PAGES, MORE OF THE SEASON'S

Steven Meisel

How glorious inventive color transforms a pyjama—one of the looks that's clearly come into its own this season. *Left:* Kansai Yamamoto's wonderfully big-shaped silk top in tangerine, about $270; French-blue harem trousers, about $360. From Kansai & Co. The Kansai Boutique, NYC; The Broadway, Los Angeles. . . . *Right:* Kenzo's pyjama—an unexpected combination of rich multicolors in thin, almost weightless tissue silk chiffon; pull-on jade pants, about $200; canary yellow cowl-neck shell, about $165; lavender silk jacket, about $315. Turnout at Bloomingdale's. Pants and top at Ron Ross, Tarzana CA; Fred Segal, Los Angeles. Jacket at Higbee's; pants at Sakowitz. . . . *Fragrance Note*: The breath-of-fresh-air scent of Charlie, a cool, "green" floral blend—just right this time of year. Hair, these six pages, Julien for Is, Paris; makeup, George Newell. Details, see last pages.

STANDOUT LOOKS, STARTING [illegible] WITH **CHARMING NEW PYJAMA DRESSING**

Steven Meisel

And, just when you thought there wasn't a single other way to do denim, two denim looks this season that are unmistakably new, charming. . . . *Left:* Denim, not in the jeans-and-T-shirt sense of casual, but in a wonderful big-scaled cotton jacket from Genny; very long, oversized, irresistibly inviting. About $190. Narrow, matching trousers, about $95. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Loretta Blum, Dallas; Grace Jones, Salado TX; Perkins Shearer, Denver; Giorgio, Beverly Hills; Holt Renfrew of Canada. . . . *Fragrance Note:* New from Paris—Les Grains by Rosemarie Stack, Ltd.: three light, fresh-noted scents, to wear alone, combine, layer as you please—Grain de Sable, Grain de Folie, Grain de Passion . . . *Right:* Another new, racier take on denim in the casual skirt of the season: Ralph Lauren's sarong in the softest, thinnest denim with a rough, fringed-edge hem. Supple enough to wrap and tie over a swimsuit, a shirt, or like this, over his white cotton tank top. . .a look that could easily replace pants in many relaxed situations this summer. Skirt, about $54; tank top, about $34 (skirt available June). Turnout at Bloomingdale's; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Hackensack NJ; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Princeton NJ; Macy's, San Francisco. Skirt at Davison's, Lenox and Perimeter GA; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Palm Beach. Details, see last pages.

UNEXPECTED DENIM...FOR A REAL CHANGE

Also key this season—a stronger-than-ever focus on the body . . . highly apparent in new, smaller-than-small-shaped knits: dresses that are as narrow as narrow gets; you have a sense of long, slim, sinuous line, glimpses of unexpected bareness. Here, from Claude Montana, in shiny, slide-y, almost slippery fabrics, usually viscose, with a charm beyond that of more familiar, "denser" knitting. *Right:* His hip-length, apple-green sliver sweater (a dress bare enough to almost slide off), with bands of orange, turquoise, adding even more body definition wherever they fall. Of viscose. About $225. Charivari, NYC; Jimmy's, Brooklyn NY; Panache, Millburn NJ; Nan Duskin; Theodore, Beverly Hills; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. . . . *Opposite:* His bare, shimmered skivvy of a dress in yellow viscose. Daringly cut, it's very revealing and also very, very pretty. About $214. Bergdorf Goodman; Suzy, Great Neck NY; Nan Duskin; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Lou Lattimore, Dallas; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. . . . *Beauty Note:* Also key, a new, charming look in makeup, paler, softer, gently colored, especially on the lips. Makeup here, all

THE MOST BODY-CONSCIOUS DRESSING...SOMETIMES IN KNIT

Chanel: Prism lip gloss, Whisper powder blush, French Pink nail enamel, with Black/Gold Dual shadow and Black Smudge eyeliner shadowing eyes for contrast. And with the season's revealing of summer skin, a slightly fragranced body lotion also from Chanel: Firming Body Lotion #1 with F.R.E. Details, more stores, see last pages.

Steven Meisel

METALS

THE MESSAGE CLEARLY IS METAL. A DAZZLING, DRAMATIC ORNAMENTATION— A BOLD METAL ACCESSORY, A BOLD METAL MAKEUP THAT IS AS MUCH A "JEWEL." TEMPERED TO A SUBTLE WASH, TO A ROMANTIC SUGGESTION OF GLINT, IN A SEASON OF SKIN REVEALED, METAL HEIGHTENS, DELIGHTS. AND ITS PLEASURES HAVE JUST BEGUN...

GOLD

SILVER

WHITE

May is a pivotal time. The weather really warms, the clothes really lighten, and we click into a summer mode . . .

At this point in this issue, it comes as no surprise that, this summer, the message is metals—as true for accessories and for makeup as it is for fashion.

Precious metals—gold, silver—are turning up in strong shapes, as oversize ornaments—hefty bracelets, Hula-Hoop earrings—as the kind of accessory that makes the only statement that's needed. In other words, what counts really counts!

In makeup, metals are a matter of degree—and they're taken to the nth degree on these pages. While this exaggeration certainly makes our point, there's another point to be made: that with practice—and restraint—gold, silver, even white, the three major beauty elements on these pages, can be used by virtually every woman who wants to use them.

And they do look wonderful: they really respond to the quality of summer light; they look spectacular with a tan. You will want to start small: gold on toenails perhaps. And start with less: a *single* coat of gold polish on fingernails for just a suggestion of metal. These would look terrific on any woman.

On the face, gold can be used to highlight even during the day (we're really talking both day and night; again, it's a matter of degree), brushed on the browbone and into the brow or high on the cheekbone. Because gold is so glamorous, it can be a bit tricky for day. You'll want to use it just once—and with a tan or neutral lipstick, not red. At night, take gold a bit farther—to the ear . . . dusted all over/lighting up the whole face . . . highlighting bareness: the cleavage, the collarbone, the shoulder.

Because gold casts a certain yellowness, silver is slightly easier to wear, can even whiten teeth, eye whites. For day, its use, too, should be restricted to once—with slightly pink or lavender lips.

Another cautionary note regarding both gold and silver: like any shimmery or iridescent makeup, metals reflect skin imperfections, should be used only on perfect skin or perfect areas, e.g., cheekbones, browbones. (As for other concerns, rest assured that new gold/silver makeups are perfectly *safe* to wear.)

If gold or silver seems simply too much on its own, consider the attractive options of gilded color: roses, bronzes, and lavenders—powders, lip colors, nail polishes—glinted with gold or silver for the glimmer of metal with fewer pitfalls.

Hair, too, can get in on the act. Metallic sprays offer a wonderful evening accessory or special effect for weekend or beach, whether a streak of metal or an allover "veil." As with makeup, getting the effect you want takes practice.

Along with precious metals, white is an important summer "color" for both accessories and makeup, shimmery or matte when it's on the face, shiny on the nails, and, again, easier to wear when it affects—whitens—other colors. Lavender whites, gold-whites, pink-whites: applied sheerly, whitened colors can give skin a beautiful, almost fragile quality.

You're not, however, going to get that quality—that subtlety—on the next pages. Here, makeup becomes an accessory, an ornamentation, a "jewel" for looks that are high impact . . . pure gold!

Symbols of a new season, *right*, gold and silver can give effects that are as soft and subtle as they are dramatic. Key: practice. Alternative: color shot with metal—all the major cosmetics companies have very wearable "metals" to choose from. The special effects on these eight pages are the special alchemy of makeup and hair artist Rick Gillette, using liquid and powder gold and silver metallic body makeup from The Makeup Center, NYC, as well as their black and white greasepaint, Stagelights' Champagne Sparkling Body Lotion, Redken's Chatterly White nail polish. Nails here: Barone's Silver Fox and Moonlit Gold. Unseen impact: Evening Edition. Jövan Musk. On all eight pages, manicures by Elisabeth Drabinski.

Penn

Silver set with icy stones, *left:* perfect foil for arms in mint condition. As for the painted nipples: strictly fantasy. And yet, for a certain woman—a provocative woman—under something transparent . . .? Sterling/zirconia bracelets by M & J Savitt. The extra polish, extra allure by Lancôme—Magie noire fragrance. Details, stores, last pages.

This extreme is to make this point: gold is for fun, for evening, for adornment . . . A gold that's meant for eyes, works for lips, and is very wearable: Doré Les Aquatiques by Lancôme.

Whether it's nail polish or big brushed bracelets, there's no doubt that gold is an attention-getting device, *near right*, requiring hands that are attractive, perfectly groomed . . . arms fit and smooth. Nail options: Madeleine Mono's Genie Gold; Lancaster Ecaillé. The two brushed bronze, one brushed silver bracelets by Takashi Wada. *Far right*: The most important earring now? The hoop, from tiny to enormous. These, enormous—with the look of almost tarnished gold, hammered, hollow, and almost weightless—are, in fact, made of copper alloy. By Fabrice, Paris. A subtle gold glint to eyes, to skin: Estée Lauder's Sunrise Yellow Pressed Satin Eyeshadows; a golden aura, her Private Collection perfume. Details, stores, next to last pages.

PRECIOUS METALS

MAKEUP: THE ROMANTIC IMPERATIVE

WHATEVER THE LOOK OF THE MOMENT, THE SEASON, A WOMAN'S MEMORIES OF MAKEUP ARE AN INTIMATE, TIMELESS FANTASY...

BY JILL ROBINSON

Never mind good times—I am after glamour. Glamour begins with makeup. Consider the word: allure. A serious, even severe, approach is essential. The time is the early 'fifties. This is a fine Hollywood house. I am sitting at my small dressing table; a Victorian shaving stand actually—with the legs cut down. I'm around thirteen. The night watchman has been around the house once. There will be time; a quick leap out the window—then I'll hitchhike with someone (in a sedan so it is safe) up Sunset Boulevard. I am contemplating a visit to The Mocambo—the Other Nightclub.

From stories my mother has told me quite late at night, I have learned that the people who go to Mocambo are more jaded, more mean-humored than the ones who go to Ciro's. There will be surly screenwriters, rowdy directors, Bogart—can I pass? To be a grown-up is to be taunting, hunted, complex. One must tantalize. First the pancake (is the sponge too damp? too dry?). Such practice this takes. Now mascara. The miniature toothbrush, the scrubbing and scrubbing at the matte black cake. (Let this coat dry. Comb the lashes. Go again. Eight times. Oh, five will do.) And now iridescent deep-emerald eyeshadow. Eyeshadow was like emerald, sapphire, amethyst, or turquoise butter then. I put it on with my pinky, even and thick, right up to the brows. Yes. My eyelids must be weighted down— hooded eyes hinting of the tragic loves, risks taken (and lost) which make a woman fascinating. No man will carry on over a girl all dusky in a Peter Pan collar and pomade. But look at these despondent eyes.

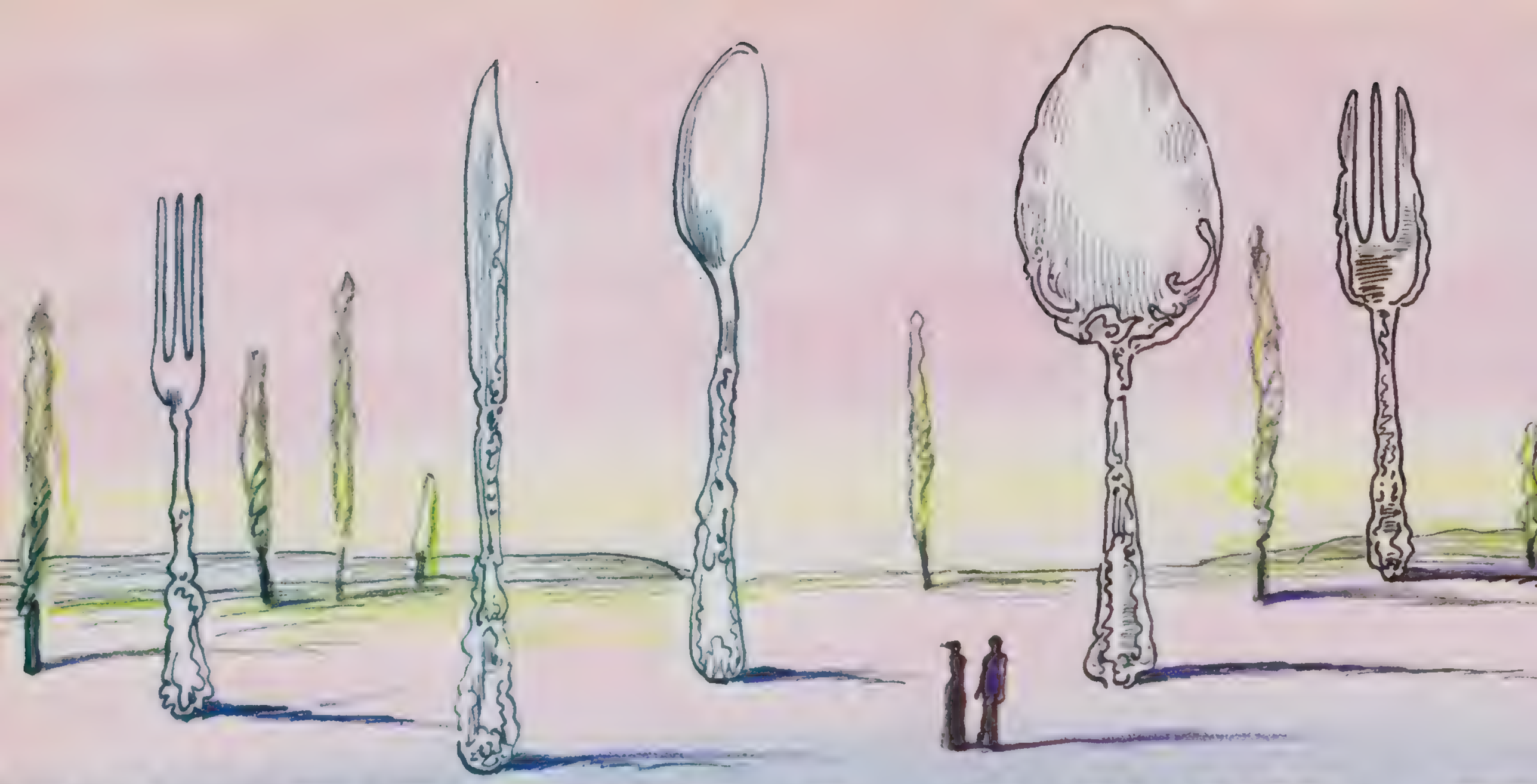
I lean into the mirror. Here is someone to die for. Not someone who wears Pixie Pink (everyone's first lipstick then—about as fluorescent as the pink of the latest socks. It was made by Milkmaid and came in a white case dotted with such sweet little flowers). Now I put on Revlon's Cherries in the Snow. Do this slowly. Be precise. The brush is a necessity. The lipsticks of real glamorous women are hewn down, carved out by these brushes. Gloria Grahame's lipstick was down to the bone. Decent women see a lipstick in that shape and think "hussy." Yes! A lipstick that's been around. "Red, Hot and Cool"—Brubeck would name a song after that lipstick.

Now, I must lightly powder everything. To "set the look." Lightly! This dressing table is snow capped. For this, of course, I have used the powder box. Large and pink with a huge swan's down puff. One refills one's compact from such a box (with a small silver shovel. Really). I do, however, have a major compact. This compact is from Bullocks Wilshire, the debutante's store (I did believe one had to be Christian and listed in the *Social Register* to shop there). My mother shopped (but only rarely) at Magnin's and Saks where the makeup departments glitter and the women behind the counters have voices persuasive as satin. I won this compact a year ago, when I was twelve, at a formal dance. My first. At a real proper boy's school. There were several girls there who surely shopped at Bullocks Wilshire. But I wore a white taffeta dress, and I did win this compact for that waltz.

There was a sound then to a good metal compact; that sound said adult secrets to me the way Bruce Jay Friedman once wrote that the sound of stockings on a leg being crossed said "Divorced" to him. Something like that . . . but I surely do remember the sounds of compacts opening and shutting in theaters, in powder *(Continued on page 364)*

Left: Silver and white, real show-stoppers in their own right, have a practical side as lighteners and brighteners. A silver rim around the eye opens and clarifies, also "whitens" teeth. Matte white fades shadows, camouflages imperfections. And as for the show-stopper effect . . . try white on the lips: key to its attractiveness—sheerness. White nail enamel: new, unexpected, terrific with a tan. Silver: sheer on lips with a natural cheek, natural eye for day; at night, stronger, smudged around eyes, silver mascara. A sampler, from Max Factor and Maxi: whites—Paper Moon eyeshadow, Creamy Ivory nail enamel; silvers—Wildflowers Eyeshadow Collection's Silver, Skinny Dip Colors-to-Go lipgloss. The topper: Epris, Factor's solid-gold winner of a fragrance. All makeup: Rick Gillette.

Penn



WOMEN AND F

the consuming passion

Food is style,
politics, love.
It's the way we
look in the mirror;
it's a way
to relax, control,
show off,
embrace.
It's pleasure
and pain, desire
and discipline,
fixation
and fascination...

By Kathleen Madden

"What a nuisance!
Why should one have to eat?
And what shall we
eat this evening?"

Ambivalent? Of course; but Colette was a woman . . . and women and food, invariably, are a dicey match. Food is, as every woman knows, simple fuel—plus memory, desire, emotion, tradition. Food is a mid-typhoon trek to the grocery, a baby at the breast, wild strawberries, sticky fingers. Food is sin, solid family nutrition, giving and getting of pleasure, a royal pain in the ass. Food is illogic. Food is fashion. Food is the emotional equivalent of sumo wrestling: moans and groans, style and tradition . . . and menacing fat.

What food is . . . is an emotional subject; yet, through the years, psychological theories explaining the links between emotions and food have been diverse, generally pop, and often tenuous at best. Usually spawned by an attempt to explain overeating, symbolic food meanings have included mother, phallus, punishment, reward, a way to alimentary orgasm or sedation, a means of wielding power or sexual negation. In *Ego, Hunger and Aggression,* Esalen associate and T-group founder Fritz Perls, for example, took the 'forties notion that there'd be no war if we would only chew our food. Chewing, Perls postulated, is the natural outlet for human aggression, first taken out on the mother during breast feeding. Inhibiting the infant's natural need to chew—to bite down, to hang on for dear life—leads to other, less healthy expressions of these urges later on, crimes and armed combat among them. In other words: an apple a day keeps the psychoanalyst away, not just the family physician.

The rational and mostly accepted conclusion: Food is, or can be, almost anything—depending on the person, the food, and the specific occasion. In the treatment of most obesity, deep emotional problems with food are greatly downplayed as a causal factor. Researchers have looked, with mixed success, for other answers than negative feelings for overweight. And yet more and more women speak of food in terms of obsession.

Says Albert J. Stunkard, M.D., professor of psychiatry at the University of Pennsylvania, and one of America's foremost

authorities on overweight: "Body weight is an obsession with many young women today, which arises out of the tremendous societal pressure on all women to reduce. I think that a lot of women are living in a semi-starved way, a way in which they were not intended to live, and that puts them under both psychological and physiological stresses.

"If these women weren't so pressured, I doubt that something like the innate meaning of food would have nearly as much importance to them. As it doesn't to men. You have men who are gourmet cooks, who like eating, but you don't find the kind of obsessed, obsessive, really neurotic concern with food that you see in women."

"The way to get thin is to diet," says O. Wayne Wooley, Ph.D., co-director (with his wife, Susan) of the Clinic for Eating Disorders, department of psychiatry, at the University of Cincinnati Medical School. "Dieting is starving, and, it's been shown in studies, all that starving people can think

FOOD

about is food. Over a period of time, food then can develop all sorts of meanings."

Abstinence makes the heart grow fonder . . . and more and more women are abstaining when they feel the desire for food. At any given time, it's been estimated, 50 percent of American women are on a diet. The National Anorexic Aid Society reports that surveys find as many as 1 percent of girls age twelve to eighteen suffers from anorexia nervosa; 20 to 30 percent of women, eighteen to thirty-four, show bulimic symptoms. "You can look at anorexia nervosa and bulimia as the far edge of the spectrum," Dr. Stunkard says. "They mirror what is affecting all women, and it's creeping in and in. Ninety percent of bulimic cases start with a reducing diet."

My nutritionist, my diet counselor, my trainer: Women are obsessed with food because they're obsessed with not eating; our fixation isn't primarily an emotional but a body-oriented one. Says Dr. Wooley: "There are so many fads and crazy ideas about nutrition today, and it's interesting because there is a very sound scientific basis for good nutrition. It shouldn't be that much of a problem, but it is.

"A lot of bulimics know everything about nutrition, but they can't use their knowledge to get themselves out of the fix they're in. Their main problem is one of body image: they feel their body is somehow flawed and imperfect and can be improved by becoming thinner. For overweight or bulimic women, the primary emotion is one of shame."

"As a society," Dr. Stunkard says, "we're nuts with our obsession with women's body weight. Men are at much higher risk for heart attack, and yet all the pressure to reduce is on women. Clearly, it's not a health thing, but some kind of nutty social pressures in which women are collaborating with men. I don't know really who's doing it. But women are getting a bum rap."

In *The Dieter's Dilemma* (Basic Books), a provocative questioning of the value of diet as a way to control weight, authors William Bennett, M.D., and Joel Gurin offer an intriguing coincidence of history: within a year of women's suffrage and of the first widely acceptable birth control, society adapted the popular notion of attractiveness as a "flapper" body, as "thin." Says Bennett, editor of the *Harvard Medical School Health Letter*, "We didn't emphasize it enough in the book, but a peculiar kind of trade-off seems to have occurred around the 1920s. It seems to have been said to women, 'Okay, you can have your sexual liberation, but in order to qualify as respectable human beings you'll have to trade it off for another kind of restraint. You have to be skinny.' In order for women to show that they're mature, capable, adult human beings, in this bizarre way they're being asked to demonstrate another kind of control over their bodies. The control of women's bodies and the perception of women's impulses as somewhat threatening have been dominant issues in Western culture."

What about women's simple desire for food: the sights, the smells, the textures, passions? Food is also a large part of memory, a reflection of past holidays, celebration, religious tradition. Women are historically the keepers of those family traditions, and women keep faith with food. What of images of an older woman, a mother, standing at the stove? Of being raised in the kitchen? Of the assumption that an ability to make pie crust is something handed down through the genes, a double helix of flour and Crisco?

A woman's identity, it once seemed, was formed by more than mirrored reflections and measurements of lean body mass. Women are traditionally raised to have a quite different relationship to food than are men. An emotional relationship.

Dr. Wooley says: "One way that women are more tied in with food, psychologically and socially, is in the preparation of food. Girls are socialized to expect that they will be the ones to do the cooking. Women are socialized to value relationships; and one relationship is that of feeding and taking care of people, nurturing. Men are more socialized to be *(Continued on page 368)*

Eugene Mihaesco

FOOD CHIC

With a kiwi on every plate, can meat and potatoes be far behind?

By Barbara Kafka

Thirty years ago, I was a bright and shining aspiring writer interested in food. Family and friends alike deplored this waste of a "good" education. Today, I am a star, if a little one. Family and friends call to ask me where to eat, how to serve a cherimoyas, where the silkiest smoked salmon is to be bought, and to report on their own gastronomic adventures. While I like to think that the change is partly due to my own talent, it is primarily the result of food's having come violently into style.

Cookbooks, restaurants, elegant new kitchens, expensive pots and pans, herb plants, first-pressing olive oils from tiny estates, rare oysters topped with a king's ransom of caviar, gastronomic tours, and reservations at Girardet in Switzerland and Jamin in Paris are the consumer desiderata of our time. When Bill Blass's name appears on chocolates and Ralph Lauren's on table settings, we know that the day of food as mass style has arrived.

Fashionable food is subject to the same fickleness as skirt lengths and lipstick colors. Bombarded by media constantly in search of the new and saturated with intense and constantly changing entertainments, we move through food trends, use them up, and go on. There was the year everything turned kiwi green and the five years when our mouths were in a constant state of anesthesia, burned out by Szechuan food—much of it cooked by Cantonese who had never seen a Chinese inland province.

The social analysts tell us we have become self-centered, a consumer society buying as if money were going out of style. With little faith in a better future that would be worth sacrificing for, we seek to improve our lives, get immediate gratification, relieve tension, and gain control of our small square of a threatened global village. Well, dinner is necessary, comforting, and a smaller, more easily understood investment than a work of art. Even a truffle is not a lifetime commitment.

Nevertheless, *(Continued on page 308)*

(Continued) duck-sausage pizza, vintage Zinfandel, and the chef-of-the-month are odd entertainments for a puritanical, meat-eating, grace-saying country. How we got from post-World War II gouda to Napa goat cheese is a strange saga.

After the war, the country was rich; food rationing ended, bringing euphoria; women stayed at home taking care of baby-boom kids. There was a crushing shortage of real estate and servants; women who had never seen the insides of their kitchens began to have to cook. They added the untenanted maids' rooms to the kitchens and made new, large, pleasant spaces. The middle class sought space in the suburbs.

Our affluence became patriotic, a sign of the American victory. We could be proud of our American home and family. Grateful to have our men back, we reassured them with our conventional, noncompetitive roles. Women were traitors if unmarried by graduation time. Staying at home, we were celebrants at the altar of the stove. The culinary gods were James Beard, Dione Lucas, and Irma Rombauer. Meals had a formal order and matching china. We were spurred on by magazines that included, daringly, wine in their recipes for the first time. Imported wine was cheap, and in California land released from prohibition was yielding upgraded wine grapes.

The community of goals and a truce in the war between the sexes couldn't last forever. As the 'fifties came to an end, the children began to grow up. Competent, educated women were left with too little to do and took cooking courses to get out of the house. Julia Child came along in 1961 as a guide to French perfection. In our zeal, we marched forward to make French bread, pastries, and pâtés, the things the French buy in stores. We did it more and better.

But by the mid-'sixties, the general vision of a peaceful land of milk and honey began to fade as Vietnam turned into an American problem of conscience and of financial and physical resources. We began to feel uneasy. America seemed flawed. The children of the baby-boom generation were in college, and they didn't want to fight this war. Patriotism was dying along with respect for parental values. Looking for new ways to live, they were drawn to emulate the Beat generation, to drop out, be political, and take drugs.

The roses of the American economy began to wilt as our war debts came due and we instituted programs to try and rectify the newly perceived social ills. There weren't enough high-paying jobs for all the recent graduates and politicized women; to many, traditional jobs seemed unacceptable. They wanted something basic (not corrupt). Something creative. They turned to food and cooking. On communes, everybody cooked. Suddenly, bread was baking in every oven, and there was a scramble for wheat germ, bean sprouts, and other healthful, non-urban ingredients.

As the 'sixties waned and the political activism of the 'seventies seemed to yield little result, other more simple cultures seemed better, more *real,* than our own. Besides, we had learned most everything about French cooking. Woks appeared. We tried Moroccan and Japanese food and learned to use the exotic ingredients provided by the new waves of Oriental, Mexican, and Caribbean immigrants. The food processor was the new symbol of upward mobility.

As we moved well into the 'seventies, we worried about the bomb. Disenchanted with politics, we turned to self-gratification. We began to jog. We needed more money to support our increasingly consumer lives. Marriages were of questionable duration and a soft rock on which to place the church of family. People began to have jobs instead of children. Some of those jobs were in food, the newly learned and morally good work. Ph.D.s waited table. Lawyers opened restaurants. The flower children still in Berkeley began to sell their baked goods and cook in restaurants that were money-makers. The communards of New Mexico put up salsa in jars to sell rather than eat, and former anti-war activists now farming in Vermont made pure jams for urban markets. The buying-a-restaurant era had begun.

The take-out food shops that the cooking-school ladies had started as they became working women began to multiply and thrive. As the 'seventies turned into the 'eighties, we needed so many more of these places because so many of us were working. We didn't want to do double jobs, cooking at home after a long day. Often, it was easier to meet our friends out of the house. The unmarried needed a different kind of social life, and they found it in restaurants *cum* bars. Restaurants became the new theater.

Restaurants educated us. We ate nouvelle cuisine, then nouvelle American. Overeducated, we moved to recherché excitements—from Tex-Mex and kiwi to blue corn tortillas and lemon grass. Businesses were created to meet our insatiable need for novelty. Live shrimp were flown in from Monterey, Hawaii, Spain, and Italy. Sophisticated restaurateurs joined the search for titillating ingredients. The displaced populations of Southeast Asians grew tiny bok choy. Instead of making better bread, we bought it.

In the mid-'eighties, funny things began to happen to the consumer society. The economy was laboring. We were in debt, losing pride, feeling flabby. So we set ourselves new challenges; jogging turned to marathon running. We shaped up in spas, ate healthful foods—less red meat, more vegetables, less liquor, less food altogether, more mineral water. (These were the years of the thousand diets, particularly diets for life eternal and sports victory.)

We added a new puritanism to our heavy investment in food and our nostalgia for better times. We elected conservative politicians, and tried to emulate what we believed was an earlier, better America. We began to follow the grail of regional American foods. Beans with lots of chili were healthful and patriotic. Still, we needed solace, thought of chocolate pudding, and ate bread pudding—after our slivers of fish, our sprinklings of almost raw baby vegetables—and everywhere, ever-richer chocolate cakes. Only sorbet seemed to recall our diets.

As we cooked less—who had time between work and working out?—we went out more and began to change our eating patterns (only one meal in three is eaten at home). We began to "graze," substituting endless snacking for three squares a day. Real-estate advertising avoids mentioning kitchens when listing new apartments, and a brief glance at the floor plans indicates that the kitchens have been pared to a minimum. "Lifestyle" sections don't push dinette sets, and instead, tell us about new forms of entertaining in which Chinese take-out is the meal of choice during popular television shows. Financial pages show us that housewares departments are slipping as fast-food chains soar.

We are seeing hints that we may go back to home entertaining. Perhaps people will begin, cautiously, to cook again... we're tired of trendiness

That's it, up to *(Continued on page 369)*

Eugene Mihaesco

The real dish

Warning! Trendy foods may be dangerous to your diet

Part of our obsession with food has to do with nostalgia—a yearning for authenticity, virtue even. What, after all, could be more basic than corn bread? Ironically, the "virtue" of these dishes proves largely metaphorical—and corn bread is, basically, fattening. Here, Vogue's food-style maven **Barbara Kafka** lists the trendiest dishes on today's menu; **Judith S. Stern, Sc.D.,** Vogue's nutrition columnist and a professor at the University of California, Davis, rates them according to their true, nutritional, value.

Mesquite grilled tuna with fresh uncooked tomato sauce and shoestring French fried potatoes: Tuna is relatively low in fat and the fresh tomato sauce adds vitamins A and C. But high-temperature grilling of protein may cause the formation of benzpyrene, a potential carcinogen. Shoestring fries are delicious but skinny as they are, they're high in fat and in calories, and if they are fried in beef fat, high in saturated fats as well. If you choose to indulge, don't eat a huge amount, and have your salad without dressing.

Barbecued ribs with jalapeño corn bread: Ribs are high in sodium, fat (as much as 75 percent), calories. If you make this dish at home, you can reduce the fat by parboiling the ribs first. Eat the corn bread without butter, and you'll cut calories by a third.

Sushi with wasabi and soy: A dieter's delight, this combination is low in fat and relatively low in calories; the only drawback is that the soy sauce contains a lot of salt. A little food psychology helps here—if you sit at the sushi bar and order as you eat, you'll eat slowly and not as much.

Deep dish pizza with spinach and mixed cheeses, basil, with a whole wheat crust: Pizza is a great source of calcium; and most women do not get nearly enough. The whole-wheat crust adds fiber, which is lacking in white-flour crusts. Resist the temptation to add such toppings as sausage or pepperoni. Instead, try spinach or broccoli for folic acid, vitamin A, fiber. Pizza is also high in sodium.

Fettucine with porcini mushrooms and cheese: A delightful combination in terms of taste but usually made with large amounts of heavy cream, loaded with fat—saturated fat—and calories. On the positive side, mushrooms are an excellent low-calorie source of B_2 and niacin. Besides, who could picture life without pasta?

Shrimp Jambalaya: If the shrimp is fried in bacon grease and the dish includes ham or spiced sausage, it can be high in saturated fat and cholesterol. The variety of vegetables (celery, onion, green pepper, tomatoes, and parsley) provides vitamins A, C, and a number of the B vitamins; the shrimp, protein. The steamed rice is low in fat, a good source of complex carbohydrates.

Blackened redfish: Grilled quickly over a very hot flame to seal in the juices, as with the tuna, the blackened crust will contain benzpyrene. But, cooking method aside, this dish is high in protein and low in fat.

Roast suckling pig: If you don't eat the skin and cut off any visible fat, this will lower the total calories and fat. This dish provides proteins and B vitamins.

Green mole (green pepper and bitter chocolate sauce) of chicken with guacamole and refried beans: Guacamole with its combination of avocado, tomato, and cilantro is rich in vitamins A, C, and E. You may want to skip the refried beans because of the calories (in restaurants, up to 190 per half cup) and, if they are made with lard, the saturated fat.

Blue corn tortillas with fresh white cheese (queso blanco), hot peppers, and coriander: The cheese and the blue corn tortillas make this a reasonable source of calcium. White cheese tends to be lower in fat than other cheeses, but the dish is also high in sodium.

Cold spicy Chinese noodles: The peanut oil makes this high in fat, and soy sauce is an inevitable sodium source. The noodles are high in complex carbohydrates.

Old-fashioned shortcake with fresh berries, crème fraîche: The berries add fiber and vitamin C, but the shortcake and crème fraîche are high in saturated fat and calories.

Double-dense chocolate cake (without flour), chocolate glaze and orange sauce: Emotionally, I think chocolate should be declared an "honorary vitamin." Rationally, this dessert is loaded with calories and fat and at best provides a small amount of B vitamins. With whipped cream, the calorie and saturated fat content soar even higher.

Sweet red pepper mousse with hot pepper sauce: The red peppers make this an excellent source of vitamin A, but the mousse itself is made with lots of high-fat cream and eggs.

Rare-grilled duck breast with sauté of wild mushrooms: A dish that provides a good source of protein, B_1 and B_2, and niacin; but the duck can be high in fat.

Assorted sorbets (fruit and chocolate): Most sorbets use a lot of sugar but are low in fat and make a reasonable alternative to ice cream.

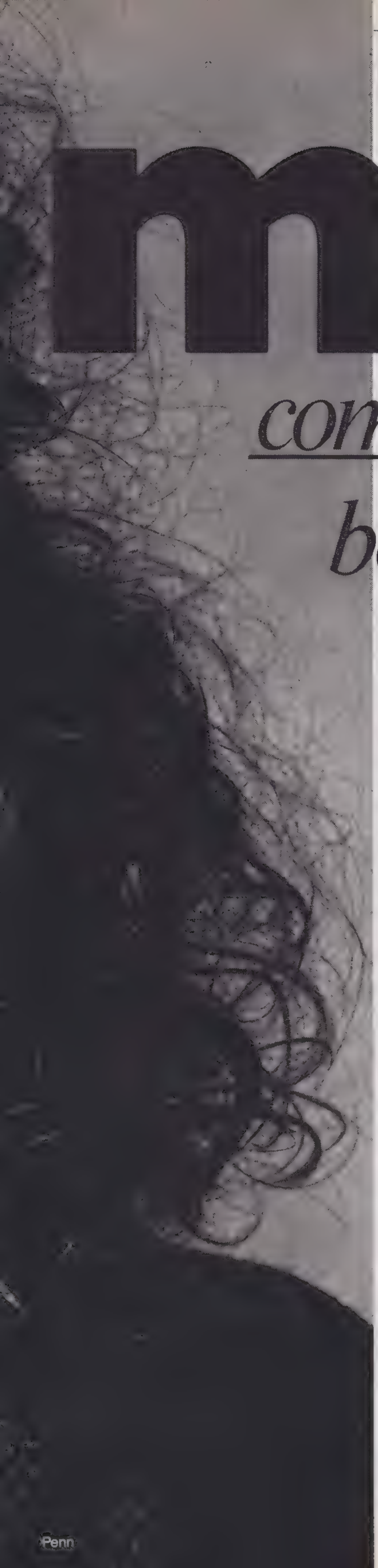
Butterscotch sundae: As an ice cream lover, I feel I must defend the ice cream sundae. As a nutritionist, I know it is loaded with calories (two tablespoons of butterscotch sauce are approximately 200 calories), but ice cream provides some calcium and B_2 along with the saturated fat and sugar.

Chocolate raspberry bread pudding: Raspberries are an excellent source of fiber, but here they aren't present in large enough quantities to make a difference. The chocolate custard (made with chocolate, egg yolks, and cream) is high in saturated fat, cholesterol, and sugar.

Lobster ravioli with lobster butter (ground shell of lobster sautéed with butter): A very rich dish—go easy on the butter to save calories, saturated fat and cholesterol.

Sauté of baby vegetables: A variety of vegetables is a nutritional plus, but I prefer steaming to sautéing.

Foie-gras salad with radicchio and mâche: Foie gras is rich in vitamins A and D, but high in fat and cholesterol. Radicchio and mâche are good sources of vitamin A and folacin. ▽



Mia

Woody's waif-mistress is one tough, make that competent, mother with a born-again film career

BY CATHLEEN SCHINE

She was married to Frank Sinatra, and then she did something shocking—cut her hair all off?—and then she married somebody else—a conductor?—and then his wife wrote a nasty song about her. And, let's see . . . she has millions of children. Oh, and her mother is somebody too, I think. . . .

Mia Farrow has had one of those tempestuous, baldly public lives that makes all the world seem a narrow back alley and all the people in it neighbors shrieking "Didja *hear*?" Twenty years ago, in the proto-prime-time soap opera, *Peyton Place*, she played the wide-eyed, long-haired Allison MacKenzie, a solemn child who—to the horror and delight of viewers—Lost her Virginity. Then Mia Farrow chopped her hair off; Mia Farrow went boating with Frank Sinatra; Mia Farrow shocked a nation; *Peyton Place* wrote her into a coma.

When she married Sinatra in 1966, she was attended by thirty-seven still, and fourteen movie, cameras. The press marveled at "the elfin actress and Hollywood's Chairman of the Board." "He's wonderful—a wonderful man," she says now. "I think everyone would love him if they could spend time with him." When they separated, she flew to the Himalayas to meditate with the Maharishi (remember him?). There were photographers in the trees.

"Mia has crammed several lifetimes into one—and, on the surface at least, has the dewy quality of a maiden who has just learned that people do not conceive babies by holding hands." *Time* magazine wrote that in 1969. Since then, she's married André Previn, conductor and composer; Previn's former wife, Dory Previn, has written a hit song about her called "Beware of Young Girls"; Farrow and André Previn have had three children; they have adopted four more children; they have divorced after eight years of marriage; Farrow has become Woody Allen's constant companion; and she's starred in *A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy*, *Zelig*, *Broadway Danny Rose*, and *The Purple Rose of Cairo*, Allen's last four movies. She's also starring in *Hannah and Her Sisters*, his next film.

At forty, Mia Farrow is still dewy: overwhelmingly, gently beautiful with such soft coloring and graceful features that she looks like a flower. She really does. The ethereal waif of the news clippings, however, does not seem waif-like at all in real life. In fact, she seems rather like the doctor she plays in *Zelig*—almost unbearably sweet and delicate, but stubborn and competent and strong. She was once everyone's idea of a frail, vulnerable, volatile child. Now Mia Farrow seems like someone's hazy, loving, idealized memories of a mother.

She is sitting in the huge New York apartment that was her mother's. ("O'Sullivan" is still on the door—as in Maureen O'Sullivan, as in "You, Jane." Her father was the director John Farrow.) The living room is elegantly cluttered and comfortable, the walls loaded with pictures of her children.

"*I* don't think I'm ethereal," she says. "I don't experience life that way. I used to be more prone to daydreaming—you know, in school. The teacher would come up behind *(Continued on page 365)*

Hair by Ken Kirby; makeup, Rumiko

Australia exudes the rude glamour we like to think of as typically American—which may be why we find it so irresistible. Thumbing its nose at the Empire, beholden to no one else, it has recently thrust itself on the world as a cultural presence. Here are the actors, writers, and filmmakers who've sunk roots in this wild, strange land

BRYAN BROWN

Some actors are as emblematic of their country as its food, its flag, and its national anthem. America had John Wayne, France had Jean Gabin, and Australia has Bryan Brown, a self-styled "Sydney boy" with reddish hair, blue eyes, and a thin sliver of gold filling in a front tooth. In *A Town Like Alice*, he was brave; in *The Thorn Birds*, a rotter; in *Breaker Morant*, a cocky soldier.

Bryan Brown lives in a fancy suburb with an English wife (actress Rachel Ward) whose relatives sport titles, but it's easier to picture him sweaty from soccer and lapping up a lager. Which is, of course, the stereotypical way to picture the Australian male and not that far off the mark.

Brown is a fifth-generation Australian, and a booster. "If I pick up a paper and see that Pat Cash beat John McEnroe, I'd have to say 'bloody beauty.'" If any local lad is playing anyone from anywhere, "I have a good healthy hope that Australia will rub them into the concrete."

Greg Barrett

BY MARY CANTWELL

The American tourist is in a Japanese restaurant, which means that she could be in New York or London or any other of the cities of the West. She shares a language with her fellow diners although their pronunciation is noticeably more narrow through the vowels and, having stemmed from the same European roots, she even looks like them. She is, in a sense, in her own world. But when she walks out of that restaurant and into a dense Pacific night, she is suddenly reminded that she is not. Instead she's at the back of beyond and all that produced her is thousands of miles away.

Countless Australians have known that terrifying sense of isolation too, and some of them all their lives. This is a peculiar country, a white nation in the middle of an Asian world. One's skin is the wrong color, the language has the wrong sound, even the food—my God, bangers and mash and the temperature's 96°—is an intrusion. Director Paul Cox, who was raised in a Europe that was dying at his birth—it was 1940 and Holland and a war—says of his twenty-year residence in Australia: "I feel homeless. I've always been constantly homesick. I don't know where home is. In Australia, I seem better able to ask the question 'Where is home?' than elsewhere."

"It's so traumatic to come this far," novelist Blanche d'Alpuget says, "so when people decide to emigrate, it's because something dramatic has happened. They're not leaving pleasant memories."

"When you ask an American where his ancestors came from"—this from director Peter Weir—"you'll get a long story and some place names. Ask an Australian and he'll say, 'Oo's askin?' They've shut the door on Europe." "No," actor Bryan Brown says, "Europe shut the door on them."

"At last"—this is Blanche d'Alpuget, citing a burgeoning film industry, an America's Cup, an army of tennis players, and maybe a squad of novelists—"the poor white trash of the Empire can look down on someone."

It is a beautiful country. Fifteen million people live here, in the coastal cities, and the Outback remains empty and awesome. Until a few decades ago almost all its immigrants came from England and Ireland and Scotland—convicts originally, remittance men, Britons for whom Australia was not so much a fresh hope as a last resort. If later they suffered from what Australians call a "cultural cringe," it was because, being poor people, they arrived "uncultivated." Uncertain of their own perceptions, they couldn't trust their own artists: one had to go to Europe, to get Big Daddy's accolade, to come back a star.

Australia is physically frightening, too. This is a country of strange animals and even stranger bugs: a gentleman from Sydney, safely stowed away in London, wrote once of being afraid to lift an Australian toilet seat without a *(Continued)*

Jo Daniels

COLLEEN McCULLOUGH

Colleen McCullough is a large woman with a large voice and a large personality, and to meet her is to wonder if sizable females are *ipso facto* Earth Mothers, or if Earth Mother is an identity they choose as a defense against those who are privileged to enter rooms inconspicuously.

"I've never been the kind that faded into the wallpaper....I don't know whether it's that few Australian women have attracted that much attention or whether it's just me. I think it's me....I am the sort of person who if I wanted to live in Antarctica I'd be speaking Penguin fluently and leading an insurrection within ten minutes....I'm a very good extemporaneous speaker....I have great technical brilliance and great administrative ability ....I'm getting better each time I write."

To the American who sources her social behavior in that Britspeak which dictates that sentences begin with "One" and not, God forbid, "I," so positive a self-appraisal is not quite....The hell with that. Colleen McCullough, only female in a houseful of males, who never had a room of her own until she left home, who didn't have enough money for medical school which is why she ended up at Yale's neurology department, and whose *Thorn Birds* and *An Indecent Obsession* were blockbusters, has earned the breath that blows her own horn.

Today she lives on Norfolk Island, a former penal colony and a thousand miles east of Brisbane, with the husband she found at forty-six. She shows you their wedding album, she cooks dinner, muttering "right" every time she adds the next ingredient. Her latest book, *Creed for the Third Millenium*, out next month, has the biggest first printing in its publisher's history. The next, about ancient Rome, will be "the best-researched historical novel ever." After that, "a doozy of a novel set in an Ivy League university. It's going to be a beaut."

THE Australians

Greg Barrett

PETER WEIR

Peter Weir, like Bruce Beresford, is on the circuit. If you're on the circuit, you're on a plane and you're filming all over the world. He started with his native Australia: *The Last Wave*, *Picnic at Hanging Rock*, *Gallipoli*. Moved to Indonesia: *The Year of Living Dangerously*. Now the United States, and Pennsylvania in particular: *Witness*.

When Weir was about twenty, he went to England one man and came back another—not an uncommon experience, he says, for Europeans living "at the bottom of the world. There's a kind of nationalism afoot . . . a yearning for some sort of identity. I think that's true of all colonial countries in their early stages. You have to explain your country . . . you are people without a continuity. I find it a strange push-pull thing, because I'm most at home in lands that do not have continuity—Hawaii, Indonesia. And when I go to Europe, even though I'm looking forward to the trip, I don't really belong there. Australians. We're not English nor are we something else yet.

"Australia's a peculiar country, one that began as a penal colony, and did not break from the mother country. But we're too far, and life's been too hard. The type of people who came here did not keep shrines alive to anything."

(Continued) rolled-up newspaper in his other hand. Winter is summer and spring is fall, and what ought to be an oak tree is a palm, and what ought to be a Sweet William is wild orchid. *Ought* to be, *ought* to be: director Bruce Beresford says that in childhood he had Britain crammed down his throat.

But Australia's changed since Bruce Beresford was a boy. Twenty or so years ago the emigrés from southern Europe started arriving. They brought "color," as the old settlers put it. (Heaven forbid a southern European prefer a bland diet, eschew drama, and be dispassionate about his relatives.) The more recent immigration is Asian ("And, of course," Blanche d'Alpuget says, "they work their bums off"). Some Australians fear the Asian invasion; others—the more trendy types—welcome them. Without it, one is told, "we wouldn't have had coriander."

Such a strange place. Indian and Asian restaurants beckon; the women's magazines give recipes for roast beef and Yorkshire pudding. A weekend afternoon and one sees men immaculate in cricket whites, playing on a greensward that might be in Somerset, only a few blocks away from beaches thronged with surfers. A Colleen McCullough flees to a Norfolk Island, one thousand miles out in the Pacific, although "I will never feel for anywhere what I feel for Australia."

Her countrymen were pestering her to death. Do Americans pester a Norman Mailer? Not at all. His social ubiquitousness is such as to make him seem a possibility at supermarket openings, but he's not harassed.

"It's the tall-poppy syndrome," director Gillian Armstrong says. "Because we're a land of brothers, because we're all equal, Australians don't like anybody getting too big."

For a long time Australia's biggest *(Continued on page 365)*

THE Australians

BRUCE BERESFORD

Bruce Beresford left home for the same reason that small-town kids head for the big city: "For the things that I was interested in doing . . . there was nothing here." The difference is that Beresford's small town was a continent and his big city the world.

In 1961, when Beresford fled his Sydney suburb ("stifling, very dull"), the world, specifically London, was six weeks away and only by boat. What he wanted was film experience, and he got it, but not without acquiring the kind of job experience that used to show up in the jacket copy on first novels: laborer, drain-layer, schoolteacher. When he returned ten years later, it was because the Australian government was about to subsidize a movie industry and he was going to get in on the ground floor.

Now he's less an Australian than an international director, which means that it's American money that's backing him these days. *Breaker Morant* was a monument, perhaps inadvertently, to Australian nationalism, but *Tender Mercies* was set in Texas, *King David* shot in Italy, and soon there'll be *Crimes of the Heart*, which is as Southern-American as grits; Puccini's opera, *The Girl of the Golden West*, at Spoleto. "I like living in hotels," Beresford says. "I like being in places where I don't know anybody. There's not much point in living in Sydney because I'd go any place the script was right." Succinctly put and, ironically, with an accent and style that make him a natural for those TV ads in which the ultimate Aussie lures tourists by promising to put another shrimp on the barby.

THE 4

Arthur Elgort

PAUL COX

Paul Cox is an Australian director in that he lives and works in Melbourne where he came as a twenty-three-year-old exchange student from Holland twenty years ago. His accent and his references are European, and for all that he participates in life Down Under he might as well be living near the Leidseplein.

Cox, who believes that a proper wardrobe consists of no more than one of anything, brings a similar economy to his films. They (*Lonely Hearts*, *Man of Flowers*, *My First Wife*) cost relatively little because he deplores excess, and excess is anything that detracts from concentration on character. "My films are about people in Australia, but they're also about people everywhere. So I make a conscious effort to make Australia look normal." By which he means like Amsterdam, Brussels, Rouen, Peoria: any place that people meet and marry, divorce and destroy.

GILLIAN ARMSTRONG

Gillian Armstrong is about ten years younger than Bruce Beresford, which is why she didn't have to leave home to get what she wanted. When she entered a Melbourne technical college to study theater and design, "all the best students went straight to London . . . there was little support for the artist in Australia." By the time she got out, however, "there'd been a rebirth of nationalism, and it was an exciting time."

It was also the right time to be a moviemaker. Armstrong, whose inquiries for jobs in television were greeted with requests for her typing speed, saw an ad for the new National Film School. She was one of twelve accepted for its first class; a few years later she was directing *My Brilliant Career*, one of Australia's first important films.

After a year in the United States filming *Mrs. Soffel*, which stars Mel Gibson and Diane Keaton, Armstrong is home in Sydney and glad to be there. To her, America is the Old World. "It was amazing to me that 50 percent of the people I met there got into the film industry because of their fathers and mothers. And there are far fewer women in it than there are here. America was supposed to be the land of dreams, where you could start in the gutter and move up. It doesn't seem that way to me now. In Australia, though, if you show talent someone will grab you and you'll move on."

Brigitte Lacombe

ustralians

BLANCHE d'ALPUGET

A small blonde who claims the jacket photograph on her first book, *Monkeys in the Dark*, had her looking like a Swedish meatball, Blanche d'Alpuget has in her second, *Turtle Beach*, a journalist-heroine whom half of Australia's actresses want to play. Journalist's daughter, diplomat's wife, D'Alpuget reflects both their disciplines in her densely plotted novels: her protagonists are pitted against world cataclysms.

Blanche d'Alpuget lives in Canberra, which, being among the dullest of cities, preserves her from distraction; and her eye for the telling detail is as evident in her speech as it is in her books, e.g., D'Alpuget on the Australian rich: "You'll have a pool, a BMW or a Rolls-Royce, horse prints if it's old money, Pre-Raphaelite paintings if it's new, and you'll go to Europe every year. You'll have a yacht and if you live in Sydney, a view of the harbor. You'll eat in restaurants a lot and drink Champagne because that's obligatory if you have any self-respect, and you'll buy your clothes in Italy. And, oh yes, you're apt to own at least a leg of a race horse."

WENDY HUGHES

Perhaps it's not fair that the first thing one thinks to say about a good actress like Wendy Hughes is "My, isn't she pretty," but there it is. Miss Hughes, she of the long grey eyes, the swooping nose, and the enviable lower lip, is the kind that sets even the confident to brooding about physical insufficiencies. She is not, however, what she looks like, which is to say a cool customer. Instead, Wendy Hughes is a chatty woman whose Australian accent waxes and wanes in direct proportion to the intensity a dialogue demands. When the subject's acting, it waxes like mad.

She started in repertory where she was Anya in *The Cherry Orchard*, Mabel in *The Ideal Husband*, Maggie in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*—the usual rites of passage for the ingenue. Now she's busy in the movies but not as busy as she'd like because "only twenty films a year means all the women are going for the same parts." Still, she's pulled out some plums—*Lonely Hearts*; *My First Wife*; *Careful, He Might Hear You*; and, now, *An Indecent Obsession*—and without having to leave home either.

tina

It took a grown-up woman to save rock and roll...and soul to save herself

BY MAUREEN ORTH

Tina Turner, swathed in full-length black mink, is riding in the back of a limousine to a rehearsal of *Saturday Night Live*. With her are her tall, blond Australian manager, Roger Davies, and her dresser, Teamer Washington. Preceding her is another limo carrying several trunks of her designer dresses and her royal-blue metal makeup case, about the size of a coffee table. She retired the night before at 7:00 P.M., having resolved to tell director Steven Spielberg that she wasn't interested in a leading role in the important new film, the screen adaptation of Alice Walker's novel, *The Color Purple*. Tina Turner felt it was too dark a tale for her newfound happiness.

"The part's too old—she's been with every man in town and this man brings her into his house with his wife. No. I know this already from my past," Tina Turner says. "I want to do a *Raiders* or a Western next. There is no way I'm a drag right now."

No way at all. Turner, known once as "the queen of raunch and roll" and as the wife of her musical partner Ike Turner, has survived being a battered wife and an over-the-hill 'sixties rock star, as well as a divorce that left her penniless. A few years ago, her career was in ruins, and she was forced to trade on her legend by playing tacky lounges or appearing in remote parts of the world. Today, fueled by her electrifying performances, which lend themselves so well to MTV, she has been discovered all over again as the hottest female singer in the country.

On stage, Turner seethes sexuality—she screams, she sweats, she kicks up her famous stiletto-heeled legs, and in a sinuous growl halfway to a roar, she belts out the hits from her LP *Private Dancer*. Released last year, *Private Dancer* has sold over six million copies, spawned four hit singles, and has won her three Grammys. It's been printed that William Morrow Publishers paid $440,000 for Turner's life story. This month, she appears in an HBO in-concert special. In July, she's featured onscreen with Mel Gibson in the third Road Warrior movie, *Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome*. Later in the summer, she is scheduled to record a new album, then will complete the year touring the United States and Southeast Asia. In pop music, Turner's is the comeback of the decade. Yet certain little things can still be a drag.

Glancing out onto Park Avenue through the hazed limousine window, Tina Turner tugs on her electrified-looking, streaked blond hair, then shakes a delicately manicured finger. "Mick Jagger, I'm not that much older than you!" She is referring to a comment she heard Jagger make on MTV that he used to watch her as a teenager and also copied some of her onstage moves. "I started out on the road so young, people think I'm ancient. There's *only* four years difference between me and Mick."

Tina Turner admits to forty-five, well maybe forty-six.

But some people say she's sixty. "There's no way a sixty-year-old woman can look the way I look." People are even rude enough to ask her point blank whether she's gone through menopause. The answer is no.

In fact, Tina, the mother of two sons aged twenty-four and twenty-six, explains that a few years ago she wanted a little girl so much she took to walking around airports with a life-sized baby doll she bought in Spain. "She was the same color as me and looked so real. Then what happened to her, Roger?" she asks her manager.

"We put her in the trunk."

"Right. One day I just said, 'She goes in the trunk.' "

Fifteen years ago, Turner would drive young men wild by leaning back, planting her micro-minied legs firmly apart, and practically shoving the microphone down her throat before raucously rasping the introduction to "Proud Mary":

"We nevah, evah, do anything nice and easy.

We always do it nice and rough!"

Today she has a softer sounding, younger band (only her keyboard player is black); and the famous "Ikettes," her campy, choreographed back-up singers, are banished forever. Today, Tina says, it's just "me and my boys."

"What's love got to do, got to do with it?" she coos at her *Saturday Night Live* rehearsal, handling the microphone like a snake charmer. Even at a sound check, she gives as much of herself as when she's onstage for real. The bleachers are packed with cast and crew alike, all gawking at her sensational body. "No white woman can move like Tina Turner," sighs someone in the crowd. By show time, two famous wives—actresses Jamie Lee Curtis, married to *SNL* regular Christopher Guest, and Susan St. James, married to executive producer Dick Ebersol—are joined in the front row by Faye Dunaway. The three women stars sit there mesmerized by Tina Turner, who is undulating in spike heels and black leather.

(Continued on page 366)

Makeup by Maggie Hunt

gae aulenti: renaissance woman

Gae Aulenti has applied her seemingly boundless skills and her unrelenting imagination to a breathtaking range of activities—interiors, furniture, houses, and stage sets. She is a favorite among style-setters: Olivetti, Fiat, and Knoll—all celebrated for their own designs—hired her to do their showrooms. Her current project, the most audacious of her career, is designing all the interior architecture for Paris's new landmark, the Musée d'Orsay, a comprehensive museum of nineteenth-century art and design, scheduled to open next year. Aulenti is responsible for the whole works—from the picture-hanging and lighting systems to the door handles. It's the most dramatic architectural project in Paris since Beaubourg

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Gae Aulenti's country home in the Umbrian mountains near the town of Assisi (above) is a compound of rustic, modernized buildings. Right: She relaxes at poolside in a wooden rocker of her own design, enjoying the companionship of Nina, her six-year-old granddaughter, and the family pooch, Marte.

François Halard

Paolo Roversi

renaissance woman

"An architect is first and foremost an intellectual," Gae Aulenti declares. "The wonderful thing is to carry what you learn from one discipline to another"

BY BARBARA ROSE

Waiting at the Brasserie Balzar in Paris for Gae Aulenti, I did not know precisely what to expect. We had never met, but I was fascinated by the idea that the French, not known for their enthusiasm for foreigners, had hired an Italian woman architect to design their most important new museum: the Museum of the Nineteenth Century, to be housed in the former railway station, the Gare d'Orsay, completed in 1900 on the Left Bank *quai* facing the august Louvre. That morning I had visited the future Musée d'Orsay, scheduled to open in late 1986 as the permanent home of some of the greatest French art treasures of the nineteenth century, from the Romantic period to the Art Nouveau movement. A daring concept in museology, "Orsay," as Parisians familiarly refer to the vast glass-and-iron structure now being transformed into a treasure house of art, already shows signs of being potentially the most beautiful museum in the world. One of the novelties of "Orsay" will be to break down the artificial categories between Impressionists and Salon artists, between the major and minor arts. Orsay will assemble, under one vast roof, the French national collections, juxtaposing photography and the decorative arts side by side with painting and sculpture to present an entirely new view of the historical reality of the latter half of the last century. To see that period, which transformed ideas received from the Renaissance into modern concepts, in a fresh way will be startling enough; to see it exhibited in the extraordinary architectural setting being created by Milanese designer Gae Aulenti will probably make history.

These were my thoughts as I looked up to see a woman imposing not in size but in her dignified carriage. I had never seen a photograph of her, but I knew this must be Architetta Aulenti. Although she was madly rushed, commuting between Milan and Paris, she had generously agreed to take time to see me. We had decided to meet at the Balzar, near her hotel in the Quartier Latin. During dinner, Gae, as she urged me to call her at once, explained that it was more convenient for *(Continued on page 325)*

The Musée d'Orsay project challenged Aulenti to design an all-new museum within an existing vaulted structure—the Paris railroad station known as Gare d'Orsay, built in 1900. Opposite: The museum's imposing stairway and twin towers in the central gallery. Also from Aulenti's drafting board (near right, top to bottom): stage set, Milan apartment, 1976 Stilnovo lamp, a concrete-striped lawn.

Carla di Benedetti

Rodolfo Facchini

J m Purce

renaissance woman

"In Milan today, it is still possible to encounter, casually, a friend who is a writer or a composer or a director, to meet for a drink or dinner that evening. Italy is still small enough that we can exchange ideas with each other easily"

(Continued) her to live in a hotel in Paris than to rent an apartment, since her time was entirely taken up with the immense project of turning a railway station into a great museum.

Once dinner was ordered, I did not hesitate to express my curiosity: How could the French bring themselves to hire an architect who was both Italian and female for this stellar commission?

Gae explained how she had been called to Paris: "After considering the enormity of the problem, the museum professionals decided to hold an international competition to choose the appropriate architect. I never enter competitions, but I wanted this job. I enjoy new challenges; I had never designed a museum. I submitted my proposal, and I won."

These facts were stated modestly, but with the quiet sense of confidence Gae Aulenti consistently displays.

"Then I came to work in Paris," she continued. "The first step was a long process of analysis of the specific problems with Michel Laclotte, who is organizing the Orsay, and his curatorial staff. I had a sense of spatial organization, of textures and materials, but no specific architectural style in mind. I was a bit scared, to tell the truth, by the prospects of creating a museum within that huge, towering space. So I approached the problem geographically, rather than historically or stylistically. As I spoke with the curators, we *(Continued on page 367)*

Aulenti's country guest room (above left) features a high, curtained, canopied bed. The sleeping area can be closed off by floor-to-ceiling curtains. Aulenti's daughter, theater designer Giovanna Buzzi, created the floor and wall tiles. Below, left to right: A former kitchen with an outsize fireplace is now a casual sitting room; for summer dining, Aulenti set up a canopied area, where the linen tablecloth is laid with locally made pottery and decorated with fig leaves; the box-like bed in Giotto's fresco "Dream of St. Francis," in a church in Assisi, inspired Aulenti's guest bed.

François Halard

Fragrance first . . . it's not only the first fashion a woman wears, but the key to a first impression. Revealing. Evocative—it always sends out messages.

Fragrance that gets a message across particularly fast—"complex" blends. Notably, Emanuel Ungaro's Diva, a complex, vibrant floral with amber notes. Equally unmistakable, complex in nature, the spice-tinged bouquet of Nina Ricci's L'Air du Temps . . . the brilliant floral/fruity arrangement of First by Van Cleef & Arpels.

The fashion throughout these pages—remarkable pale-color evening dressing from the couture. Starting here, with Ungaro's utterly beguiling "bride"—white silk satin, full balloon sleeves draping at the hip, a long train. These pages have [illegible]

THE FIRST FASHION A WOMAN WEARS FRAGRANCE:

BY SHIRLEY LORD

"It's a special moment when a designer is able to translate his personal fashion ideology into a certain smell." Perry Ellis is speaking, the eighteenth American fashion designer to introduce (this month) fragrances bearing his name, not one, but two—one for men, the other for women, an unusual step. A dedicated perfectionist, Perry Ellis is typical of designers worldwide today, who work hard with accomplished perfumers to interpret and produce their own "style" in a medium that is, of course, "invisible," yet has to be recognizable to those who follow and like to wear that style.

Perry Ellis goes on. "I don't believe in the hyperbole that implies use of a fragrance is going to change your life. To me it's something you wear because you like it. I wanted somehow to capture the fact that flowers are virtuous, innocent as opposed to contrived, to create something beautiful that was part of my heritage. Fragrance has always had an identification with my childhood, growing up in the South where many members of my family—aunts and my grandmother—made their own fragrances, potpourris, using what for me will always be Southern flowers—magnolias, honeysuckle—country fresh, yet romantic floral scents."

Last year in this country two and one-half billion dollars was spent on the over four hundred women's fragrances now available here—over one-third of which was spent on those carrying designer names, mostly fashion designers but designers of jewelry, too, such as Paloma Picasso, and creators of art and sculpture, such as Niki de Saint Phalle and Salvador Dalí, who this month introduces his perfume. Over 60 percent of Bloomingdale's gigantic fragrance business comes from the sale of "designer" fragrances—this from Lester Gribetz, executive vice *(Continued on page 331)*

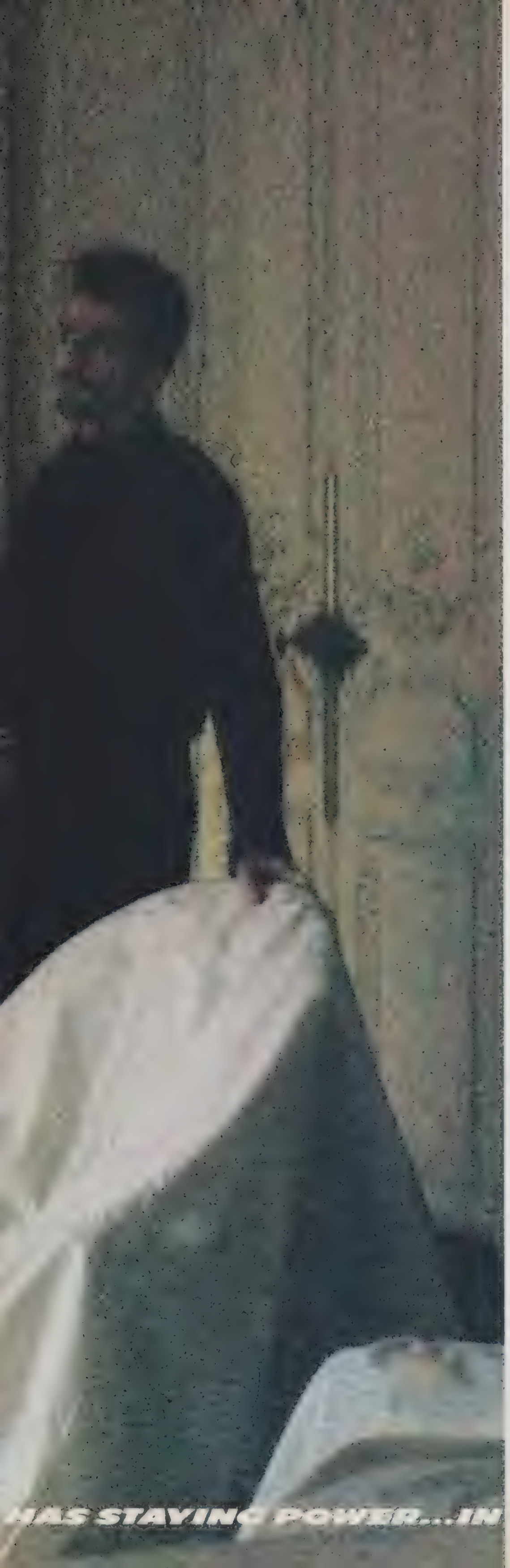
Deborah Turbeville

FRAGRANCE... THE CLASSIC SCENE-STEALER. THE

For sheer impact, there's nothing quite like the effect of an impeccable fragrance — a fragrance striking enough to hold its own, no matter what. Very striking — the new Maxim's de Paris, by Pierre Cardin. As the name suggests, the "theme" is the romance, the glamour, the legendary style and spirit of La Belle Epoque translated into a fragrance that mixes — in delightful succession — flower after flower with a rush of herbs. Oriental undertones. Fashion details next to last longer.

PERFECT WAY TO CAPTURE—AND HOLD—AN AUDIENCE

GRACE.. PASSIONATE AT HEART. CO
Deborah Turbeville



(Continued from page 327) president, general merchandising manager, so no wonder there are, in fact, new "designer" fragrances all the time. Joining the great designer names of the past, like Balenciaga (Michelle), Rochas (Mystère), and Worth (Je Reviens), the latest are GianFranco Ferre, Bob Mackie, Albert Nipon, Claude Montana, Ted Lapidus, Christian Aujard, and, next spring, Valentino—all continuing the trend that began with the great Coco Chanel in 1924. The *growing* numbers underscore the fact that fragrance is now considered more part of a woman's *fashion* style than her beauty regimen. For this reason, fashion designers everywhere are increasingly interested in producing a scent with a "signature" as notable and significant as their designs.

"I don't like anything obvious—not in fashion, fragrance, or cosmetics. I always see the Ralph Lauren woman as being an independent, natural kind of person who has her own style. She is both active and sophisticated; just as she wants different clothes for different occasions, she also wants different fragrances that express her personality and enhance her mood. Lauren is light, fresh, spirited; Tuxedo, richer, more sensual," says Ralph Lauren of his two fragrances.

A blend of rose, jasmine, spices, patchouli, musk, mosses, and woods came together for the Halston Classic fragrance, the final result of an all-out "glamorous, frankly sexual and romantic" directive from the designer himself.

"Nothing can match the mystique of a passionate woman who leaves behind an erotic scent, both subtle and ferocious . . ." is the way Calvin Klein explains Obsession, the new fragrance that has taken two years of experimentation with ingredients as different as lush mandarin and bergamot notes, delicate green ones as well as exotic jasmine, rose, and orange blossom. Obsession's bottle also reflects Calvin Klein's input. He points out "the relationship between body form and sculpture has always been an important part of my work. I wanted a bottle with no hard edges, a 'sensuous' texture." It is, in fact, a lead-crystal oval, and a replica of an Indian prayer stone collected by Klein. "The scale and proportion of the oval, the most female of all geometric forms, fits perfectly into the palm to provide a tactile experience, as emotive as the scent."

The container for Ysatis, a beautiful new fragrance from Hubert de Givenchy, was also of the utmost importance to the designer. He worked with Pierre Dinand, the most famous creator of fragrance containers/bottles in the world. As Monsieur Givenchy describes it, "It is vertical, slender, elegant like all Givenchy bottles and conjures up a wild allure of a silhouette of one of my haute couture designs." The name Ysatis—not easy for English-speaking tongues—was chosen by Givenchy because "it is so full of symbols. Both the names Yseult and Osiris, symbols of East and West, are not there by chance. *(Continued on page 363)*

"Classic" applied to fragrance describes more
than its attraction; it also refers to the fact that certain fragrances
have become true classics, standards by any definition.
An instant classic—an immediate success when introduced in 1984—
Yves Saint Laurent's Paris, with its very distinctive blend
of rose on rose on rose . . . .An outstanding classic—jasmine
and Bulgarian rose its outstanding ingredients—
Joy by Jean Patou, created in 1930. . . .And from Guerlain, an entire
family of what can be called classic fragrances, some
tracing their origin to the nineteenth century.
Memorable example: L'Heure Bleue, dating back to 1912. . .
The fashion: A unique vision of evening, of coloring at Saint Laurent—
his golden-yellow satin jacket that opens to reveal an extraordinary
tricolor dress—the halter, wide draped sash, narrow skirt
in the palest shades of turquoise, pink, jade respectively. . .and it's all
dazzled with iridescent jewelry. Details, next to last pages.

EVERY SENSE OF THE WORD

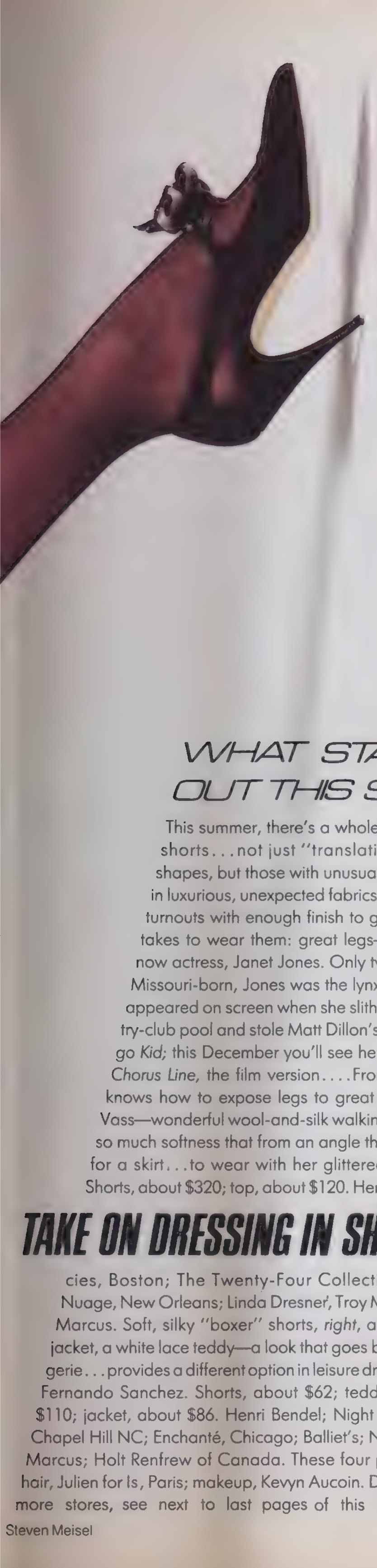
FRAGRANCE . . . THE PROVOCATIVE ELEMENT OF STYLE.

Characteristic of fragrance today: the way it constantly evolves, including reinterpretations of established—romantic—fragrances. Perfect example: Chanel No. 22, now with amber and spice—a new assertiveness—added to white flowers. . . . From Christian Dior, the multi-floral/Oriental Dioressence in Esprit de Parfum—a new concentration with definite "lift." . . . In another direction: Eau de Calandre for warm weather—lighter, softer. . . . Fragrance at-home: the romantic presence of Chantilly by Houbigant in pomanders, candles, other environmental forms. . . . From Caron, "Les Scintillantes," a dazzling 24k-golden, special-effects gel perfumed with Nocturnes to highlight skin everywhere. The fashion: At Chanel the most romantic Watteau-inspired dressing at night, by Karl Lagerfeld: a pale-pink silk satin coat over a matching dress with its enchanting pleated ruff, its soft beret pinned with camellias. Details, see next to last pages.

Deborah Turbeville

ROMANTICALLY INCLINED. THE POSSIBILITIES ABOUND

A DIFFERENT



WHAT STANDS OUT THIS SUMMER...

This summer, there's a whole new spirit of dressing—in shorts . . . not just "translations" of safari or tennis shapes, but those with unusual design, varying lengths; in luxurious, unexpected fabrics . . . shorts as part of total turnouts with enough finish to go more places. What it takes to wear them: great legs—like those of dancer, now actress, Janet Jones. Only twenty-three years old, Missouri-born, Jones was the lynx-like beauty who first appeared on screen when she slithered out of the country-club pool and stole Matt Dillon's heart in *The Flamingo Kid;* this December you'll see her as a member of *A Chorus Line,* the film version. . . . From a designer who knows how to expose legs to great advantage, Joan Vass—wonderful wool-and-silk walking shorts, *left,* with so much softness that from an angle they (almost) pass for a skirt . . . to wear with her glittered knit tank top. Shorts, about $320; top, about $120. Henri Bendel; Fancies, Boston; The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami; Nuage, New Orleans; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Neiman-Marcus. Soft, silky "boxer" shorts, *right,* and pyjama jacket, a white lace teddy—a look that goes beyond lingerie . . . provides a different option in leisure dressing. By Fernando Sanchez. Shorts, about $62; teddy, about $110; jacket, about $86. Henri Bendel; Night Gallery, Chapel Hill NC; Enchanté, Chicago; Balliet's; Neiman-Marcus; Holt Renfrew of Canada. These four pages: hair, Julien for Is, Paris; makeup, Kevyn Aucoin. Details, more stores, see next to last pages of this issue.

Steven Meisel

TAKE ON DRESSING IN SHORTS / JANET JONES

A DIFFERENT TAKE ON DRESSING IN SHORTS

Another look at the news in shorts—and at the nimble, lithe body of Janet Jones—a self-professed tomboy, who won, as a teen, the title of Miss Dance of America and quickly became a regular on television's *Dance Fever*, while modeling part-time. Keeping in shape for her means one hour (or more) of jazz exercise/dancing a night, tennis three times a week. . . . Here, to show off those great legs, shorts from Giorgio Armani, who did a whole range—from runner's versions with beaded tops, to the shortest shorts in luxury fabrics, to walking shorts—as a foil for his different tops. One of his best, *left:* white silk walking shorts, worn here with his black silk sarong wrapped at the hips (that kind of wrapping, a signature idea throughout the collection). Shorts, about $245. Sarong about $210. Giorgio Armani Boutique, NYC; Ultimo, Chicago; Hattie. . . . Shorts with the most presence, the most polish, *right*, from Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, where you always find the best, the most authoritative versions. Here, an exceptionally strong look—a "little black dress" alternative—his black cotton poplin walking shorts and his strapless bustier top (one of this season's great separate tops). Shorts, about $175; bustier, about $210. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutiques, Washington DC; Palm Beach; Miami; Bal Harbour; I. Magnin. For details, see last pages of this issue.

/ JANET JONES

ENGAGING OPTIONS IN CASUAL DRESSING

Toscani

On these four pages: fresh takes on leisure dressing, on the kind of quick-and-easy pieces that are perfect companions for relaxing at home, for the country, the beach, weekends—for that often undefinable moment when you want something between sportswear and activewear . . . . The news—highly appealing, comfortable, breezy ideas—with unexpected design, an extra "edge" that picks up where a T-shirt and jeans, where warm-ups, left off. Perfect examples—here, in hot-weather white, in interesting new textures (*from left to right*): great basics—Courrèges' very textured cotton crew-neck

WHAT STANDS OUT THIS SUMMER...

sweater ($265), roomy sweatpants ($55); Howard Wolf's long-and-easy cowl-neck top that's cut shorter in the back ($66) and easy-to-wear cropped pants ($72)—all in crinkled cotton; a very pulled-together pyjama look that can go all year—depending on how it's accessorized: Complice's high-buttoned silk blouse ($400), cuffed pleated pants ($320); a look with dash, built-in ease: a loose, airy pull-on blouse ($84) and drawstring pants ($100) in cotton by Mondi Sport. These four pages, hair by Oribe, NYC; makeup by Linda Cantello. All prices approximate. Details, stores, last pages

ENGAGING OPTIONS IN CASUAL DRESSING

More easygoing casual pieces—with so much texture interest, so much wearability, so much charm—you'll want to collect a wardrobe full. . . . (From *left to right*): The most relaxed take ever on "shirt" dressing: a big cotton workshirt ($68) and pale paisley-printed denim pants ($68) from Guess? by Georges Marciano; the coolest version of pyjama dressing—in an almost transparent striped linen: Laura Biagiotti's pull-on shirt and cropped pants ($1170); a look with all the comfort of a sweatshirt and sweatpants—but a lot more design: Joseph Tricot's striped leg-hugging cotton pants ($145), oversized striped

Toscani

bateau-neck cotton T-shirt ($85); one of the most undemanding sportswear ideas around, one with the appeal of a rugged jeans jacket and pants—but updated, refined: Marithé & François Girbaud's blue coupro denim oversized jacket ($177), pants that fold at the waistline ($98), a white cotton T-shirt ($27); a look that comes right from dance wear—but takes you much further: Joan Vass USA's cotton tank top ($26) with matching leggings ($36) and oversized yellow cotton knit sweater "vest" ($60). All prices approximate. Details, stores, see next to last pages of this issue.

THE EXTRA DIMENSION: PRINTS AND PATTERNS...

What you notice first on these four pages: summer's key shapes for day—with something different, with the added appeal of prints and patterns—in darker, more sophisticated colors—that add charm and impact and are, unmistakably, an integral part of the design...A kaleidoscope of color, *left,* in a trench coat with enough individuality to become a one-of-a-kind accessory ...to wear over anything solid and narrow—especially a black turtleneck and pants. Linen coat by Bernard Perris. About $1500. To order at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Saks-Jandel; Neiman-Marcus. More narrowness, more charm—more color!—*near right,* in a very body-conscious silk chiffon blouse, cropped silk crepe pants. By Flora Kung. Blouse, about $116, pants, about $98. Lord & Taylor; Maas Brothers, Florida; Bullock's.... A delightful little dress, *far right,* summer flowers printed on silk crepe de Chine and held close to the body. By Albert Nipon. About $378. June at Altman's; Woodward & Lothrop; Montaldo's; Neiman-Marcus. These four pages, hair by Oribe, NYC; makeup by Linda Cantello. Details, more stores, last pages.

Mario Testino

WHAT STANDS OUT THIS SUMMER...

PRINTS AND PATTERNS...

On these pages: more of the print message that runs through all summer clothes, in three perfectly pulled-together "city" looks...To begin with: a black-and-white striped silk jacket, *near right,* that's shorter, narrower, and moves over any solid, particularly over a matching shirt and silk skirt. Three-piece turnout by David Hayes. About $610. Saks Fifth Avenue; Saks-Jandel; Montaldo's; Lillie Rubin-South & West; Marshall Field's; Balliet's ....A terrifically curvy little dress, *center,* with an ingeniously placed wide waistband that we belted with color for extra emphasis. By Tahari. About $220. Lord & Taylor; Dayton's; I. Magnin ....A different alternative, *far right*: "T-shirt" in silk crepe de Chine and linen/cotton walking shorts, so slim and attractive, so appealing in pattern, they almost look like—almost work like—a skirt and top, Soo Yung Lee's. About $275. Mid-June at Elizabeth Arden Salons; Marshall Field's; Neiman-Marcus; Polly Adams, Laredo, TX; Bullock's....*Fragrance Note:* Always appealing—a fragrance that lasts all day: Ma Griffe by Parfums Carven, Paris. Details, more stores, last pages.

Mario Testino

FREEDOM FROM PAIN

BY MELVA WEBER

Today, a new medical specialty,
pain management,
is using basic research,
high technology, and superskills
in clinical treatment
to provide effective, reliable relief
from chronic pain
without danger, side effects,
or complications;
safe relief of intense, intractable
pain such as postsurgical
and paraplegic pain;
and for the dying, freedom
both from pain
and from the fear of pain.
Throughout history, healers
have struggled to understand,
control, and relieve
physical pain; but their successes
were limited—especially
in complex cases—by gaps
in medicine's knowledge
of pain's mechanisms.
Now, scientific researchers are
exploring pain itself, separate
from its associated
disease, condition, or injury

WHEN PAIN IS THE PROBLEM

In many conditions, pain is not secondary in importance to the disease being treated, but is itself the primary problem. Migraine. Trigeminal neuralgia. Menstrual cramps. Arthritis pain. Post-surgery pain. Current medical practice treats most such ailments with drugs; but alternative techniques such as behavioral medicine, electrical stimulation, biofeedback, and special exercises are coming into greater use. Perhaps most important, research into pain itself, not merely into the disorders that cause pain, now is taking its place in the front ranks of science.

THE PAIN SPECIALITY

Pain management is at last coming into its own as a formal medical entity, with its own body of research, specialized clinicians, professional societies, and clinical centers or departments in medical centers. Recognized founder of the movement is John J. Bonica, M.D., D.Sc., who established the nation's first clinical pain service at Tacoma General Hospital in 1947 and an expanded one at the University of Washington, Seattle, almost a quarter century ago. Just a decade ago, Dr. Bonica also founded the International Association for the Study of Pain, a worldwide network of leading scientists dedicated to the cause of understanding and managing human pain, to research into pain's many aspects, and to educating medical professionals in effective pain treatment. Then, in 1978, the United States formed its affiliate group, the American Pain Society.

When Dr. Bonica began his work in the conquest of pain, some of the medical specialties touched on the subject, but no major discipline took over the pursuit of pain itself. Medical textbooks slighted the topic; medical schools provided no special courses of study for future doctors. Fears of addiction, according to Dr. Bonica, caused nurses and doctors to give inadequate amounts of narcotics for acute pain or cancer pain. The system for treating hospitalized patients who had severe pain was "p.r.n." (as needed), a frequently inadequate, punishing method, which is, in brief, to give minimal medication, then no further dosage until the drug wears off and the pain is again unbearable.

THE SIZE OF THE PROBLEM

Dr. Bonica estimates that more than ninety-five million people in the United States suffer from chronic pain, that it costs more than sixty-six billion dollars and more than seven hundred million workdays each year. The big causes include headaches, affecting forty million; low-back pain, partly disabling five million and rendering another two million unable to work; and arthritis, with thirty-six million victims.

GETTING ORGANIZED: ANTI-PAIN INSTITUTIONS

From Dr. Bonica's pioneering pain clinic at the University of Washington in Seattle, an estimated eight hundred pain clinics have developed throughout the nation. The National Institutes of Health in 1983 opened the nation's only multidisciplinary pain clinic that is devoted solely to research.

Recently, at the Fourth World Congress on Pain, some two thousand health professionals—physicians, dentists,

nurses, and others—gathered in Seattle to learn from the leaders in pain research and practice. The spotlight on pain control will almost certainly result in tomorrow's doctors' receiving more pain training—they could hardly receive less than their predecessors, today's practicing physicians. An international survey of medical textbooks on cancer—the most pain-wracked of diseases—found less than 1 percent of the pages devoted to treating pain.

CANCER PAIN, THE ULTIMATE FOE

Nowhere is the massive problem of pain management more evident and more critical than in the most feared chronic pain of all; cancer pain. A diagnosis of cancer does not, as is widely feared, mean certain death in terrible pain; but, by various estimates, half or more of cancer patients have some pain during the course of their illness: pain caused by the tumor itself, by drugs, radiation, or other treatment, or by still other, more indirect causes such as disability and loss of function.

In some of the dying, particularly cancer patients, drugs lose their power to relieve and increasingly stronger doses are needed. Or the patient's wasting body is no longer able to tolerate the larger and more frequent injections.

Much suffering—in the United States as well as around the world—is due to the menacing presence of the illegal drug traffic. People in severe pain, including terminally ill patients, deserve the benefits of narcotic therapy, and are denied comfort and relief because of illicit drug abuse and efforts to combat it, testified two medical leaders, Kathleen M. Foley, M.D. of Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center in New York, and Seattle's Dr. Bonica. In cities, pharmacists will not keep narcotics in stock for fear of being robbed or killed. In many countries, effective drugs are simply not available or are illegal.

Doctors and nurses underprescribe and underdose for pain, fearing that patients will become addicted. They don't, according to careful studies of patients with extreme pain. When the source of pain is brought under control, the patient requires less and less narcotic. Says Dr. Foley: "They don't become addicts. Cancer victims are not psychologically dependent on drugs." Adds Dr. Bonica: "Once pain relief is achieved, the patient can be withdrawn from narcotics without addiction." It's important to point this out, he says, not only for doctors and nurses who have been misinformed on the dangers of patient addiction, but for patients and their families who also may have unfounded fears of pain drugs.

TAKING PAIN'S MEASURE

How does pain work? What happens in body and brain, and how can we gain control over the process of hurting? One Canadian and one British scientist devised the road map, called the "gate control" theory, to show how a spinal cord system operates as a gate, transmitting pain signals to the brain. Scientists may manipulate the gateway with drugs or with body chemicals called peptides that are made by the brain itself. The brain chemicals, called neurotransmitters, are capable of closing the gate, blocking the pain. So are narcotics; substances known from ancient times.

SPELL "RELIEF": NEWER MANAGEMENT METHODS

Pain doctors are changing the ways hospitalized patients are treated with drugs in, for example, severe post-operative pain. Possibly in the near future, effective use of narcotics may ease the often excruciating pain following major surgery, once the unfounded reluctance to use opiates is overcome and safe methods of giving pain relief are taught to health professionals. The traditional "p.r.n." dosage described earlier often succeeds only in being ineffectual, and may actually involve more narcotic than would effective timed dosages. Now, more and more attending physicians, doctors in training, and medical students are being taught to titrate drug dosages according to the needs of each patient, keeping the patient pain-free with maintenance doses.

Arthur Taub, M.D., Ph.D., a New Haven, Connecticut, neurologist and a pioneer investigator of pain pathways, now conducts private practice, specializing in treating patients in severe, disabling pain. His five-year study of a large number of patients, he reported to clinicians at the Seattle conference, demonstrates that non-cancer patients also can be successfully treated with opioid drugs for extended periods without becoming addicted, drug-tolerant, or dependent. Most of the 1683 patients he studied were in chronic, intractable pain of neurologic origin, such as leg and back pain still unrelieved after repeated spine surgery. Maintenance doses of oral methadone usually controlled their pain. Where conventional medical management would call for withdrawing such patients from the opioids and substituting lifelong dosages of antiinflammatory (NSAID) and antidepressant drugs; or treating with brain surgery. Dr. Taub views these alternatives as potentially far worse than opioid therapy.

Problem patients were those who were heroin addicts before their illness, those who were multiple-substance abusers (such as alcohol, barbiturates, other drugs), and some who used the opioids maladaptively, such as ill-advised increase in doses in order to work a seventy-hour week in a hazardous industry. If this group of problem patients alone were taken off opioid treatment and managed by other medical means, Dr. Taub says, medical management problems would occur in only 1.5 percent of the remaining opioid-treated patients with chronic, intractable pain not caused by cancer. The overwhelming majority of these patients can benefit from opioid drugs such as methadone for long periods, he declares, without *(Continued on page 363)*

UNSOLVED: HEROIN FOR THE DYING?

England's hospice movement made medical and humane history by providing skilled care, emotional support, pain relief, and homelike surroundings for the terminally ill, with family members close at hand. Any agent, including heroin, that may provide pain relief is available there.

In the United States and Canada, a movement to legalize heroin for use by terminally ill patients in pain has gained active support. As debated in the prestigious *New England Journal of Medicine*, doctors supporting legal heroin say it would broaden the choices of the attending physician who may find one drug more effective than another in a given patient and that it is more potent and more soluble than other injectible drugs, important for emaciated patients with collapsing veins.

Last September, the U.S. House of Representatives defeated legislation to make heroin available for the dying, some congressmen voting no on grounds that it would make them appear "soft on drugs" in a pre-election climate; but backers expect the bill to be reintroduced. The government's Department of Health and Human Services opposes legalization of heroin, saying it has not been proved more effective than other, available drugs such as hydromorphone sodium or Dilaudid HP. They also fear that heroin would cause overwhelming problems in security and safety, attracting criminal invasion of hospices, pharmacies.

Kathleen M. Foley, M.D., associate professor of neurology and pharmacology at The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center and coordinator of the Pain Clinic at Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center in New York City, said that America's cancer patients are not being denied adequate pain relief and to imply that they are is a cruel deception. She points out that heroin produces its analgesia *(Continued on page 363)*

BUTTERICK
PATTERN #3247

SUMMER evenings . . . a cooling trend

Elisabeth Novick

VOGUE PATTERNS

One of the most difficult things to find in summer? A perfect turnout that works for casual evenings indoors or out. . . that's cool and easygoing, yet polished enough to fill many dressing needs. On these four pages, four great summer looks to sew. . . clothes that do all of the above. . . in unexpected, but very pretty, fabrics. . . To begin with, a terrific new take on a "pants suit," one that's softer than most, yet tailored—in a crisp cream silk douppioni—*left*, with pull-on pants, perfectly cut tank top, and an overtop that's not quite a shirt, not quite a jacket. Butterick Pattern #3247. Fabric by Joong Wha Silk. . . . What you want when it's really hot outside and you need something with a little more finish, *right:* a charming sarong skirt, twist-in-the-front bra, and small jacket that slips on, tucks in—in the palest pink-and-white leaf-printed cotton. Vogue Pattern #9298; de Marco California Fabrics. These four pages: hair, Alex Hilliard; makeup, Kevyn Aucoin. Details, sewing information, stores, see last pages.

VOGUE
PATTERN #9298

VOGUE AMERICAN
DESIGNER CALVIN KLEIN
#1509 AND #1508

. . . a cooling trend

Ideal for hot climates, for this season: a soft, relaxed version of a man's pyjama in ivory silk with navy pinstripes, *left*—one of those very hard to find, very wearable looks that moves between "real" and "at home" dressing. *Top:* Vogue American Designer Calvin Klein #1509; pants, Vogue American Designer Calvin Klein #1508. Valdine Fabrics. . . A different answer for a different kind of summer evening—a full-skirted halter-top dress in a white-on-white cotton dobby, *opposite*—bare enough to be cool, covered enough to go to dinner. Vogue American Designer Ralph Lauren #1547. Fabric, Tandler Textiles. Details, sewing information, stores, last pages.

Elisabeth Novick

VOGUE AMERICAN
DESIGNER
RALPH LAUREN
PATTERN #1547

VOGUE'S Last Word

ON FASHION IN THIS ISSUE

What works and what doesn't: with new takes on straplessness . . . and bold silver jewelry; if you're dealing with exuberant-print dressing . . . or a new proportion in bathing suits

What's up? In this issue—and this season—there's clearly some new thinking about straplessness, and it's showing up at all levels of dressing, for different times of day. **The first fact to know about wearing straplessness this summer: these pieces are meant to be mainstream dressing, not just beachwear, sundresses, or lingerie.** They're not only for special events but the base for all sorts of very polished, bare looks come warm weather.

Example: Saint Laurent's strapless turnout (2) is—simply—cotton-poplin walking shorts and a bustier. Worn with sheer black stockings, rhinestone earrings, high-heeled sandals, it's summer-dinner, away-from-city dressing. In another incarnation—worn under a jacket, with daytime accessories—that black bustier could fill the role that's usually served by a blouse: when you're going to work, to a lunch date. Straplessness, you'll find, is simply a means of adding a sense of bareness to dressing, now. In another year, for a casual country dinner, you might have thought first of a low-buttoned shirt or camisole; this summer, a bandeau bra worn under an opened jacket works in that same way.

Also very much around, and a sure sign of summer: short dresses, tops, and narrow pants in bright, overblown prints. To make a point about pattern—and the pleasure of bright colors in this issue—we put neon-pink gloves, a printed scarf, color-splashed jewelry with (3) exuberantly patterned top and pants. Some women, under certain circumstances, have fun with this sort of dressing; most women, in reality, will like those brights best anchored with pieces in a dark neutral, in black. Or, as another option with bright prints, add gold jewelry, pale stockings, and metallic-gold sandals.

What sets up any number of looks in this issue: wider-strapped, high-heeled sandals, ones with a definite "shoe" presence. They're a key accessory of the season, as basic to polished summer dressing as pumps were to fall. What broader-strapped, heeled sandals offer is a degree of finish and bareness that's appropriate for summer; a gutsier, more city-level look than delicate sandals have. This season's narrow knit dresses and many styles of shorts, you'll find, almost demand the polish—the legginess—that high-heeled, wide-strapped sandals offer, as an attractive way to look "dressed."

Other pieces that easily set up clothes this summer: big, sensuous chunks of silver, everything from sleek silver bracelets to, at the ear, oversized sterling hoops. The key to achieving this look is **choosing jewelry that's bold, not delicate or ethnic looking; wearing a couple of pieces at a time, stacking bracelets (1) together for strong effect.** What's special about this sort of silver jewelry is that it adds shine to any level of dressing—with a tank top at a resort lunch or with a crisp top and long skirt at dinner.

Bold jewelry pieces give polish to informal clothes in much the same way as high-heeled sandals do: they're what turn Calvin Klein's oversized shirt and pants (4) into nighttime dressing. This shirt—big, black, in linen—is recognizably daytime dressing, but it's one of those versatile pieces that can work overtime for you: with black trousers, it affords the option of a total look. With ornamental evening slippers, big "jewels," it easily becomes a very comfortable—polished—way to look for a summer dinner.

One last word: about bathing suits. In a season when many suits have a noticeably long proportion to them—and you'll find that in everything from two-piece bathing suits to turtleneck-topped maillots (5)—the key to looking good may not just be having a great body . . . but a body with height. If most of your height is from the hips up, you may want another kind of bathing suit. Longer suits tend to foreshorten the look of legs; they require, on a woman, a certain degree of length from hip-to-knee . . . and from knee-down. When a suit has a high-cut leg, the reverse is true: and this summer, that style of bathing suit offers another—easily available—option for a woman. ▽

1

2

3

4

5

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Hiccups: inner info . . . decision-making made easier . . . high-energy habits—for life! . . . voice talk . . . sports-specific shoes . . . light: it's good medicine

On the light track

Meat and potatoes—that beloved yet maligned pair—have been not only reevaluated but revamped. Pork and beef are leaner than ever but remain good sources of protein, vitamins B_{12}, B_6, iron, zinc, niacin, and riboflavin. Said an expert: "If all women eliminated meat from their diets, there could be an anemia epidemic." The trick to eating meat: keep it lean, exercise portion control (limit: three-ounce serving), make it part of a low-fat meal, i.e. unbuttered baked potato. Sadly, potatoes' revamping includes potato "bars" where the vegetable is heaped with high-salt, -fat toppings that legitimize its "bad" name. The unadorned original is a real nutritional bargain, high in complex carbohydrates, low in sodium, fat, calories.

The surge of energy and spirits in spring, the stale, groggy feeling of hours spent in a windowless office are subjective evidence of light's powerful effect on health and well-being, but light also has certain proven medical benefits. Some doctors have compared our light needs to vitamin/mineral requirements: too little natural light may cause similar deficiencies with similar symptoms. As the richest source of an actual vitamin—D—light also enhances calcium absorption. One study showed that reduced ultraviolet light exposure in winter impaired the body's utilization of calcium, a mineral of particular importance to women. And, light treatments are used by dermatologists to help clear up psoriasis.

Light's influence on mood is dramatic, especially in sufferers of winter depression, or Seasonal Affective Disorder (SAD). Its symptoms—excessive sleep, overeating, weight gain, withdrawal from social activities—invariably subside in spring with the onset of longer days, increased light. Norman E. Rosenthal. M.D., director of the Seasonality Project at the National Institute of Mental Health, treated SAD-sufferers by creating an artificial spring. Doses of sun-simulating light early in the morning and at night lifted winter blues, increased productivity, energy, good spirits.

Many people find they have some degree of winter depression; "they become sluggish and less productive when they don't get enough of the right kind of light. They, too, may be helped by light enhancement," said Dr. Rosenthal. Vita-Lite by Duro-Test, a patented fluorescent tube that simulates natural light, without the sun's ultraviolet dangers, was used in Dr. Rosenthal's experiments and may be a clue to more productive, more pleasant working and living conditions for us all. Preliminary studies even suggest that exercising under natural or sun-simulated light may reduce muscle fatigue, increase stamina.

Try a dose of light for vitamin D. . . improved mood, efficiency, strength, stamina!

There's some speculation, too, that light treatments may eliminate or reduce jet lag. "Light helps to synchronize our daily rhythms," said Charles F. Ehret, Ph.D., senior scientist at the U.S. Department of Energy's Argonne National Laboratory. When flying to a different time zone, you can "key into" the new schedule by either blocking out light (with eye shades) or upping light exposure. Experts are searching for a pre-flight formula using light to further ease the time-zone transition. "It's logical to assume that light exposure either very early in the morning or very late at night would advance or delay your body clock. More work needs to be done before people can use light alone to reduce jet lag."

Are there any risks in using these bright lights? So far, studies indicate that there's not enough UV light in Vita-Lite to redden skin or cause damage. "Some people find the brightness slightly disturbing, but most adjust to and enjoy it," said Dr. Rosenthal.

MERLE NACHT

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beauty/energy at any age: alexandra danilova

BY ELLEN SWITZER

At a gala dinner dance for the New York City Ballet, two reporters were discussing who in that brilliant crowd might be the most glamorous woman in the room. A young soloist from the company joined them. "The most glamorous woman is, of course, Madame Danilova," she said firmly, pointing to Alexandra Danilova, dressed in a bright-red short evening dress that skimmed her slender body, her very Russian face with high cheekbones and slightly slanted eyes almost unlined, Champagne-colored hair, and with a pair of legs dance critics in the 1920s and '30s often called "the most perfect in Europe." The young dancer was absolutely right. Danilova, surrounded by a large group of dancers, friends, and fans, stood out. She always does.

No one seems to know how old she really is. Even *The Dance Encyclopedia*, which notes everyone else's exact age, does not give her date of birth. Apparently nobody is tactless enough to ask. She has often been described as ageless, which is really the wrong adjective. It implies that she somehow has never changed. Of course she has. That's an important part of her glamour. As a matter of fact, judging from old photographs, she changed from day to day, even during her career as a top ballerina, which spanned over thirty years. She could look like an innocent young girl, a temptress, a sophisticated lady . . . all in one season. Even today she adapts to the occasion: the grande dame at a fund raiser, the historian on a lecture platform, the vivacious hostess at a gala, and the no-nonsense instructor in the classroom at the School of American Ballet where she teaches.

Danilova's professional career encompasses all of the most important aspects of ballet. She started, at age eight, as a pupil in the Imperial School of Ballet in Leningrad. In 1921, Balanchine made one of his first ballets for her. In 1924, with Balanchine, she left Russia forever. She was the top ballerina in Diaghilev's Ballets Russes until 1929. She became an international ballet star when she danced all over Europe and America with the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo until 1957, the year she retired from performing, but certainly not from ballet.

Even when she was still performing, Danilova would coach and teach young dancers whenever possible, so it was only natural for her to change from ballerina into ballet teacher without missing a beat. Since 1964, when Balanchine invited her to New York to join the faculty of his School of American Ballet, she has become known as one of the most accomplished ballet teachers in the world. Five days a *(Continued on page 358)*

Boaters Aware

Statistics show that boating accidents follow close behind highway mishaps as the second leading cause of transportation fatalities. Key to protecting yourself: Don't mix alcohol drinking with boating, be sure every passenger wears a life preserver, and practice safe boating techniques—including defensive "driving."

style

SUMMER TRAVEL REMINDER: IF YOU'RE CROSSING TIME ZONES AND RELY ON THE PILL FOR BIRTH CONTROL, BE SURE TO TAKE IT EVERY 24 HOURS, DAY OR NIGHT, TO MAINTAIN ITS EFFECTIVENESS . . .

fat is an attitude

For Eugenia Chandris, an "imperfect" figure was her life's obsession. *The Venus Syndrome, published this month by Doubleday, is the chronicle of her years-long struggle to change it. Measures ran from predictable—diet, exercise—to desperate: drugs, plastic surgery. To reduce, she says, "I was prepared to inflict any method on my body.**

"I started *The Venus Syndrome* hating my body. When the book was nearing completion, I was surprised to see how I had changed. I had learned that in dieting there are no quick fixes, but there is one instant solution: cease to think of it as a fight.

"Trust your body. I found that when I was dieting strictly and forcing myself to exercise when my body felt stiff and exhausted, I would not get significant results. However, when I followed my body's instructions, eating when I was hungry and doing the exercise that felt right, I lost weight and my body became much firmer. Your body knows what you should or shouldn't be doing, so pay attention to how you're feeling." Chandris's book examines exactly what your body should—and shouldn't—be doing. What she hasn't tried, she's researched. "Losing fat forever requires a lifetime commitment to careful eating and vigorous exercise," she concludes. That's the truth.

*The Venus Syndrome: A Four-Step Plan for Improving the Bottom-Heavy Figure by Eugenia Chandris. Copyright © 1985 by Eugenia Chandris Published by Doubleday and Co., Inc

danilova

(Continued from page 357) week, dressed in a leotard and tights, with a transparent silk chiffon skirt tied around her waist, she teaches intermediate and advanced classes. Until a few years ago, she taught six days, but she decided she needed Saturdays to herself: "to see friends, go to the theater, listen to music."

To teach anyone ballet, one has to *show* how steps and combinations of steps are done. And with grace, flexibility, and robust sense of humor, Danilova *shows* her students. "Don't jump like frog," she says, expertly imitating a large bullfrog. "Jump like dancer. . . so." And, holding on to the bar, she jumps, not very high, but with expert grace.

At an age when almost everyone has long since retired, Danilova is exceedingly busy with her work. And that work means that she has to stay in the best possible physical and mental shape. Although she has little formal education about nutrition, she eats a diet that would meet with the approval of both the American Heart Association and the American Cancer Society: fresh vegetables, often in salads, fruits, broiled fish, chicken. She avoids rich desserts. "You eat big meals, you don't want to move. I *have* to move. . . if I stop, I perhaps never start again."

Unlike many dancers who use cigarettes to keep their weight down, she does not smoke.

She stays out of the sun. "I think sun is bad for skin. . . gives wrinkles," she says, and is somewhat astonished to hear that today's dermatologists agree with her. She started using moisturizers before the word was invented, and still does, morning and night.

As a dancer and ballet teacher, of course, Danilova has always exercised as part of her work. But, until last year, she still worked out with weights to keep her arms from sagging. "Flabby arms are very ugly," she says, lifting her distinctly flabless arms. "If I see fat, perhaps I start again. Right now, it does not seem necessary."

Throughout her life, her muscles and joints were apparently so strong and flexible that during her whole career she never had a serious injury. Asked about the frequent injuries that sideline so many of today's best young dancers, she says that some of them seem to be pushed ahead too fast too early, before their bodies are ready. Also, she feels that many of them don't eat right either. "Dancers have to be strong as well as thin," she says.

She believes in active minds as well as active bodies. Danilova reads, goes to art shows and museums, attends concerts and the theater—and regrets that many of today's young dancers don't get a better general education. She knows that to be a great dancer requires intelligence as well as grace and strength.

In her unique way, Danilova is probably today's only living bridge from the great classical era of Petipas and Tchaikovsky to George Balanchine's recent choreographies for the New York City Ballet. She is conscious of the fact, and because of it has no thought of retiring as a teacher. "I go on showing young dancers best classical technique, how to be a great ballerina. . . as long as I live, I hope," she says. "Balanchine always said 'The past you can't do anything about. Nobody knows the future. All we have is now. . . this minute.' I believe that too."

MOUTH EXAMS

While a check for early warning signs of oral cancer is a routine part of an annual dental visit, experts now urge us all to perform monthly *self*-exams of the mouth and tongue. The reason: almost thirty thousand cases of oral cancer are diagnosed each year, and early detection is key to long-term survival. As pain is rarely an early symptom, here's what experts at the American Cancer Society suggest looking for: a change of color, visible irritation, or a persistent sore on the soft tissues of the mouth, tongue, gums, or lips. A sore throat that doesn't go away or difficulty in swallowing or chewing should also prompt a visit to a dentist or physician. What every woman can do to minimize her oral cancer risk: don't smoke cigarettes and avoid heavy alcohol intake.

Designed for city dwellers to stow in an office during the work day or vacationers to transport in a car trunk: the three-speed bicycle, *above*. The brainchild of aerospace engineers, it has the stability of a full-size model yet folds down to 28 inches wide in seconds, adjusts for riders up to six-feet-six. (At Hammacher Schlemmer, NYC)

RANDOLPH GRAFF
VOGUE, May, 1985

If your lips are a 15, you could be the next Miss SUNBLOCK 15!

GRAND PRIZE

Are you lucky enough to have lips that are a perfect 15? If you do, you could win the Grand Prize and be the next Miss Sunblock 15. Before you know it, your lips (and your face, too) will appear in the pages of your favorite national magazines.

Here's how it works. First we'll fly you and a guest round-trip from the nearest major airport to the Big Apple itself, New York City. Then you'll have a professional photo session, luxurious accommodations for two nights, all ground transportation, dinner and a glittering Broadway show as part of this fantastic package. And you'll take home your own professional model portfolio guaranteed to impress your friends and future clients. (estimated prize cost excluding airfare not to exceed $2,500)

2 FIRST PRIZES. MAUI HAWAII.

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WIND SURF BOARDS.

Put on your SUNBLOCK 15 and take to the surf on his and hers Wind Surf boards. (estimated prize cost not to exceed $1,100)

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So send in your entry today. Your lips and SUNBLOCK 15 could lead you to riches, excitement and the beginning of a beautiful career.

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OFFICIAL RULES

Proof of purchase is required to enter the Miss Sunblock Contest. To enter send your cash register receipt with the price circled (residents of Vermont or Florida need not submit proof of purchase). Send a color photograph of your face with your name on the back. Attach to the photo, a sheet of paper with your name, address, phone number, age, height and weight. Send the photo and a completed official entry blank to: Miss Sunblock 15 Contest, A H. Robins, P.O. Box 6235, Richmond Va. 23230. Note: Photographs will not be acknowledged or returned One entry per customer

Each contestant will be judged on her modeling capabilities outlined in the following guidelines

The contestants should have the talent to express style and poise with attractive, photogenic facial features (eyes, nose, mouth and teeth) as well as soft, smooth looking lips

A.H. Robins Consumer Products Division and its advertising agency's casting and creative directors shall act as the sole and final judges. Five (5) finalists will be interviewed by a judge, and five prize winners will be selected. Winner grants to A.H. Robins the right to use her name, likeness and photograph, in any advertising and promotions without the payment of additional compensation. All submitted photographs must not have been previously published. Winners will be required to sign an affidavit of eligibility and release

The contest is open to female residents of the U.S.A. (16 years or older) Employees and their families of A.H. Robins Company, its affiliates and the advertising agency are ineligible. If the winner is under 21 years of age, her parent or legal guardian must accompany the winner in order to claim the grand prize or first place prizes. All prizes won by a minor will be awarded to the minor's parent or legal guardian

For a list of winners send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: Winners List c/o A.H. Robins, P.O. Box 6235, Richmond, Va. 23230. ALL ELIGIBLE ENTRIES MUST BE RECEIVED BY JUNE 30, 1985. Not responsible for late, lost or misdirected mail. Grand prize winner must be available for a one-day photography session from August 1, 1985 through August 31, 1985. Five finalists must be available for interviews from July 15, 1985 through August 19, 1985. Travel prizes subject to availabilities. No substitution or transfer of prizes allowed. Taxes are the sole responsibility of the winners. First place prizes must be claimed no later than December 31, 1985. A H. Robins reserves the right not to publish the ad

MISS SUNBLOCK 15 CONTEST

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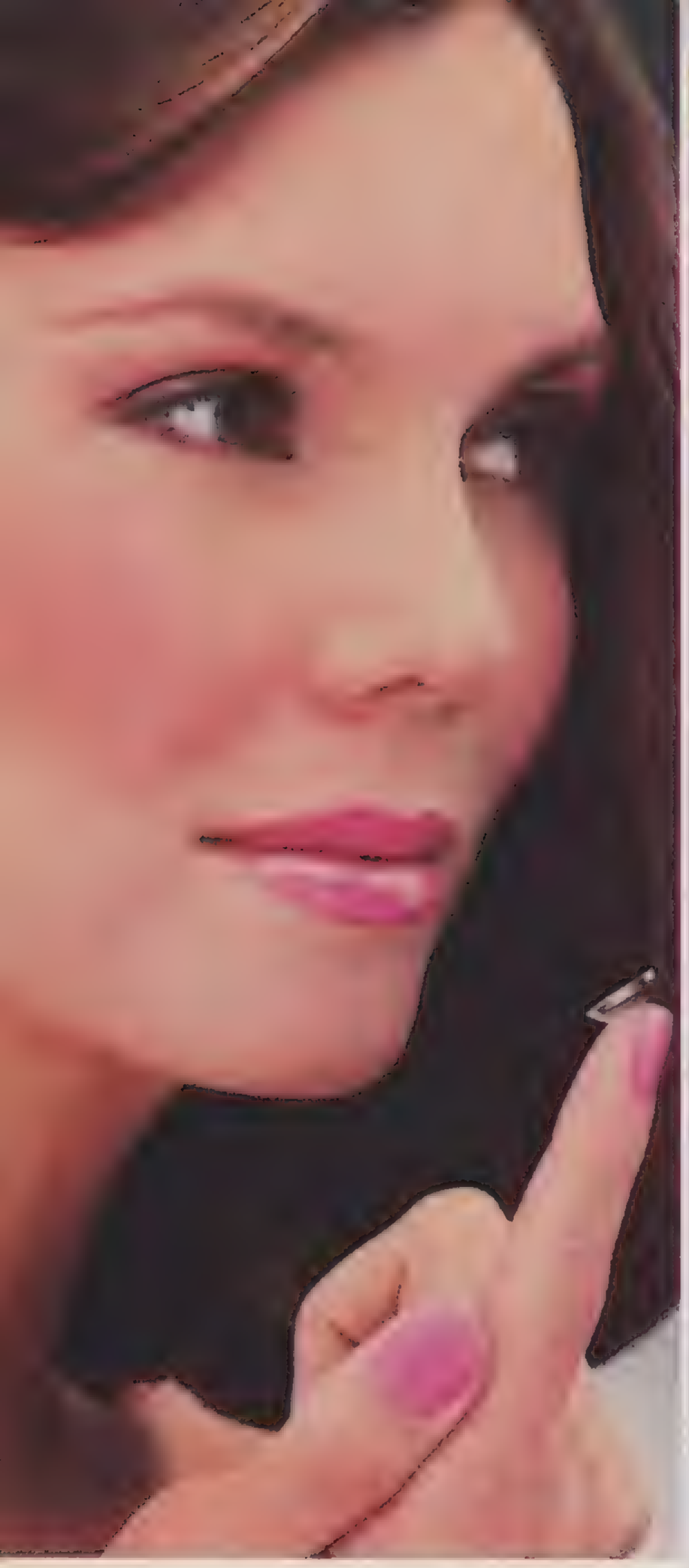

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Proved **99% irritation free.** Nothing is so effective, yet so gentle.

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PERSONAL PRODUCTS DIVISION

Your Well-Being

BY BARBARA LANG STERN

Decisions, decisions: strategies to help you make the best choice—and stick by it

Decisions: Should you change jobs? Careers? Date someone new? How should you redecorate? Where should you invest your money?

"Every time you make a *real* decision—which means a freely chosen, unconditional, total and personal commitment to something—*you own more of yourself* because you're using yourself; you're struggling and integrating various aspects of yourself, and getting to *know* yourself," said Theodore Isaac Rubin, M.D., psychiatrist, president of the American Institute for Psychoanalysis, and member of the medical board of the Karen Horney Clinic. "True decision making produces growth!" writes Dr. Rubin in his latest book, *Overcoming Indecisiveness* (Harper & Row). The "majority of us tend to be abdicators. . . . We wait for things to happen instead of making them happen. We doubt or criticize decisions we were committed to, make so-called decisions out of panic or let others decide for us." Why? Usually because we don't know what we want or are afraid to try to get it.

Not knowing what you want may be the result of losing touch with your feelings, needs, desires, and values. "Alienation" like this is a common, unconscious attempt to avoid anxiety, writes Dr. Rubin. If you don't *feel*, you won't get hurt; if you don't *want*, you won't suffer anxiety, anger, or disappointment; if you don't *assert yourself*, you're safer from disapproval or envy. But if you don't uncover your true feelings and opinions and take them seriously, you sabotage not only the decision-making process but also any chance for self-realization. Furthermore, if through no effort of your own, you *do* occasionally get what you want, you will feel that whatever you accomplish is a matter of luck.

A second common reason for not knowing what you want is wanting everything! This decision-making block is the specialty of the perfectionist, who procrastinates and delays in order to wait for perfect conditions under which to make a decision. The perfectionist's unconscious illusion is that "If I make no choice I will always have a chance to have it all." But like the child who can't make up her mind in the toy store, the perfectionist eventually finds time and opportunity running out; she may end up not getting anything she wants.

"Like many, the perfectionist doesn't want to pay the real price of making decisions: giving up the discarded options," said Dr. Rubin. "And more than most, the perfectionist *fears* decisions because a wrong one will bring on painful self-criticism and attacks of self-hatred. But self-hatred should have no part in taking responsibility for a decision. That responsibility implies absolute *loyalty* to self, regardless of the outcome of the decision. Some people are only fair-weather friends to themselves. That's not loyalty. Nor is second-guessing yourself with 'coulda, woulda, shoulda' recriminations after you've made the best decision you could."

In his book, Dr. Rubin lists twenty-six concerns. He suggests rating these on a scale of one (highest importance) to ten (lowest) as a means of evaluating yourself: Health; Sex; Family Life; Work; Money; Sociability Versus Solitude; Children; Security; Prestige, Power and Recognition; Education; Ownership (of Property/Material Things); Roots, Tradition and Ethnicity; Religion; Physical Activity; Creative Activity; Appearance; Excitement, Stimulation and Variety; Pleasure; Romance; Relaxation; Feeling Good/Freedom from Stress; Physical Comfort/Convenience; Integrity; Quality of Time; Weather.

But suppose you are giving priority to something you dislike or disapprove of. "Then it's really someone else's priority, or not a priority at all, but a compulsion," said Dr. Rubin. "You have to decide whether to struggle to change, to be your true self.

"Getting your priorities in order *is* a struggle. There can be temporary deadlocks. You need to be able to accept imperfection and to expect a normal amount of ambivalence. It's no reason not to move ahead. The struggle itself is the central process of knowing yourself and committing yourself to a choice. The big secret is that, in a difficult decision, *seldom is one choice significantly better than another.* Usually, the commitment you make to a decision *makes* that decision best."

Q&A

Hiccups: causes, cures . . . running vs. aerobics shoes . . . makeup: safe?

I'm sometimes embarrassed by hiccups. What is a hiccup, and is there a "cure"?

"A hiccup results when the diaphragm, the large muscle that separates your chest cavity and abdomen, contracts suddenly. You are compelled to inhale, at which time the glottis, the tissue that overlies the windpipe, snaps shut producing the characteristic 'hic' sound," explained James Lewis, M.D., assistant professor of medicine, George Washington University School of Medicine and Health Sciences.

Unlike other reflexes, such as sneezing or coughing, hiccups serve no known useful function. No one knows exactly why hiccups occur, though they do follow irritation to the phrenic nerves which regulate the diaphragm.

"Overeating and drinking, emotions such as stress or grief, and alcohol are the most common triggers of a hiccups episode, usually lasting no longer than a few minutes," said Dr. Lewis. But anything from excitement to sudden changes in temperature to pregnancy can induce hiccups.

"In some cases hiccups can last for several hours or days, even months or years. Many of these people can't eat or sleep, and lose weight and become ill," said Dr. Lewis. In persistent cases there is usually an underlying disorder which must be treated. If you hiccup for more than a few hours, it's a good idea to check with your physician, according to Dr. Lewis.

"Most of the folk cures work to some extent. The one I find most effective is pulling on the tongue almost to the point of gagging. Breath-holding, a thump on the back, or being scared (gasping) tends to help break the respiratory rhythm, which in some cases stops the hiccups. Eating dry granular sugar or drinking ice water irritates the back of the throat, signaling nerve fibers to shut off the hiccups."

Is there a significant difference between a running shoe and an aerobic-dance shoe?

Yes, and somewhat surprisingly, "The major difference is heel height. A running shoe has an elevated heel that protects the Achilles tendon and calf muscles from excessive pull. This heel height could lead to ankle strain in aerobic dance," said John F. Waller, Jr., M.D., chief, Foot and Ankle Service, Lenox Hill Hospital, NYC.

"The shoes are designed differently because the foot motion is different: in running, weight lands first on the heel then the toe; in aerobic dance, with many jumps, impact hits first on the ball of the foot. There is also more lateral motion in aerobics, so some aerobic-dance shoes have added additional lateral support," added Judi Missett, founder of Jazzercise.

Shock absorption is crucial for both types of shoes: with each running step, two to three times your body weight is exerted on the foot, even more with aerobic jumps. "In aerobic dance, knee and shin pain is common when there is not enough cushioning; hip and groin pain sometimes occurs as well. Staying limber also helps you avoid injury; stretched muscles absorb more shock when you jump," said Dr. Waller.

Some things to look for in both types of shoes: flexibility, a finger's width of room at the toe, enough width across the ball of the foot, and no rough spots inside. For added foot support, "Pull the laces loosely at the bottom and more tightly as you go up," advised Dr. Waller.

Aerobic dance shoes are available from Nike, New Balance, Adidas, Jazzercise, and others.

I like the matte finish of pressed powder on top of my lipstick, and I sometimes use an eye pencil to line my lips. Is this safe?

Although using cosmetics interchangeably is becoming more common, some experts feel it may not be a good idea. The potential problem lies with the color additives, the use of which is strictly controlled by law.

"The color additives in pressed powders are not necessarily permitted for use in lip products. While the safety of these colors for use on the skin has been documented, they have not been tested for use on the lips where we must consider the safety of ingesting them," said H.J. Eiermann, director of the division of Cosmetics Technology, Food and Drug Administration.

Using eye pencil to outline the mouth is fine, according to Mr. Eiermann. The color additives approved for use around the eye—iron oxides—are permitted in foods, drugs, and cosmetics. To assure safety, however, he suggests following directions for use on the product package.

Earle W. Brauer, M.D., vice president for medical affairs at Revlon, also urges caution: "Some colors acceptable for use in cosmetics are not acceptable for ingestion. As a general rule, you should not use products around the mouth that aren't designed for it."

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This new solution is all you need to *clean...rinse...heat disinfect...*and *store* your soft contact lenses.

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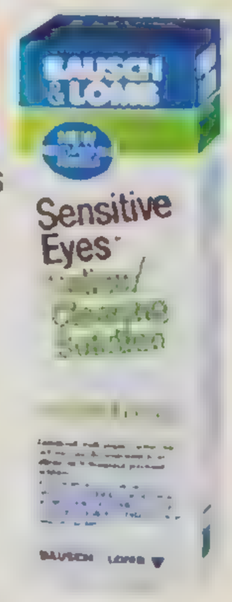

BAUSCH & LOMB

PERSONAL
PRODUCTS DIVISION

Improving Your Voice

It's a matter of muscle as well as mind

When a weak or hesitant delivery undermines a well-thought-out project or focuses attention not on what a woman says but rather on how she sounds, it's time to change voices.

Surprisingly, many voice flaws can be traced to physical causes and be improved or even eliminated by muscular exercises.

"Sometimes women will try to lower their voices to achieve authority," says Wilbur Gould, M.D., chairman of The Voice Foundation, NYC. "Done excessively, that can lead to vocal-cord problems. Some people sound fine staying with their natural higher-pitched voices, but an unpleasantly high voice can be corrected."

Breath control is one key to an effective and appealing voice. "Some exercises, whether it's fast walking and breathing deeply or just deep breathing alone, can improve depth of breathing and the quality of one's speaking voice," said Dr. Gould.

"Technically, the voice is muscular, so one can do muscular exercises for the lips, tongue, soft palette, and breathing muscles," said voice coach Mark Zeller, co-director of the Monolog Connection, a NYC actors' workshop. "A nasal voice, for instance, results when the tongue and soft palette are held close to each other, forcing air out of the nose. If the soft palette is exercised, the sound will come out of the mouth, and the voice loses its nasality."

One key to voice training is pinpointing the problem's origins. Wearing contact lenses, heavy makeup, even having had childhood braces can cause facial stillness that results in muscles' not functioning correctly.

Occasionally origins of vocal problems are social or psychological, not physical: a "little girl" voice in an obviously bright, mature woman, an artificially breathy or "seductive" voice, or a stridently aggressive voice.

Foreign or regional accents in one's speech can also cause concern. According to voice specialist Dana Zeller-Alexis, "If there is something in your speech pattern that draws attention to itself, so that your message isn't getting across, you should work on it, whether it's an accent, a nasal sound, or a stutter. Changing accent is not a rejection of one's roots but a 'cosmetic' modification."

"One of the main difficulties women have to get over is the preconception that, in the realm of public speaking, they are different from men," said Kevin Daley, president of Communispond, a firm that trains executives in public-speaking presentation techniques. "Women tend to stand in a sideways position, for example, in order to present themselves at a slimmer angle. But to an audience, that comes across as a pose. By standing square on both feet, she appears natural, convincing.

"Women also must learn to increase their energy levels to create volume, just as men do." Said Daley, "We work with women on increasing volume, to project the voice from the diaphragm instead of from the chest."

"While microphones can serve a purpose, using one means you're going to be speaking even more quietly than usual," said Paula Ludlow, an associate account executive and Communispond training leader. "The result is that you lose a lot of vocal energy. Without a mike, you have to do it all yourself, and the louder you're speaking, the more confident you sound." Projection helps get rid of a nervous tremor as well.

"People can learn to harness nervous energy and focus into it," Ludlow said. "For example, use your hands to emphasize your points. That way, you're releasing the nervous energy as well as looking good."

Visual aids such as props and a podium can also be helpful, "although you do have to be careful that they don't take over the audience's interests. A podium is there to hold notes, which can take care of the problem of rattling papers," she said. "But don't clutch at it for support. And a high podium can overwhelm women who aren't tall: stand at the side of the podium instead of behind it."

Ms. Ludlow's additional suggestions:

- Don't move around too much. The audience will follow you instead of listening.
- Be careful of hands and feet. Putting hands behind your back or holding them clasped in front are "little girl" poses. High heels can create balance problems when weight isn't distributed equally on both feet. Crossing one's legs while standing or fidgeting with shoes also imparts a hesitant look.
- Looking at the floor while speaking is another common mannerism that can make people seem insecure. Good eye contact says "I'm willing to meet you on your own level."

—ALLISON KYLE LEOPOLD

fragrance: first fashion

(Continued from page 331)

It was a 'created' name to evoke the exotic and mystical content of the perfume—Egyptian rose with iris from Florence, an extraordinarily soft orange flower, vanilla, jasmine, all discreetly concealing a strong sexy animal base of Canadian beaver and Ethiopian civet . . .''

When the Milan designer Mariuccia Mandelli, who is Krizia, began work on K de Krizia, she wanted a versatile perfume that, as she described it, ''could modify itself magically when it came in contact with the skin.'' It evolved to mean that K de Krizia ''surprises'': its first note—green—develops on the skin into a spicy, woody one, drying down to a rich, warm amber.

Eighty percent of all designer fragrances carry male designer names (notable exceptions: Gloria Vanderbilt, Anne Klein, and soon an eagerly awaited creation from Norma Kamali); and it is well known in the world of fragrance that there are few female perfumers, or ''noses'' as they are more familiarly known—this despite the fact that a woman's olfactory sense is considered to be keener than a man's. This gives an interesting variation of the time-warped question: ''Whom do you dress up for—a man or a woman?'' When it comes to fragrance, the indisputable fact that the majority are created by men leads to the corollary that it is a *man* who is telling you how he thinks you want (ought) to smell! ''A woman wears fragrance like an invisible dress—except fragrance stirs deeper emotions and is remembered far longer,'' says Oscar de la Renta, whose perfumes are outstanding best sellers across the nation. ''When the 'noses' asked me what I wanted my fragrance to be, I urged them to focus on natural elements, flowers, grasses, herbs—as I concentrate on natural fabrics in the clothes I design. When I was a child in Santa Domingo, I was captivated by my mother's flower garden. My parents, having come from Spain, loved flowers as much for their aroma as for their visual beauty . . .''

> *''A woman wears fragrance like an invisible dress—except fragrance stirs deeper emotions...''*

Jean Cacharel created Anaïs Anaïs around one of the most revered flowers of ancient Greece, the white lily, characterized by its rare ''elusive'' scent. As he explains, ''A woman is, like fragrance, by nature mysterious . . . it is her 'secret,' like the heart of a fragrance, that is the most fascinating thing about her . . . lingering in the mind.''

''Really, perfume puts the finishing touch to elegance . . . a detail that subtlely underscores the look, an invisible 'extra' that completes the personality . . .'' says Gianni Versace. ''A woman chooses perfume to match the way she dresses—sporty, casual, classic, or sophisticated—without perfume, there is something missing. My perfume is designed to coordinate with my clothes so that it resembles no other, mixing jonquil, honeysuckle, lavender with oil of French marigold, tuberose. Myrrh interlaces it all, giving it a unique quality as it unfolds.''

And how does Karl Lagerfeld view fragrance? He insists, ''Fragrance should always be a powerful adventure, providing a link for modern woman with her own sensuous nature. Beyond designing clothes, I love to create fragrance. My new one is totally different—provocative, disturbing, unpredictable. Because the message it transmits is like a complex code of semaphore rather than a name, I gave the perfume my initials—my personal 'call letters'—KL.''

Next month, the Fragrance Foundation's annual major U.S. fragrance happening—Fragrance Week in New York—is ''Fashion in the Air,'' officially recognizing for the first time the all powerful—and growing—relationship of fragrance and fashion. Perhaps Bernard Lanvin of the prestigious house responsible for the classics Arpege and My Sin inadvertently explains the reason: ''Because a woman sometimes wears a fragrance that, for me, is in distinct contrast with her coloring, her personality, this brings about a charming mystique because it creates a certain confusion. You could say a woman does not have an identity without fragrance.'' ▽

freedom from pain

(Continued from page 347)

addiction or the development of clinically significant tolerance. Withdrawal symptoms don't occur because drugs don't have to be withdrawn.

TOWARD PAIN-EASED TOMORROWS

Americans may be overusing or misusing nonprescription painkillers in efforts to self-treat common recurring or chronic pain and discomfort. Currently, we spend about one and one-half billion dollars annually for over-the-counter analgesics. Relief from pain may well be worth that cost in dollars, but the unacceptable cost is that of health risk: kidney and liver damage, stomach and intestinal injury, disease and even death from what is medically advised. Doctors are far from being in agreement on the safety of analgesics when they're used regularly over a long period, and especially the NSAIDS, or nonsteroidal anti-inflammatory drugs. But millions of us hurt chronically and must have some measure of relief from disabling pain.

PUTTING IT TOGETHER: THE MULTISCIENCE APPROACH

''Multidisciplinary,'' a big dry word, is the vital idea that makes pain management a new clinical science. The specialized knowledge and skills of many kinds of experts are brought to bear on the pain condition in a single clinical setting: neurophysiologists, neurosurgeons, pharmacologists, orthopedists, anesthesiologists, urologists, and endocrinologists—to name a few. Thus, if you have a pain problem, the pain specialist who treats you may draw on a wide choice of approaches—analgesic and narcotic drugs, electro-stimulation, physical therapy, biofeedback, surgery, behavioral techniques, and even devices that put the patient in control of his or her own pain relief, with safety and knowledge.

SELECTING QUALIFIED PAIN SERVICES

Where can you learn about specialized treatment for pain, for yourself or for a person close to you? First, your physician should refer you, or another patient, for chronic or acute pain management. In arthritis, to take the most widespread example, pain is a major aspect of the disease, along with swelling, inflammation, deformities, and other symptoms. ''Pain is part of arthritis,'' says Frederic McDuffie, M.D., senior vice president for medical affairs of the Arthritis Foundation, ''and because, for example, the cause of pain may be swelling in a joint, treatment of the different aspects of arthritis should be under the direction of your own doctor.'' However, he added, arthritis specialists sometimes consult with pain specialists and refer patients to qualified pain-management centers for treatment.

For assurance of qualified professional attention, look into the pain clinics or pain services of teaching hospitals attached to medical schools; they're more likely to have a fuller range of medical disciplines. Your nearest large medical center's information office can tell you if there is a clinical department devoted to pain management. Some pain clinics specialize by type of disorder, such as headache and arthritis clinics.

AHEAD: STAYING IN TOUCH WITH HELP

On trial at New York's Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center is a new system to allow patients with severe and fluctuating pain to stay at home and still effectively manage their own medication; a twenty-four-hour telephone service that connects the patient with a pain consultant at any time for advice on changing dosages, follow-up on the patient's condition, and supportive care. The home-care network is working, says Dr. Foley, and it's a system that needs to be broadened to other parts of the nation. ▽

heroin for the dying?

(Continued from page 347)

by being converted in the body to morphine. Therefore, she adds, heroin is an inefficient way of providing morphine to patients. ''Patients tolerant to opiate analgesics would probably not benefit from heroin if they failed to obtain adequate pain relief from morphine,'' said Dr. Foley. ''Hydromorphone, levorphanol, or methadone might be useful because of the phenomenon of incomplete cross-tolerance when drugs that are different congeners are used. For the group of patients who do not tolerate high-potency hydromorphone, heroin might be useful. This patient population, however, can be readily treated with continuous subcutaneous infusions of any of the various narcotics.'' ▽

romantic imperative

(Continued from page 305)

rooms, or in my mother's bedroom after dinner parties as women slid them out of their leather or velvet wrappers. Mine is burgundy enamel with a faux tortoiseshell border, from Alexandra de Markoff. I open it now, and turn about to see how I look on all sides. My ears look too young. I sweep my hair down. Then I snap the compact shut, slide it into its suede case. Heaven! Finally, I wrap lengths of green tulle about my head and shoulders. There it is: the finishing touch. Tulle is the most precious substance in the world with the possible exception of Lucite. Fabulous. I will be proclaimed a new star. . . . But coward—here I am—how to shred these percale sheets and tie them together. One must not do that to percale. And I did not.

Oh. To be a Grown-up Person. To do what I want. I imagined I might go to "Makeup" at the studio my father was running then. I could get "done" and then drop by to see Margaret Booth, MGM's chief film editor. She would get someone to do a Lap Dissolve. In a moment, I would be a Woman: red lips, long polished nails, mascara, and a body built for lingerie. I did not know it: I was already a woman of that time. The title roles, the character notes, the fantasies that makeup gave us then were rarely played out beyond the mirrors—even the women on the screen lived lives defined as precisely by studio policy as their lips were by the Westmores' or the Factors' pencils.

You could pine away. But you look stunning as you go. Big point of makeup then: what will *they* think.

My governess was tall and brunette, with Gilbert Adrian sort of squared shoulders like Joan Crawford's (one could want to be her without necessarily—as we all knew—wanting her for a mother): somehow you had to be built like that to wear mahogany nail polish and Red Silk lipstick. Above all, my governess had romantic tragedy. Women who wore dark makeup had lives full of big theme-song scenes, where the music surges, the waves pound. My governess was "hopelessly" in love with a man, my mother explained, who would never marry her. "He's a confirmed bachelor," she said.

My governess was a secret siren who brooded alone, not planning seduction and revenge like earlier movie heroines, but crying late at night to the sounds of heartbreaking love songs. She was pitched, I imagine, into greater despair by the permanence that lovelorn despair seemed to have then, one wore the makeup well to hide the broken heart. Wore it well indeed and obeyed the rules. No "tips, hints, and pointers" here. One did as one was told or was lost—forever imperfect.

Perfection. You got that over there in "Makeup." I was allowed to sit there sometimes, to watch new, pale young people transformed into Technicolor stars. I'd try not to stare—I would read Vogue. (I'd make checks next to the latest makeup ideas, then see if the studio had picked them up.) But studios were dealing with different issues—totally: How will "this" photograph better? Fashion could ignite dreams *you* could have this afternoon. But when you went out to the movies, you wanted to *be*, to *have* this person. In fashion, this potion, this elixir will make it happen now! But when I did watch, it was touching to see some young "players" handle their new more strident faces. They became larger than life as they would be required to be upon the screen.

You'd know a big star in a minute—before discovery, before naming—they had "The Motor," as my father called it, without makeup. I longed to be an un-natural person until Katharine Hepburn took me for a canoe ride early one morning at a director's ranch—he'd had the Mississippi River built out behind his great house in the Valley. But Katharine Hepburn gave a new and certain interest to reality—six in the morning and she was glowing; she had actual freckles, a sense of raw bone under her skin. Until then, it seemed to me that one wanted Lana Turner's skin, which was creamy, poreless as pancake makeup. But then, as a rule, movie stars had no troublesome textures. Except for one or so . . . I remember my father saying during a close-up screen test, "We're going to have to shoot her through cheesecloth." I winced. I still have craggy skin, from hideous teen years; I now think of Richard Burton, the surface of the moon. I no longer try to hide it, which never worked. Oh, how I wished then that I could spend my life shot through cheesecloth.

> *"Makeup can be our fastest communicator"*

I was watching Ginger Rogers being made up one day, and I was told to observe the chin line closely. "Makeup must never go below there; we use a light, translucent shade, otherwise you'll get a terrible line." You remembered every beauty rule, captured them. Doris Vidor was Linda Leroy's mother; and Linda, we knew, was going to be a great beauty. We were riding in Mrs. Vidor's limousine one day—she was taking us back to boarding school. I suppose we were about fifteen or so, and Doris explained how important night cream was to the throat. I watched the arch of her long neck carefully. Somehow I had the impression that if I used night cream well not only would my throat be as creamy and long as Doris Vidor's, but I would be as witty, as articulate.

My own mother spent very little time doing makeup. She painted canvases. But I remembered every color of paint and makeup and the smell of her rouge and powder as clearly as the smell of the turpentine and linseed oil. She wore Stop Red lipstick, and in the evening with her ultraviolet Schiaparelli or royal blue Hattie Carnegie gown, perhaps she would put on Sky Blue Pink. At that time, makeup and the conventions it represented were antithetical to everything my mother tried to remain. She would rather I remember Alizarin Crimson and Cadmium Yellow than Desert Pink. But I remember them all.

I was "done" once in "Makeup." Perhaps this would transform me into a singing, dancing wonder. They raised and rounded my lip line. I liked it. I tried smiling in more of a push-forward, kiss-me way. I was working with some little kids after school, sort of a drawing, baby-sitting kind of job. They said they really hated this new smile I was doing, and that this lipstick was making me look cranky, would I take it off. I did.

I don't think I really believe a more sultry upper lip can change anyone's life. But the mother of one man I was going out with was convinced it would change her son's mind about me. She longed for her son to marry me. He was not so sure. She said if I would just bring my lip line up—yes—curved and heart-shaped into a sexier mouth; then if I would put eyeliner all the way around, and there, pluck these eyebrows, it would make all the difference in the world to her son. I tried to believe that. I think I knew that discipline and a much cooler, sporty attitude would probably work more wonders.

I like to remember the Romantic Imperative notion of makeup, like an old love song. But I know now when I go at it with my brushes and powders, the liners and glosses, I am seducing an aspect of myself, luring out the creature I need to reveal for this adventure, this moment. I become my own canvas, the mannequin I can direct. I draw and arrange the persona that will be most captivating today.

Makeup is not about becoming anyone totally apart—for me, or for most of us, anymore, this is about pleasure and paint, and color, and design and the artfulness that can go right into rewind if it doesn't work. Erase, and take it again. From the top. It's a stroke of confidence here, a swash of flair, it's manageable and changeable and, when it needs to be, as distracting and absorbing as reproducing a mirage—but no more difficult than twisting a kaleidescope. Then to some of us, at other times, it must be serious.

I know when I'm going to have to try to be very direct, very confident, I do darker eyes. I want to take the room. Think Dovima, I tell myself. Very basic clear makeup when I must feel I belong. And no makeup when I work, so that I see and use all these years. When I want to be funnier, and can't bear getting too serious with anyone because something is truly hurting, then it's into yellow and purple eyeshadow with toy astronauts spinning on wires around my neck. But—easy on the doe eyes. Authority without threat. Then I light in and out of conversations with gilt-y lipstick, avoiding real subjects. Makeup can be our fastest communicator; can be the titles, the jacket copy. Rules gone, it has become a private theater. My mother's dressing table was graced by a miniature Victorian stage. Raise the curtain; a light would go on. There was a mirror. Other artists have used makeup long before the imperative was struck down—and not only in theater. Isak Dinesen's eyes are the prologue. They declare her voice. They draw you down and into the stories. One does not stop for breath between the words. Louise Nevelson is her only embellished sculpture—her eyes labyrinthine under the turbans. She is the Empress of the World. And Edith Sitwell created a look by taking away—by pulling back. Nothing anyone ever added on proclaimed so much.

My mother. I must look back; her makeup, her pronouncement, her "pay attention" device was

not what everyone else used. Makeup for her was a simple tool: a golden cigarette holder rather like a tweezer poised upon a ring over her forefinger—this, and a constant haze of smoke, had rather as much impact as Chen Yu's darkest lacquered orchid look. I think.

In college, briefly, I studied makeup and began to believe that one could invent a new angle, a new approach for every day, for every situation. You'd watch, and I still do, the anxiety in the faces of women who are being made up, say for a TV show, or a film, or at a store, by people who are talking to someone else. Or talking too much to the women. One must talk, to ease them, so you can see the relaxed face and where best to go with it; but then, there's that transforming moment, when the woman transcends herself, and becomes a believer, becomes the art you are creating. She must not be distracted or interrupted from the daydream, as the pencils and brushes twist and dust and fly.

Yes, it is not, not ever now, that women are subjected to makeup, no, only that men are deprived. I love a man. My secret longing is to reach over, when he is sleeping, when his face is the most revealed, the lashes are so long—it is all I can do to keep from decorating those lashes, those lids and those cheekbones and lips. Who could think, then, that makeup is vanity—it is a celebration, it is arranging the flowers, painting the banners, lighting the candles, and flying the streamers. ▽

mia farrow

(Continued from page 311)

me and just flip my elbow out." She pauses. "But no," she says. "I can't be, with seven children."

There is something moving about Mia Farrow and her children, about an actress who appears at Elaine's with Woody Allen, and a couple of the kids; who arrives at the Russian Tea Room with Woody Allen, and a couple more kids.

Matthew and Sascha, twins now fifteen years old, were born in 1969. Three years later, Mia Farrow and André Previn adopted a Vietnamese baby named Lark. "I didn't feel they had to be my biological children. And at that time, war orphans were very much in everyone's consciousness. But it's not so easy to adopt. We were very lucky to get Lark." Farrow and Previn went on to adopt Soon-Yi, a Vietnamese girl now twelve; Daisy, a ten-year-old Korean girl; Moses, a seven-year-old boy from Korea, as well as to have another son, Fletcher, who's now ten—a full household, even in a vast New York apartment.

Mia Farrow once described her own childhood as something like *Lord of the Flies*. She had six brothers and sisters. "I think we were the prototypical active, brawling, loving family. But my own children are different. And it's not just my saying that. They have more understanding than I did. And I think it's because of their disparate backgrounds."

She is wearing a crumpled flannel shirt, crumpled corduroy pants, patterned socks, and small, unstylish, unpreppy hiking shoes. She speaks in a soft, clear voice and is polite and reserved. In her most recent film, *The Purple Rose of Cairo*, her voice was fuzzier—a soft lilting whine of confusion and lingering hope. As Cecilia, a waitress in a coffee shop who stared out the steamy windows while customers hollered for their home fries, Mia Farrow looked immensely fragile and vulnerable, lost in her daydreams of movie stars. But beneath that vulnerability there seemed to be something enduring and resilient.

This quality has been recognized in her more perceptively by Woody Allen than by any of the other directors she has worked with. In *Broadway Danny Rose* he cast her as a loudmouthed, vulgar bombshell in a beehive hairdo, a decorator who favors leopard-skin upholstery and when complimented on her taste stops for a moment to reflect: "You know what the trouble is? I look at my work, and I think it's ugly." Only when this tough piece of baggage falls for Allen's scrawny, honorable Danny Rose can Mia Farrow's gracious, innocent face come out from behind the sunglasses she's had on throughout the movie. And in *Zelig*—which seemed in part a tribute to their relationship—she played an intellectually persevering psychoanalyst who cures the Woody Allen character of his inability to be himself by her combination of uncompromising brainpower and enduring, loving attention.

"What impressed me most about Woody was his surehandedness," Mia Farrow says of the director. "He's very quiet on the set, sparse in his directions, and *accurate*." But her films with Woody Allen have been far better than any she's done since *Rosemary's Baby*, not just because he can direct her, but because he can write for her. "He talks to me about the films as he's writing them," she says, "but I don't know what my contribution is. I think he just likes to talk to somebody. Mostly I just listen."

In *The Purple Rose of Cairo*, a clever, funny film, she plays a woman who is so absorbed by movies that she can resist the debilitating effects of a brutish husband, of a sad grey New Jersey town, of the Great Depression itself—who is so absorbed by the movies that she is eventually literally absorbed by them: a character from a second-rate romantic comedy falls in love with her, leaves the screen to court her, and then brings her back with him into the movie he deserted. But clever and funny as it is, Woody Allen's film is also rather cruel. Cecilia must choose between the fictional character and the real-life actor who plays him. Cecilia does the proper, responsible thing: she chooses the actor, chooses reality. And reality, Woody Allen says, always lets you down. At the end of the film, Cecilia sits in the movie theater sadly, resignedly watching Fred Astaire in the sublime *Top Hat*. She has been jilted by life.

The ending is a sour, condescending slap in the face to Woody Allen's audience. Allen is telling us that Cecilia, and the rest of us, must be satisfied with images created by people like Woody Allen. But the moment is an ideal one for Mia Farrow. Alone, her cheeks a little flushed, her hair a little lank, she looks beaten and worn, like someone who has weathered a lot of storms. In *Rosemary's Baby*, Mia Farrow exhibits the same intense vulnerability and intense will. She softly rocks the child in its black-shrouded cradle, and her disgust at the grotesque devil baby is gradually overwhelmed by maternal passion and solicitude. She is going to raise that little creature *right*.

"At a certain point, I wanted to be a nun," she says. "Not that they would have had me. I was very idealistic. I thought then I'd be able to levitate and stuff, and have visions along with the best of them. I used to go to church every morning—it was very seductive, religion." Her idealism, though, was a little eccentric. She has told people that when she was in convent school in England, she charged doughnuts and tuppence for tours featuring the crown of thorns on the Mother Superior's bed. Back in L.A. at a Catholic school, her report cards said things like, "Mia asks disturbing questions about religion."

There is something unnerving about someone as exquisitely fragile looking as Mia Farrow. She was so thin and so pale, her eyes so wide, in her early movie roles that she was considered a little creepy by some critics. But I think if you look back at *Rosemary's Baby* now, perhaps because we're more accustomed to skinny girls in crew cuts, Mia Farrow does not seem creepy at all. She seems absolutely familiar.

"Sometimes people on the street think I'm Sissy Spacek," she says. "Or Twiggy. I'm polite on Sissy's behalf. They're happy to see Sissy, so why spoil it?" ▽

the australians

(Continued from page 314)

export was, like Ireland's, its talent. Bryan Brown, whose next film, *The Empty Beach*, is set among Sydney's underworld, speaks of *Time* art critic Robert Hughes (his cousin) and his contemporaries this way. "They had to go away because nothing was happening that was Australian. They had to go away to be criticized by the world. Maybe it's not difficult, but I couldn't handle being an expatriate. I want to express and reflect exactly what this place is."

What is it? An anomaly, of course. A country that had the guts ripped out of it in World War I when it lost sixty thousand men. An eastern version of England's wild colonial boy. A continent which to the Paul Cox of twenty years ago seemed "the end of the world. I'd never been so devastatingly alone. I was just shocked. I'd walk into town, and where was everybody? The silence. They were all mowing their lawns, or at the football."

"A good-natured place," according to Blanche d'Alpuget, perhaps too good-natured. "We're in the fastest-growing economic region in the world, and all our neighbor countries are willing to work harder than we are. The welfare state mentality is deeply engraved . . . Australians don't have the entrepreneurial mentality."

Probably not. The books are imported, and so is the furniture, and so are most of the clothes, and as for big industry: Australia has the raw materials, but it's Japan and its brothers that turn them into gold. Still, there it is, one of the most beautiful places on earth, thinly settled, barely plumbed. Irresistible, too. ▽

tina turner

(*Continued from page 318*)

Her manager says she can go straight to bed after a performance that has left thousands screaming in the aisles and be asleep within one hour. A devout Buddhist, a believer in reincarnation—she is convinced she was once a Parisian dance hall girl and an Egyptian queen—Tina maintains her equilibrium by chanting every day and keeps a close eye on her future by consulting numerous readers and psychics. "I want to see the movie of my life, so I get psychics to see it for me." Says her manager, Davies, "I can't believe it. She just had her auras cleaned again!"

In this life, Tina Turner looks about thirty-six, and her skin is flawless. She does not deprive herself. She sips wine at dinner, does not diet, does not take vitamins. If she's feeling particularly stressed, she consults a homeopathic doctor in London who gives her intravenous treatments "to cleanse the toxins from the blood." The next day, he replenishes her with special vitamins and mineral supplements supplied via intravenous drips. Twenty-seven or so years of non-stop motion onstage, in five-inch heels no less, and walking for miles in airports have left Tina Turner with the figure she had at eighteen. "If I wasn't in shape after all that, there'd be something wrong," she says. As for those incredible legs, "They've stayed the same. I think I just came out singing and dancing."

Tina Turner "came out" Anna Mae Bullock on a cotton plantation, in Nutbush, Tennessee, where her father was the major domo. She remembers her rural childhood fondly—riding bareback, fantasizing herself a cowgirl in Westerns, and singing after school in the fields while picking crops. In high school in St. Louis, where she moved with her mother after her parents divorced, she was known as "Little Ann." "Black women were very heavy in those days with big hips and things," says Tina. "And I was very small, so I was 'Little Ann.' When my career started, Ike thought we had to get a name with a sound for the stage. He had a thing for the women in movies who swing on the vines—the jungle queens." One assumes "Tina" reminded him of "Sheena."

Ann Bullock had met the Mississippi-born Izear Luster Turner as a teenager in 1956 when she went to a St. Louis rhythm and blues club where he was performing. He was married at the time and in 1951 had produced *Rocket 88*, which is widely considered the very first rock and roll record. One night at the club, Little Ann grabbed the microphone and startled everyone with her singing. Soon she began to sing on a regular basis with Ike's "Kings of Rhythm," and became pregnant with her first son by one of the band members. The father later returned to Mississippi. By the time "A Fool in Love," the first hit single by "Ike and Tina Turner," started climbing the charts in 1960, she was in the hospital, jaundiced, and pregnant with Ike's child, though they didn't marry for several years. Still sick, she crawled out of her hospital bed to go on the road to promote the record.

Ike always saw to it that Ann, as he called her, had beautiful clothes and fancy cars to ride around in. But the rise of Ike and Tina Turner to superstar status during the Woodstock years was always shadowed by whispered tales of Ike's treatment of Tina. Even today, in his performances, Little Richard refers to his witnessing Ike beating Tina. There were stories, too, about Ike's harem of Ikettes and thinly veiled references to drugs and guns. Still, Tina stayed with Ike for almost twenty years.

"I couldn't leave him because I cared, so I endured it," she says today. "But I always knew, 'It's not me, it's not my life.' He was like a brother to me. I thought that if I walk out, everything is lost." (A psychic once told her, however, that she would leave Ike one day and be successful on her own.)

Tina finally decided to take the risk of losing everything in the middle of a tour in Texas in 1976. She sneaked away from Ike with nothing but thirty-six cents and a Mobil credit card. "What made me leave was the beating," Tina says. "I thought, 'I'm not going to be dragged down in the dirt one more time.' I'm about harmony and happiness. I stayed because there was part of me that cared—but finally that can be abused."

A believer in reincarnation, Tina Turner is convinced she was once an Egyptian queen

Two weeks later, Ike sent Tina her clothes, which was all she wanted despite the wealth they had accumulated together. He tried to continue on the tour on his own without warning local bookers he was without Tina. When they found out, they sued them both for breach of contract. Tina went into seclusion. On one occasion, a gun was reportedly shot into the home where she was thought to be staying. She was undeterred. Today, Tina no longer accepts Ike Turner's phone calls "because it's too sad."

"I'm not ashamed of it," Tina Turner says about the fact that she lived on food stamps after she left Ike. She rented a little house in Coldwater Canyon in Beverly Hills, bought cookware with green stamps she had saved, and rented furniture from Abbey Rents. "It was like playing house." To earn money she started appearing on Canadian TV variety shows and *The Hollywood Squares*. "After I left Ike, I had my dream to find a rich man to protect me and take care of me. I haven't found him yet."

When she started working again in small cabarets, Tina was unused to managing herself and a band, and hired poor advisors. She owed bills and got slapped for back taxes.

"Roger had me get rid of everybody," says Tina of her manager, Roger Davies, who started working with her in 1979. She fired her longtime band and threw away her chiffon and feathers. Davies started booking her into rock clubs to expose her to younger audiences. Her first big break came when the Rolling Stones asked her to tour with them in 1981. Then Rod Stewart had her appear on his TV special. Even so, Tina Turner could not get a record deal. Says Davies, "There was a terrible stigma attached to her because she walked out on the tour and because everybody still thought she was with Ike."

Finally, Europe gave Turner her salvation. "We more or less survived off of Poland, Hungary, Yugoslavia, even Teheran—places like that," Davies says. In 1982, an English band, Heaven 17, asked Tina to record an old Temptations' song for an album and a video they were doing, and she became the first black female to appear on MTV.

Tina finally got a record deal from Capitol in 1982, but, a year later, there was still no album. Then, her version of Al Green's "Let's Stay Together"—a top-five single in Europe—became the most-requested dance tune in New York. Capitol Records was astounded.

Roger Davies was desperate not to lose their momentum. "I hit the streets," he says. "I called everyone I knew and begged for songs." When Tina first heard "What's Love Got To Do With It," her Grammy-winning song, she hated it. "I can't sing this wimpy crap," Davies recalls her saying. A few chord changes helped change her mind, and Turner recorded her first album in almost a decade. *The New York Times* pronounced it a "landmark" in the "evolution of pop-soul music." More importantly, it started to sell, and suddenly the woman who was dubbed a few years before "the Mae West of rock and roll" had a brand-new career.

"I'm going through being a girl again," Tina announces today. As *Private Dancer* soared up the charts so has Tina Turner's exuberance. A compulsive shopper—"that's my vice"—she has indulged in fine things for herself and her house in Los Angeles, where she retreats after tours and where she may not answer the phone for a week. But it's clear she never wants the music to stop. "She was so unhappy for so long, she can't stand it to get too dark," says Davies. "She hates people feeling sorry for her."

Sometimes it's hard not to. "Every relationship is a bad one," she says of her love life so far. "I have not had love from a man."

Perhaps that is why Tina refuses to assume the responsibility of becoming any sort of spokesperson for the other abused women. "I'm not finished educating myself yet to be able to explain it totally. I figure I've got a good seven years left of being onstage with the physical thing. When that's over I'll put my attention to teaching."

Teaching what exactly?

"Living without blame. That is the secret to life. People think I'm bitter or that I hold a grudge against my ex-husband. I'm not bitter. I had a road and I followed it." ▽

"Proud Mary," lyrics courtesy of Fantasy Inc. © 1968 Jondora Music. "What's Love Got To Do With It," Copyright © 1984 by Myaxe Music Ltd. (Chappell & Co., Inc. U.S.A. Publishers) and Irving Music, Inc. (BMI) on behalf of Graham Lyle, Good Single Limited/Irving Music, Inc. International Copyright Secured, ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

renaissance woman

(Continued from page 325)

came to realize that a chronological sense of the collections would have to emerge from the way the spaces were set up, and from how the architectural elements I designed would create a path for the public to follow.

"As the plan took form in my mind, I realized I could not use any existing museums as a precedent. The collections were too enormous—Orsay will contain more than four thousand objects—so the ensemble had to be accommodated as opposed to creating a very dramatic setting for a single work. With so many different things to deal with, I could not set a single painting like a jewel; I had to give a sense of rhythm and passage to the architecture that would energize and direct the viewer visiting the museum. One important principle was that no two spaces would be the same, although the same materials will be used throughout to achieve a sense of continuity and coherence."

That morning I had visited the galleries under construction at Orsay with one of Gae's assistants. The project was going full blast, with great walls rising, new floors, and giant girders being assembled, virtually constructing a new building within an existing structure. What I found particularly striking and ingenious was Gae's solution of how to maintain the visible context of the glass-and-metal railway station—the symbol of nineteenth-century technological progress—without detracting from the presentation of the art in a museum setting. Maintaining a fragile equilibrium between the original train station (designed by Victor Laloux) and the modern museum was a stroke of genius, I thought. After speaking to Gae for a while, I realized that a sense of equilibrium, of good sense and balance, was key to her personality and so, not surprisingly, to her calm and rational architecture.

Born in Udine, near Venice, of well-to-do parents originally from the South of Italy, Gae had studied classics in Florence and Turin before taking her architecture degree in Milan in 1954. Her parents had wanted her to be a pianist. "I suppose my form of reaction was to become an architect," she mused.

It was a subtle rebellion, of course, since Gae is still very close to her family, who are obviously proud of her achievement in a field notoriously closed to women throughout the world.

"How could you think of becoming an architect?" I asked her, remembering that until fairly recently it was almost inconceivable for a woman to pursue an architectural career.

"I never thought of my work as a problem," she said. "There have always been women in history who have accomplished what they wished. There is, after all, the tradition of the emancipated woman. Virginia Woolf, for example, did not worry about being a writer. Exceptional women always were able to do what they wished, if they did not admit the idea of the impossible. I like trying to do the impossible. Challenges stimulate me.

"Today of course the situation is different. There is a whole network of women, and particularly an international cultural network, that is ready to explode. One sees signs of this imminent explosion everywhere—in politics, in industry, as well as in the arts. I am of an older generation; I belong more to the tradition of the emancipated woman. But I was encouraged by my teacher, Ernesto Rogers, editor of the avant-garde architecture journal *Casabella*. He hired me to work on the magazine, which gave me an opportunity to mix theory and practice. He also gave me the idea, which is very important to me still, that it is wrong to specialize: that an architect is first and foremost an intellectual, not a technician. At *Casabella*, I met such colleagues as Aldo Rossi and my good friend Vittorio Gregotti, the current editor of *Casabella*. We were thought quite radical at the time; they called us the '*Casabella* kids.' "

Dinner was over too soon. Knowing how difficult Gae's schedule was, I suggested we meet again in Italy to talk more that summer. She has a restored stone farmhouse not far from my own in Umbria. Last July, I visited Gae at her house on a mountaintop, near the beautiful medieval town of Assisi. Her ancient but modernized house had the same calm, severe nobility—on an entirely different and domestic scale—as the monumental austerity of the grand galleries at Orsay.

Gae's mother prepared a splendid lunch of simple country food. Around the table were gathered members of Gae's family and her friends, the architect Gregotti and the opera director Luca Ronconi, for whom Gae had just designed the sets for his much acclaimed production of *Il Viaggio a Reims*, Rossini's last opera with an Italian libretto. Here was a relaxed Gae, basking in the tranquility, familial warmth, and sociability that the huge task of completing the renovation of Orsay had obviously denied her for some time.

> *"There is an international cultural network of women that is ready to explode—in politics, in industry, as well as in the arts"*

We spoke again about the Musée d'Orsay, now well on the way to completion. I asked her what the biggest challenge had been.

She thought for a moment, then answered, "The solution to the problem of lighting works. I did not want to use the old system of just filtering daylight through opaque glass or using spotlighting that would detract from viewing the works. What I wanted was an indirect system of lighting that diffused the light evenly throughout, and no visible fixtures. The solution is a complex system of scrim shades, hidden from view, that bounce and filter the light."

I wondered if the idea of using scrim had come from her work in the theater.

"The wonderful thing about not being a specialist—which I absolutely refuse to be—is that you carry over what you learn from one discipline to another. I have learned a lot designing for the stage that has helped me in designing exhibitions and now a museum. Of course in the past architects frequently designed for the stage. And they had friends who were writers, composers, philosophers; they were not shut off in a limited field with defined boundaries.

"In Milan today, it is still possible to encounter, casually, a friend who is a writer or a composer or a director, to meet for a drink or dinner that evening. In Paris, everything has to be very organized. Italy is still small enough that we can exchange ideas with each other easily. For example, I enjoy seeing Umberto Eco, the philosopher and novelist, Lucio Berio, the composer, and the pianist Maurizo Pollini, who are also my friends. I still adore music, and I suppose if I had not reacted so violently against the idea of being just a well-brought-up bourgeois girl, I would be a pianist today, not an architect."

"There is no question," I observed, "that it is harder for a woman to be accepted as an architect. But you have done it—and in a unique way."

Gae was silent for a moment. "There are three accepted roles for a woman," she mused. "To play the wife, the virgin, or the martyr. The problem is to avoid all the traditional traps and just to be oneself."

We were sitting in the small room Gae had designed with the memory of a painting of a Renaissance canopied bed in mind. The room was silent but alive with associations. The sense of art history and its great accomplishments coupled with a thoroughly modern sophistication is the essence of Gae Aulenti's style. Here, I thought, was the contemporary Renaissance woman, ready to conquer new worlds in various domains and disciplines, not afraid to cross traditional boundaries in her quest for intellectual knowledge and artistic adventure.

According to her friend and colleague Vittorio Gregotti, Gae Aulenti is one of the few architects to have remained true to the principles of Frank Lloyd Wright without, however, in any way imitating Wright's style. Her sense of the sensuous quality of materials as an expressive element, of the relationship of a building to its particular site and function, and her integration of classical concepts with industrial engineering reveal her as one of Wright's legitimate heirs. Her approach to architecture as essentially a grammar of elements to be arranged in significant patterns is typical of advanced Italian thinking, which takes semiotics rather than architectural history as its point of departure. Last, but not least, her refusal to specialize and her natural curiosity (she travels twice a year to a specific ancient site) single out Architetta Aulenti as a significant creative force of our time.

Her influence as an architect marks a historical turning point for women, who have been painters and even sculptors in the past, but never the mistresses of the art of building. The term "master builder" has always signified a man's world of ultimate artistic power and control. With the unconventional role model of Gae Aulenti and others like her, we are entering a new era. ▽

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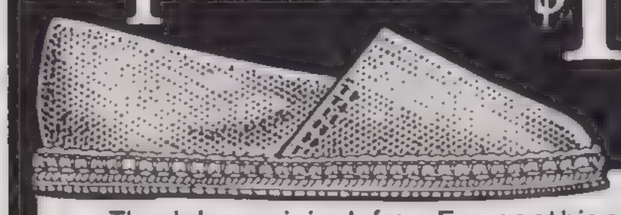

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women and food

(Continued from page 307)

independent, to be autonomous, to create their own thing."

One quite obvious physiological fact: "body," for a female, also means breasts, not simply weight or shape. Women's bodies can create food to feed others. Nurturing, from a wee age on, is a sizable part of female identity. It's hardly coincidental that professional women chefs, of high accomplishment, often prefer the title "cook." Claims Alice Waters, owner of Berkeley, California's Chez Panisse: "I have much more of a desire to feed people than to work on an artistic creation in the kitchen."

As food anthropologists sift through garbage cans to learn of a society's values, what do they learn of life today? Respect for women's nurturing role is shifting in the 'eighties.

Psychologist Catherine Steiner-Adair, Ed.D., titled her doctoral dissertation at Harvard "The Body Politic." Its thesis: new images of superwoman are strongly debilitating to girls and that conflict seems to get worked out around food.

Now in private practice, with 30-40 percent of her patients suffering from eating problems, Dr. Steiner-Adair is also on staff at the Eating Disorders Clinic at Boston's Children's Hospital.

"The problem is not as simple as emotional ties to food," says Dr. Steiner-Adair. "I think food represents something else, which is, emotional ties to people, and that's very downplayed in our culture now. Relationships are not valued; they're devalued.

"It's terribly difficult for teenage females to grow up today in a culture that devalues what they themselves hold most important—relationships. Girls are socialized very differently from boys. Boys are socialized toward autonomous behavior and achievement; girls are taught from age three on, quite clearly, that interpersonal sensitivity is expected from them. And it's rewarded in them up until adolescence.

"Suddenly, at adolescence, females are being told that all their skills in relationships aren't important. Now you have to be independent; you've got to learn to compete. You've got to go out there and do it alone, honey. And that is a developmental double-whammy of a message."

What does that message have to do with food? "Food is a way of nourishing yourself. Women get into overeating when they feel their appetites for intimacy and friendship and closeness aren't getting nourished in their lives. You can have a great day working from eight in the morning until ten at night and be fabulously high-powered at work, but if you don't have a soulful connection or a little giggle with somebody you like, you're not going to be happy. And you're going to be hungry for something.

"On the flip side of it, with kids who develop anorexia and with the women who fast and diet, part of what we see is that they don't want to acknowledge that they need other people. Because not needing people, today, is almost synonymous with being independent."

In interviewing numerous high school students, Dr. Steiner-Adair asked girls about their desire for motherhood. "A lot of them said, 'Yeah, sure, when I'm forty. I've got to get my career established first. I've got to get myself so established that if I take maternity leave I can come right back to my job as an executive.' That's a pretty devastating thing to hear, that motherhood is so devalued. But it's as good an example as any I can think of to show how it's harder, now, for these girls."

Food-as-mother, as a notion of emotional links to eating, seems almost to have come full circle since Sigmund Freud defined it. Food-as-mother has also come to be a negative visual image. Says Colleen Rand, Ph.D., an experimental psychologist in the department of psychiatry at the University of Florida at Gainesville: "That food is comfort and security and warmth is an important emotional link for women, but it's not the only one. Food is also ugly, obese, unattractive, self-consoling. And all of these emotions are quite possible within the same person. It becomes simplistic to say women are either one or the other. There are occasions that produce these feelings of the more maternal, apple-pie kind of image; and there are occasions for self-denial and accusing images.

"Food is a source of anxiety for women, but if food did not have associations with obesity and gaining weight, I suspect that a great deal of this anxiety would be removed. There are certain groups of men who would associate motherhood and being comforted with food, and others who find those connections essentially irrelevant. The interesting question would be: Is there a love-hate relationship among men who have to be around food, or who have to, for their profession, maintain their body weight?"

Food is mother, food is comfort: It's a hard-sell technique. An enterprising baker, in Stony Hollow, New York, markets something called Magic Mommy Brownies. On the package, after the stoneground whole wheat flour, the eggs and cocoa, the final ingredient listed is "love"—thus effectively feeding all hungers.

"The image of the plump woman," Dr. Wooley says, "is still tied in with that of mother and the nurturing one that you snuggle up to. I'm sure it's applicable to eating; I'm not sure how generally. I see women who are overweight, who have bulimia or anorexia: as a general rule, the obese patient is someone who is married already, who has children and is the cook. Under those circumstances, the traditional emotional meaning of food is there.

"Often, you find obese patients who will give to themselves by eating, sometimes secretly. And because they're mothers and they're cooks and always doing for other people, that's about the only way they give to themselves, that they will allow themselves."

Women care quite deeply about food—because they're hungry. Dr. Steiner-Adair says, "I have some of my patients ask themselves when they go to the refrigerator, 'What am I hungry for? Am I hungry for a stimulating intellectual conversation? Am I hungry for a sexual or a sensual experience? Am I hungry to go work out? Am I hungry to be held? Am I hungry for spiritual fulfillment?' "

Colette, in 1926, reached a somewhat similar conclusion. "There are two kinds of love," she wrote, "well-fed and ill-fed. The rest is pure fiction." ▽

food style

(Continued from page 308)

the minute; but, as soon as a trend is evidently established, it is clear that it is about to change. We are beginning to see hints that we will go back to home entertaining. The most recent weddings are formal, and the gifts match—sets of china and services of silver. Someday, they may be used. Certainly, it is the next trend I expect. People will begin, cautiously, to cook again. They have read the cookbooks (often, as if they were novels), are nutritionally aware, and have been trained in restaurants to appreciate greater variety. They will bring this new information into the kitchen.

We may be surprised as well by a longing for steak and potatoes among a younger consumer generation that has been constantly exposed to trendy, changing food. When I was thinking about this, I talked to a younger friend and began to explain the difference between today's "in" food and that of the past. I pictured today's simple plate topped with mesquite-grilled fresh tuna, surrounded by a garden of barely cooked baby vegetables sprinkled with fresh lovage and accompanied by a light tomato *coulís*. I contrasted it with yesterday's gold-rimmed plate containing a slab of roast beef, a baked potato topped with butter and sour cream, and a large bunch of broccoli topped with hollandaise. God, she said, that sounds good; she meant the roast beef. Even if she and her friends return to roast beef, some changes and advances will remain. I think meat will stay rare and vegetables lightly cooked.

When we cook at home, we want to make it worth our while, indulge our sensuality. We will continue to look for fuller-bodied tastes and make rich stews. This return to home cooking may also relieve our fatigue with trendiness. When everybody knows the new hot restaurant, the new source of wild mushrooms, the new in food of the week, we may have exhausted food as a possible status symbol.

Our anorexics, bulimics, vegetarians, dieters, health-food paranoiacs (all in some way rejecting food), and women who don't have time to cook may be telling us something. There is beginning to be a negative reaction to the obsessive attention to food. Like the Dutch tulip-bulb hysteria, the food craze could wane.

People will not stop eating, nor will they forget what they have learned. It's just that the fickle flame of fashion may move on. This is not to say that food will not continue to be the magic mirror of our lives—it is too primary. It is the reflector of our societal style and our individual styles. Food is the most basic need, the most basic of communications. It antedates language. A mother talks to her child with food. The sharing, gathering (even if it is shopping at the supermarket), preparation, and rituals of food define human societies and relationships. The priorities and structure of a society are mirrored in its food.

Food evokes in us basic and profound reactions from mothering to luxury. It is pleasure. Wherever our society goes, these realities will keep our food changing with it. Our food style will be the most explicit characterization of the way we live, even if not the trendiest. ▽

fashion and illustration information

Page 48: Earrings available at Nonpareil, Chicago. **64:** Sunglasses at Bloomingdale's. **214:** "Le Pêcheur Solitaire" (1926) by Camille Bombois, courtesy Perls Galleries, NYC; table from Pierre Deux, NYC; coffee service (ca. 1934) by Susie Cooper, courtesy Beige Gallery, NYC. **266:** Claude Montana by Alain Mikli glasses at Bloomingdale's; Neiman-Marcus. M & J Savitt ring at Bergdorf Goodman; M & J Savitt Salon at Stanley Korshak, Chicago; HWR Jewelry, Aspen CO. Scarf, Zoran. Zoran, NYC. Andrée Miller pin at Henri Bendel. **267:** Alexis Kirk bracelets available at Adele Kauff, Great Neck NY; David's, Palm Beach; Kreeger's, New Orleans; Bullocks Wilshire, Los Angeles. **268-269:** Rifat Ozbek viscose/cotton outfit. Earrings, Leslie Knaster. Available at Henri Bendel. Bracelets, model's right arm, wrist to cuff: Dennis Higgins. Artwear, NYC. Patricia von Musulin. Barneys New York. Bracelet on ankle, Dennis Higgins. Artwear, NYC. Watch, Georg Jensen, NYC. Towel, Fieldcrest Mills. **270:** Krizia cotton/rayon tank suit. Sunglasses, Optical Affairs. Henri Bendel; Optical Shop of Aspen, Newport Beach CA. Earrings, Bill Schiffer. The Bill Schiffer Gallery NYC. Belt by Ruza Creations. Altman's. Gloves, Sachiko for LaCrasia. Macy's, New York. Bag, Prada. Bergdorf Goodman; Alan Bilzerian, Boston; Ultimo, Chicago. **271:** Romeo Gigli turnout at Bloomingdale's, Dept. 387; Macy's, San Francisco, Dept. 165. Scarf in air, Carol Motty. Earrings, Debra Fine Yohai. Reminiscence, NYC; Emphasis, Los Angeles. Bracelets, Alexis Kirk. For stores see information on page 267. Belt, Popy Moreni. Roz and Sherm, Bloomfield MI. **272:** Optical Affairs sunglasses at Morgenthal Opticians, NYC; Neiman-Marcus. Earrings at Macy's, Herald Square; Jalm, Millburn NJ; Saks-Jandel. **273:** Headwrap, Christiaan's Knot. Patricia Field, NYC. Sunglasses at Optica, NYC and Beverly Hills; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati OH and Indianapolis IN; Neiman-Marcus. Earrings at Macy's, Herald Square; Fashions by Weiss, Beachwood OH; The Gazebo, Dallas. **274:** Zoran at I. Magnin, Dept. 267. Also at Zoran, Los Angeles. **275:** Linen/rayon dress. Also at Toby Lerner, Philadelphia; Ruth Shaw, Baltimore MD. Bracelet, Carol Motty. Artwear, NYC. **276:** Oscar de la Renta turnout at Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 511; Montaldo's, Dept. 01; Frederick & Nelson, Dept. 028. Also at Martha, Palm Beach. Earrings, Roxanne. Silver bracelet with rhinestones, Alexis Kirk. Silver stretch bracelets, Kirks Folly. Thinner bracelets, Maripolitan. Shoes, Walter Steiger Madison Avenue, NYC. **277:** Earrings, Bill Schiffer. The Bill Schiffer Gallery, NYC. Bracelets, Whiting and Davis. La Parfumerie Francaise, NYC. Shoes, Capezio Ballet Makers, NYC. **278:** Ralph Lauren turnout at I. Magnin, Dept. 53. Also available at Nordstrom, Oregon and Northern California. Earrings, Vivione. Bracelet *above*, Marla Buck. Dalmatia, NYC. Bracelet *underneath*, Debra Fine Yohai. Scarf, Carol Motty. Artwear, NYC. **279:** Calvin Klein turnout available at Montaldo's Dept. 50. Scarf, Whiting and Davis. Zan, NYC. Earrings, Roxanne. Henri Bendel; Etc. at Village Sportswear, Mountain Brook AL. Bracelets, wrist to cuff: F.W. Lambert. Assymetry. Alexis Kirk. Ring, Wendy Gell Jewelry. Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac; Tucan, Houston. Shoes, Maud Frizon, NYC and Bal Harbour. **280:** Gottex at Macy's, Dept. 659; Filene's, Dept. 388; Marshall Field's, Dept. 825; Frost Bros., Dept. 280. Also at Jerrie Shop, Cedarhurst NY; Burdines. **281:** Ralph Lauren suit at Lord & Taylor, Dept. 28; Frost Bros., Dept. 280; Macy's Dept. 172. **282:** Julio swimsuit also available at Jerrie Shop, Cedarhurst NY. **285:** Christian Dior swimsuit at Bloomingdale's, Dept. 387; Filene's, Dept. 388; Frost Bros., Dept. 280. Also available at Stern's, Paramus NJ. **287:** Cole of California suit at Filene's, Dept. 388; Marshall Field's, Dept. 825; The Broadway, Dept. 148; Macy's San Francisco, Dept. 172. Suit also at Swim 'N Sport Shops, South Florida; Foley's, Houston. **288:** St. Tropez. Cameo Stores, Philadelphia; Woodward & Lothrop Dept. 683; Sanger Harris, Dallas; Frost Bros. Dept. 481; Bullock's, Dept. 373...Fendi. Fendi *(Continued on page 370)*

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fashion and illustration information

(Continued from page 369)

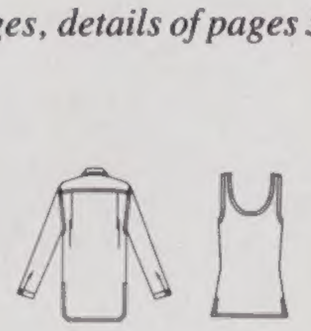
Boutique, Short Hills NJ; Fendi Boutique, Beverly Hills. Stephen Sprouse. Charivari, NYC; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Ultimo, Chicago; Maxfield, Los Angeles; Charles Gallay, Beverly Hills; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. **289:** De Weese Designs. Lord & Taylor, Dept. 28; Jordan Marsh, Miami; Jacobson's; Liberty House of Hawaii....Gianfranco Ferre. The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami; Femina, Scottsdale AZ and La Jolla CA; Julius, Sacramento CA; Pino's, Seattle....Byblos. Charivari, NYC; Christi Calláh, Bal Harbour; Gio Valle, Saratoga CA....Roxanne. Late May at Altman's, Dept. 122; G. Fox, Hartford CT; Stern's, New Jersey; Marshall Field's, Dept. 825; Frost Bros., Dept. 280. **290:** Michaele Vollbracht available at Altman's, Dept. 122; Filene's, Dept. 388; Water Wear, Hackensack NJ; Burdines, Dept. 302; Balliet's; Just Add Water, Dallas....Gottex available at Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 174; Jerrie Shop, Cedarhurst NY; Burdines, Dept. 302; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati OH and Indianapolis IN; Marshall Field's, Dept. 825; Balliet's; I. Magnin, Dept. 219; Nordstrom, Seattle; Liberty House of Hawaii....Betsey Johnson at Betsey Johnson Boutiques, NYC; Martin's Casuals, Lavallette NJ; Grog's Surf Palace, Seaside Park NJ; New Image, Virginia Beach VA; Rags 2 Riches, Cincinnati OH; Provisions, Biloxi MS; Hi lines, Fayetteville AR....Speedo at Lord & Taylor; All Seasons Sporting Goods, Long Beach NY; South Swim, Durham NC; Kast-A-Way Swimwear, Cincinnati OH; Adolph Kiefer & Associates, Northfield OH; The Swimshop, Nashville TN; Sunset Sport Center, Salt Lake City UT; Nordstrom, Oregon. **291:** Krizia. Krizia Boutiques at: Bergdorf Goodman; Hattie; Loretta Blum, Dallas; Torie Steele, Beverly Hills....Complice at Bergdorf Goodman; Suzy, Great Neck NY; Serenella, Boston; Ultimo, Chicago; Perkins Shearer, Denver; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA; Poupée, Palo Alto CA; Lina Lee, Beverly Hills; Maxfield, Los Angeles. ...Speedo at Lord & Taylor; All Star Sport Center, Medford NJ; Oshman's, Houston; Lawlor's Sporting Goods, Lincoln NB; Gart Bros., Denver CO; Big Five Sporting Goods, Los Angeles Sport Chalet, La Canadā CA; Nordstrom, Oregon. . . . Liza Bruce. Bonwit Teller, Dept. 77; Burdines, Dept. 302; The Beach House of Naples FL; May Co. California, West Los Angeles and Sherman Oaks CA; Pilar's Beachwear, San Diego CA. **292:** Silk pants. Earrings and bracelets, Debra Fine Yohai. Bergdorf Goodman; Ilona Gallery, Farmington Hills MI; Ultimo, Chicago. Shoes, Norma Kamali. **293:** Kenzo at Bloomingdale's, Dept. 329; Higbee's, Dept. 390; Sakowitz, Dept. 76. All accessories, Billy Boy. Henri Bendel; Giorgio, Beverly Hills; Macy's, San Francisco. Shoes, Charles Jourdan, Trump Tower, NYC. **294:** Genny at Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 105. Also at Suzy, Great Neck NY; Nikki, Framingham MA; Panache, Millburn NJ. Calvin Klein Scarves. Altman's; Elderbeerman, Dayton OH. Earrings, Sylvia Begay. October Art, NYC. Bracelets, M&J Savitt. Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac; M & J Savitt Salon at Stanley Korshak, Chicago. Bag, Prada. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus. Sneakers, Keds. **295:** Ralph Lauren at Bloomingdale's: Top, Dept. 252 and skirt, Dept. 398; Macy's, San Francisco: Top, Dept. 19 and skirt, Dept. 672. Earrings and striped bracelets. Roy A. Heyman. Artwear, NYC; Helen Drutt Gallery, Philadelphia. Wrapped bracelet, Tanis Kmetyk. Mishon Mishon, NYC; Mary McCauley, Fort Worth TX. Bag, Fendissime. Bergdorf Goodman. Sandals, Ralph Lauren Footwear. Polo/Ralph Lauren Coconut Grove; Polo/Ralph Lauren Dallas and Houston. **296:** Claude Montana also at Julius, Sacramento CA. Earrings, Gary Wright and Sheila Teague. Maxfield, Los Angeles. Bracelets wrist to cuff: Top bracelet, Marla Buck. Dalmatia, NYC. All other bracelets, Debra Fine Yohai. Bergdorf Goodman; Ultimo, Chicago. Watch, Audemars Piguet. Shoes, Prada. Bergdorf Goodman. Manicure, Cathy Fretta of Josephines, NYC. **297:** Claude Montana also at Ruth Shaw, Baltimore MD; Caron Cherry, Coconut Grove FL; Cache, Miami. Bracelets, Glen Yank. Macy's, Herald Square; Garfinckel's; L.S. Ayres, Indianapolis IN; Robinson's, California. Rings, Fabrice, Paris. Hanes Hosiery. Macy's. Sandals, Charles Jourdan, Trump Tower, NYC. Manicure, Cathy Fretta of Josephines, NYC. **300:** Bracelets available at Bergdorf Goodman (to order); M&J Savitt Salon at Stanley Korshak, Chicago. Giorgio, Beverly Hills. **302:** Bracelets at Gallery Takashi Wada, NYC; Nan Duskin. **303:** Copper alloy earrings at Georgina, Hewlett NY. **326-327:** Silk satin dress fabric, Taroni. Upholstery fabric by Manuel Canovas, Paris. **328-329:** Bracelets, Yves Saint Laurent. Upholstery fabric by Manuel Canovas, Paris. Jean Paul Gaultier Menswear. **330-331:** Silk satin jacket fabric by Bucol. Silk crepe dress fabric by Bianchini. Crepe sash fabric by Abraham. Accessories, Yves Saint Laurent. Jean Paul Gaultier Menswear. Upholstery fabric by Manuel Canovas, Paris. **332-333:** Silk satin fabric, Bucol. **334:** Lurex/nylon top. Earrings, John Iverson. Artwear, NYC; Eve France, Houston; Maxfield's, Los Angeles. Hanes Hosiery. Macy's New York; Marshall Field's. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik. Barneys New York; Saint Germain, New Orleans LA. **335:** Fernando Sanchez polyester shorts and top. Nylon/spandex teddy. Available at Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 23. Also at Daniel Foxx, Palm Desert CA. Hanes Hosiery. Same stores as information on page 334. Yves Saint Laurent Footwear. Bloomingdale's; I Magnin. **336:** Panty stockings, Leglooks by Burlington. Bamberger's. Yves Saint Laurent Footwear. Bloomingdale's; I Magnin. **337:** Nylon/spandex top. Turnout at Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 337. Earrings, Andrée Miller. Henri Bendel. Panty stockings and shoes, see information page 336. **338-339:** Courrèges cotton pants. Outfit available at Courrèges Boutiques. Sunglasses, Tura. Earrings and bracelet, Bill Schiffer. Bracelet at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Urban Camouflage, Houston. Echo Scarfs. Shoes, Charles Jourdan, Madison Avenue and Trump Tower, NYC and Beverly Hills; Mr. Jay, Millburn NJ....Howard Wolf at The Collection, Haddonfield NJ; Sarah's Dress Shop, Philadelphia; Tillie's, Lake Charles LA; D.J. Stewart Rockford IL; The Clothes Horse, Beaumont TX; Frost Bros., Dept. 220. The Highlander Shoppes, San Bernardino CA. Sunglasses, Peepers International Bloomingdale's; Neiman-Marcus. Bracelet, Gary Wright and Sheila Teague. Sanger Harris, Dallas. Echo Scarfs. ...Complice at Betsey Bunky Nini, NYC; Serenella, Boston; Sophy Curson, Philadelphia; Woodward & Lothrop; Ultimo, Chicago; Urban Camouflage, Houston; Neiman-Marcus; Lina Lee, Beverly Hills; Ron Ross, Tarzana CA; Bacci's, British Columbia, Canada. Sunglasses, Alain Mikli, Meyrowitz Opticians, NYC; Tuckerman Optical, Columbus OH. Earrings, Bill Schiffer. The Bill Schiffer Gallery, NYC; Jere Scott at Stanley Korshak, Chicago. Echo Scarfs. Bracelet, Rafael Sanchez Designs. Off-Broadway Boutique, NYC; The Gazebo, Dallas....Mondi Sport at Mondi, NYC; Joseph, Chicago; Balliet's; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 30; Carol & Mary, Honolulu. Shirt only at Auers, Denver CO. Sunglasses, Sanford Hutton for Colors In Optics. Bonwit Teller; Bullock's. Earrings and bracelet, Bill Schiffer. Earrings at Bloomingdale's. Bracelet at The Bill Schiffer Gallery, NYC; Glitz, Los Angeles. Echo Scarfs. Shoes, Charles Jourdan, Trump Tower, NYC. **340-341:** Guess? Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 719; Filene's; T. Edwards, Atlanta and Chicago; Bullock's, Dept. 481; MGA, Scottsdale AZ and Beverly Hills. . . .Joseph Tricot, NYC....Laura Biagiotti (matching robe included in price). Martha; Beaton's Phoenix and Scottsdale AZ; Lina Lee, Beverly Hills. . . .Girbaud. June at Bloomingdale's Dept. 290; Excess, Coconut Grove FL; Theodore, Beverly Hills. . . .Joan Vass USA. Ann Taylor, NYC; Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Cookie M. Cleveland OH; Hattie; Nuage, New Orleans LA; Dayton's; Neiman Marcus, Dept. 35; Wendy Foster, Montecito CA; Bullock's, Dept. 408. All shoes, Capezio Ballet Makers. At all Capezio Dance Shops. Manicures, Elisabeth Drabinski. **342:** Coat at Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 531. Top, Ralph Lauren Classifications. Cotton pants Marithé & François Girbaud. $52. Bloomingdale's. Sunglasses, Sanford Hutton for Colors In Optics. Bloomingdale's; Sunglass Hut of America, Miami. Earrings, L.L. Fifi. Chartreuse scarf, Echo Scarfs. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. Bracelet, Samuel Shaw. Shoes, Charles Jourdan, Trump Tower, NYC. **343:** Flora Kung outfit at Lord & Taylor, Dept. 130. Also at Nordstrom, Palo Alto. Earrings, Flights of Fancy. Echo Scarfs. Bergdorf Goodman Bracelet, L.L. Fifi. Tianguis Folk Art, NYC. Gloves, Sachiko for LaCrasia. Macy's, New York. Shoes, Charles Jourdan, Madison Avenue and Trump Tower, NYC; Mr. Jay, Millburn NJ; Charles Jourdan, Beverly Hills....Albert Nipon turnout at Altman's, Dept. 70. Also at Nordstrom, Northern California. Sunglasses, Claude Montana by Alain Mikli. Bloomingdale's; Neiman-Marcus. Bracelets, Bill Schiffer. The Bill Schiffer Gallery, NYC; Glitz, Los Angeles. Belt by Ruza Creations. Charivari, NYC: Style In the Round, Philadelphia; Woodward & Lothrop. Gloves, Sachiko for LaCrasia. Macy's, New York. **344:** Turnout at Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 734; Montaldo's, Dept. 14; Marshall Field's, Dept. 028. Turnout also at Nan Duskin; Rich's; I. Magnin, Dept. 40; Nordstrom, Oregon. Yellow earrings by Krasne Two. Macy's, Herald Square. Blue earrings by Melissa & Ernie. Kruger Gallery, NYC. Gloves, Sachiko for LaCrasia. Henri Bendel. Bracelets, Peter M. Design. Kruger Gallery, NYC; Morgan Love Giftsmith, Philadelphia. Belt by Ruza Creations. **345:** *Left:* Linen/viscose dress at Lord & Taylor, Dept. 130; Dayton's, Dept. 363; I. Magnin, Dept. 217. Sunglasses, Joy Enterprises. Earrings, Bill Schiffer. The Bill Schiffer Gallery, NYC; Glitz, Los Angeles. Echo Scarfs. Belt by Ruza Creations. Charivari, NYC; Style In The Round, Philadelphia. Gloves, Sachiko for LaCrasia. Macy's, New York. *Right:* Turnout available at Marshall Field's, Dept. 076; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 56; Bullock's, Dept. 336. Earrings, Sunny Chapman. Savage, NYC; Aero, Philadelphia. Echo Scarfs. Altman's. Belt, Calderon. Scarf at waist, Echo Scarfs. Bergdorf Goodman. Gloves, Sachiko for LaCrasia. Macy's, New York. **348:** Earrings, John Iverson. Available at Artwear, NYC; Eve France, Houston. Cuff, Lansing Moran. Kruger Gallery, NYC. **349:** Manicure, Elisabeth Drabinski. **350:** Fabric available at Park East Sewing Center, NYC; Promenade Fine Fabrics, New Orleans. Bracelets wrist to cuff: Jacques Carcanagues; Roy A. Heymann; Griffe. **351:** Fabric available at Rosen & Chadick, NYC; Eunice Farmer Fabrics, St. Louis MO; Satin Moon, San Francisco. Belt, Calvin Klein. Manicure, Elisabeth Drabinski. ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE

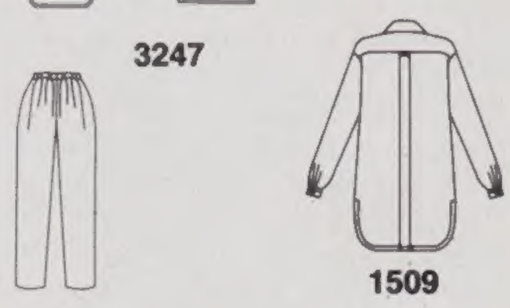
vogue patterns

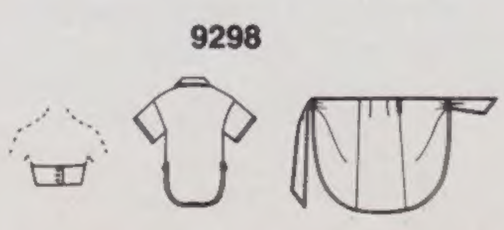
Back views, yardages, details of pages 348-351

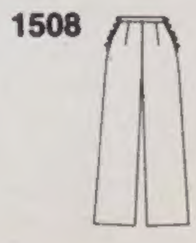
Pants suit: Butterick Pattern #3247. Sizes 8-18. Size 10: 6¼ yards of 44-45" fabric. $5.00. Canada, $6.25. **Sarong skirt, shirt, bandeau:** Vogue Pattern #9298, View A. Sizes 6-16. Size 10: 4¼ yards of 44-45" fabric. $6.00. Canada, $6.10. **Silk pyjama top:** Vogue American Designer Calvin Klein #1509, View B. Sizes 8-16. Size 10: 4 yards of 35" fabric. Bottom: Vogue American Designer Calvin Klein #1508, View B. Sizes 8-16. Size 10: 2⅝ yards of 35" fabric. For both patterns: $8.00; Canada, $9.70. **Sundress:** Vogue American Designer Ralph Lauren #1547, View A. Sizes 6-16. Size 10: 5 yards of 44-45" fabric, $9.00. Canada, $10.90.

Sewing Tips: Pants suit—for a clean look, omit buttons and buttonholes on shirt and keep the hem clean and straight; narrow pants in the leg to fit your proportions. Sarong skirt, bandeau: keep shirt short and hem straight; add an inch of width to sleeves. Pyjama: Buy pattern at least one size bigger than you normally take for look of ampleness.









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